

JUNE
10¢

NEW COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!

Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE



BEN BERNIE
AND
WALTER WINCHELL

THINGS I NEVER
KNEW TILL NOW
ABOUT BEN BERNIE
By
WALTER WINCHELL

Dainty new vanishing cream

KEEPS UNDERARMS ABSOLUTELY DRY AND ODORLESS

lets dreams come true



A mere deodorant isn't enough.

Perspiration wetness is as chilling to hearts as perspira-

tion odor. TABOO completely disposes of both. Keeps underarms perfectly dry...keeps them absolutely odorless

...freshly sweet. And TABOO is as delightful itself as the charm it guards. Not medicinal. Just a smooth, delicately

scented, pure white vanishing cream that instantly disappears into the skin, where it remains for days the loyal

friend of romance. Remember...TABOO actually *stops* perspiration! Fifty cents at better toilet goods counters!

APPLY ONE NIGHT... BE SAFE FOR DAYS... **TABOO..**

Hearts were Trumps

[UNTIL SHE SMILED]



She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THAT chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—*an opinion is formed, an impression made.*

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* For "pink tooth

brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—but *your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, under-worked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth

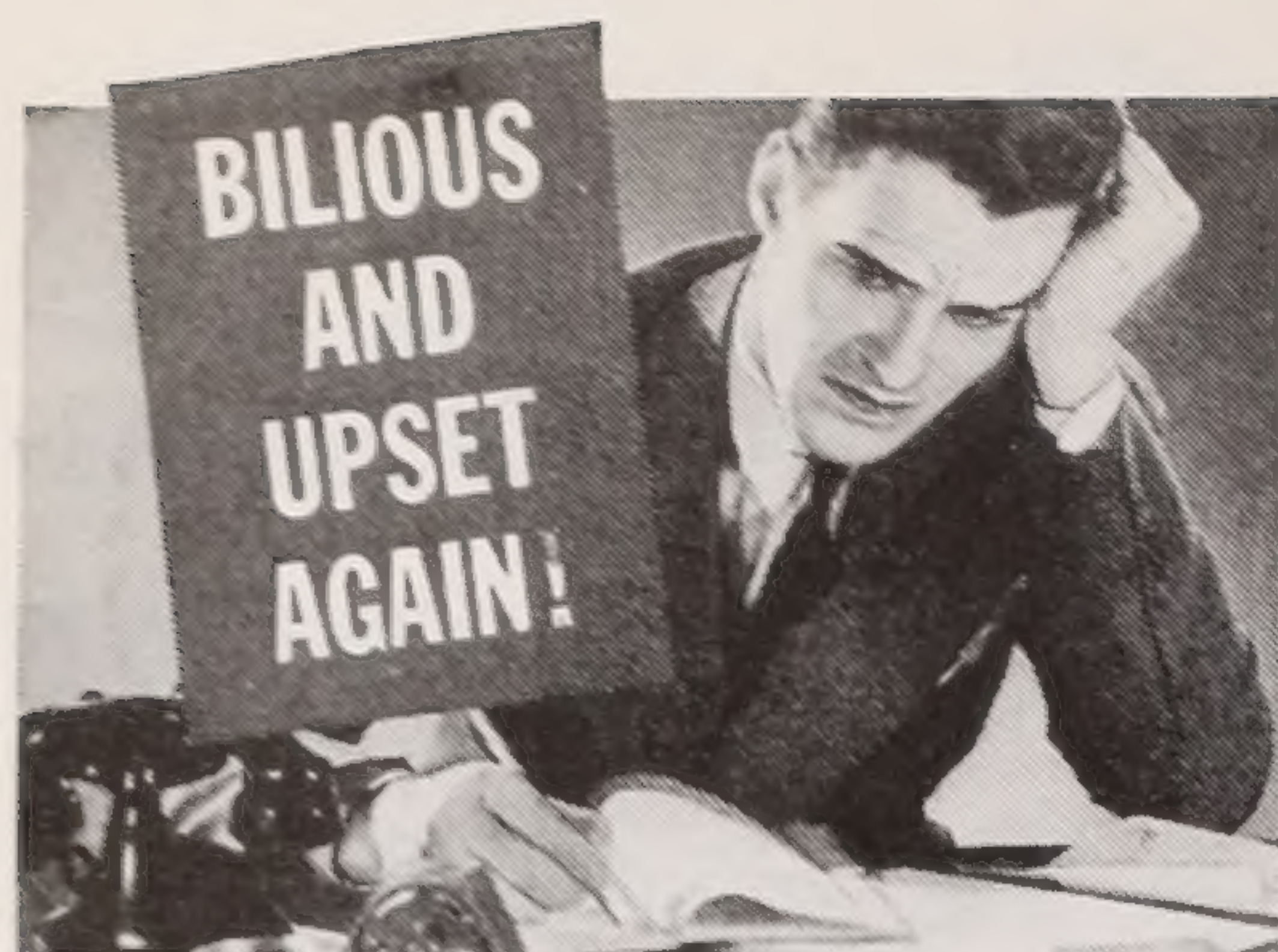
white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

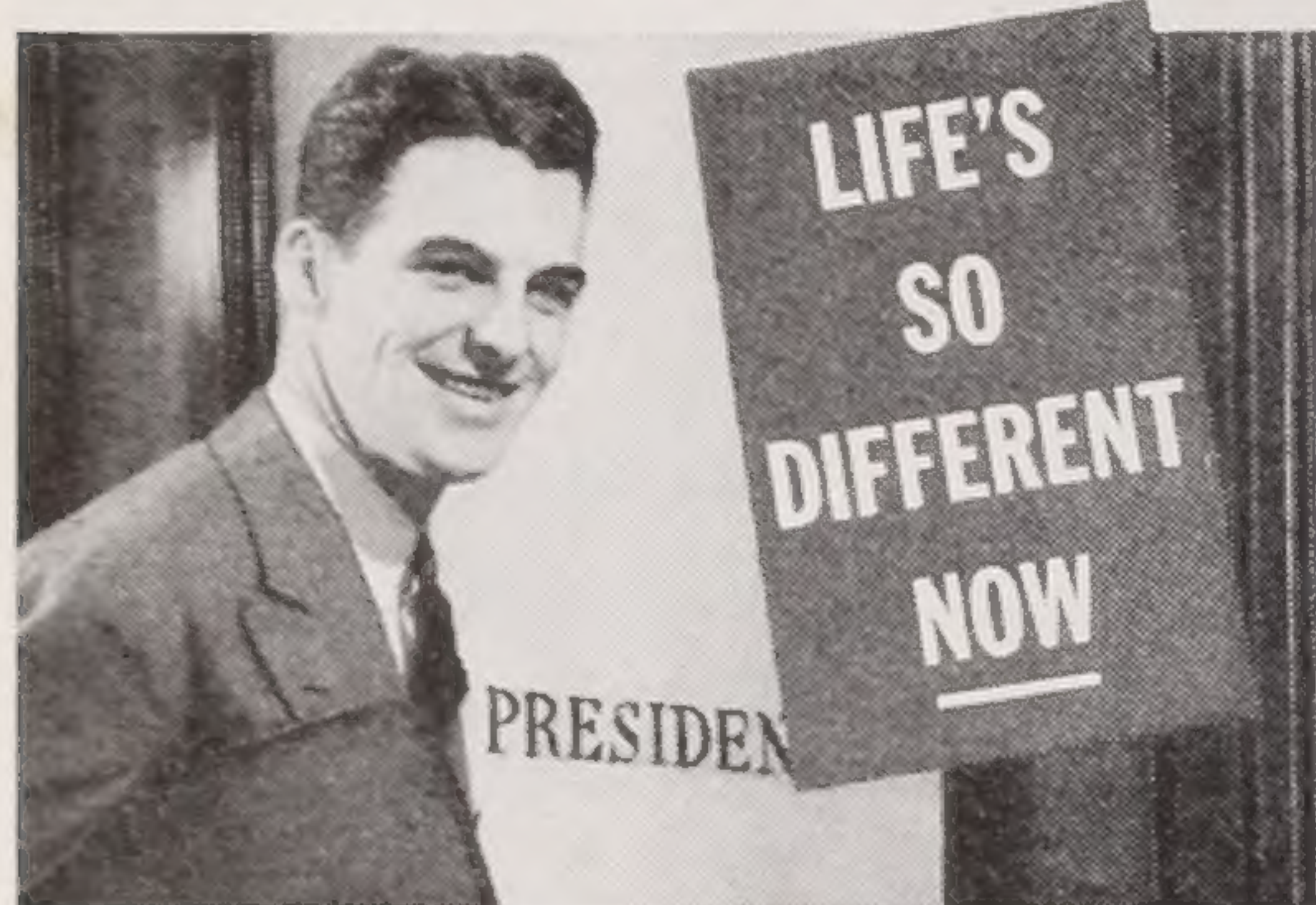
LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.



IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.



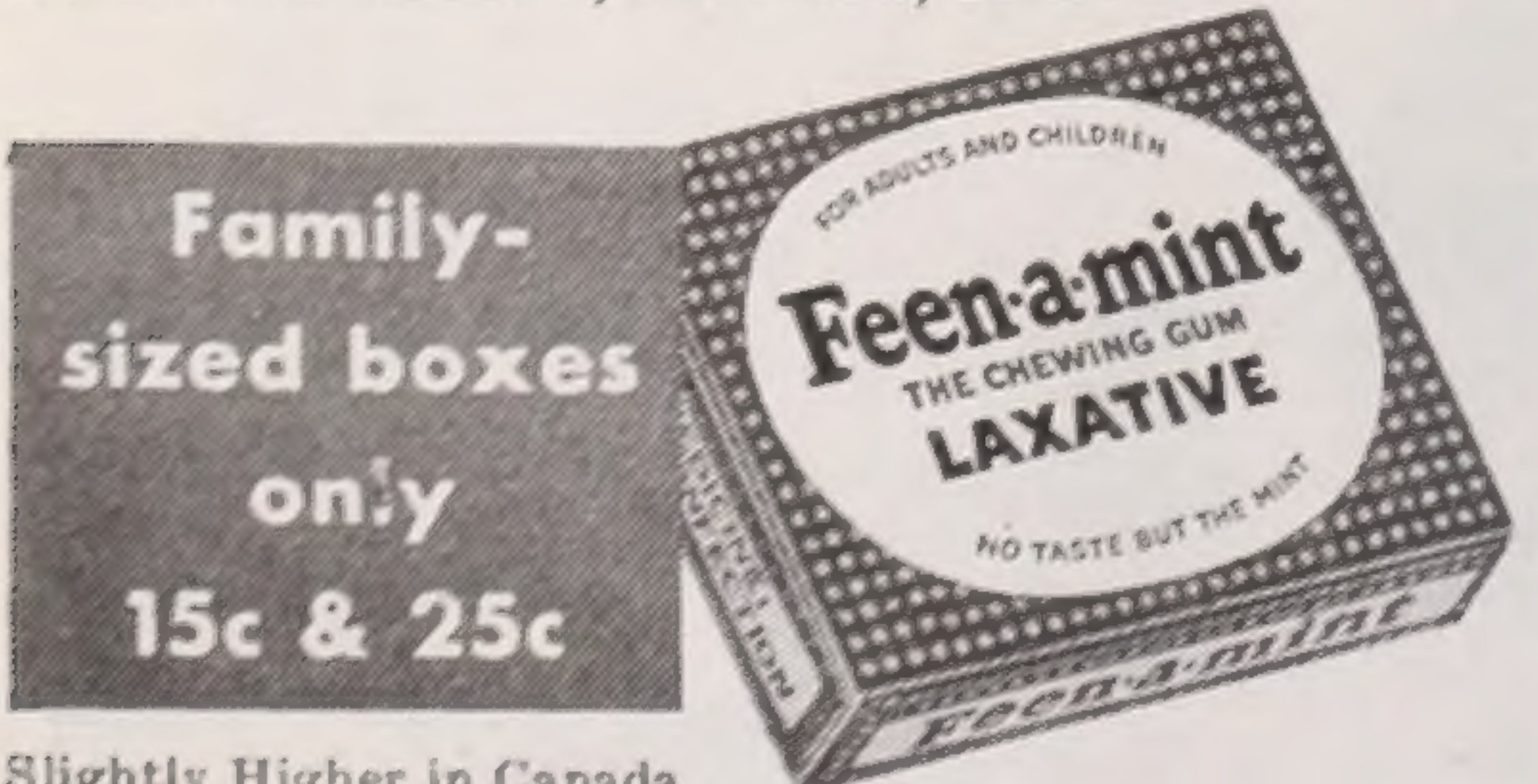
● One look at my coated tongue told me *why* I was headachy, desk-weary, out of sorts. I was constipated, bilious. But the laxatives I had always taken were so repulsive. Right there and then I decided to stop being a martyr to bad-tasting "doses." I got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, the popular chewing gum laxative my friends praised as *modern*, really different!



● FEEN-A-MINT worked like a charm. Next day I felt like a million. Headache gone. Stomach sweet as clover. Back came the old appetite and pep. I looked better, felt better, slept better. And believe me, FEEN-A-MINT is a pleasure to take. It really tastes good and it certainly acts smoothly! No wonder it's popular.



● According to scientists, one of the chief differences in FEEN-A-MINT is the 3 minutes of chewing. This is what helps make it so thorough and dependable. FEEN-A-MINT acts gently in lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping. No upset digestion. No habit-forming. Economical. Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious mint-flavored laxative used and praised by more than 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. Q-10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.



Radio Stars

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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***Positively* The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!**

EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO YOU! WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!



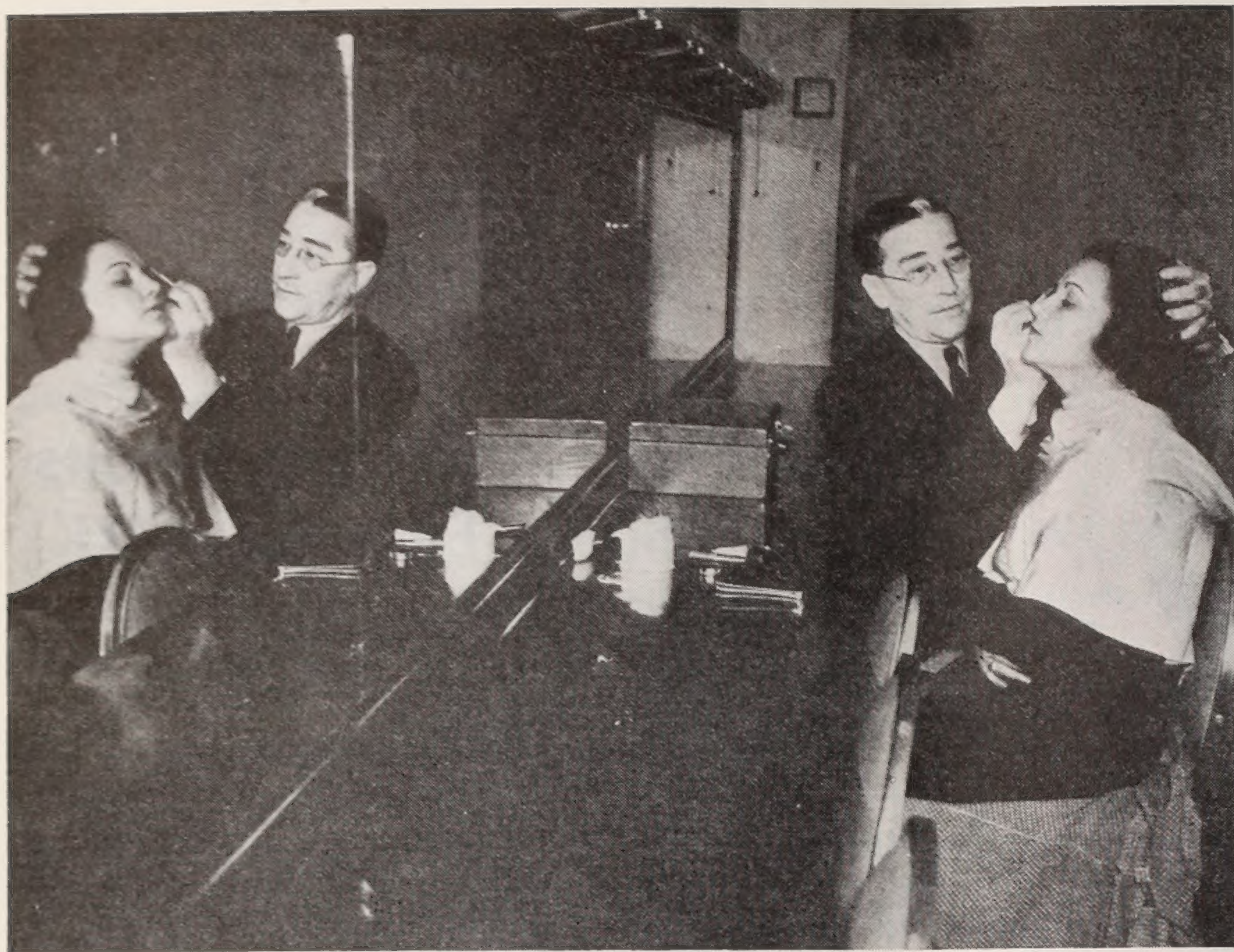
DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!



Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm",
"On Blue Venetian Waters", "A
Message from the Man in the Moon"
and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...

THE MARX BROS. A DAY AT THE RACES

with **Allan JONES • Maureen O'SULLIVAN**
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



V. E. Meadows, conductor of WOR'S *Beauty Forum*, makes up Mary Eastman, lovely NBC *Waltz Time* soprano.

Beauty Advice

A twenty-four-hour waterproof make-up which will accentuate and preserve your beauty



This month you are to meet a real make-up artist! Mr. Meadows has come over from *MBS* to conduct his *Beauty Forum* right here in *RADIO STARS* for you. Sighs are periodically heaved for a new face and a permanent make-up and Mr. Meadows says he has both for you!

V. E. Meadows has worked for years with the world's most expensive complexions and now he is to give you his perfected system. His system, basically sound, is founded on such plain simple facts that you may have to look twice before you are convinced it won't fail. He doesn't guarantee to remove extra chins or grow hair on bald heads, but he does promise to remove years!

If you doubt the improvement possible in your appearance, examine the skin on your body. If you are well, you will find it finely textured, soft and smooth. Examine the skin on your face. It is much less fine than the body skin. Yet, is there any differ-

ence in construction between the skin of the face and the skin of the body? You will reason this correctly—you have exactly the same kind of skin on the face that you have on the body. Mr. Meadows' system is based on this principle.

Your body is protected with clothing. Quite naturally you can not so protect your face! It has been Mr. Meadows' purpose to find a method of applying cosmetics so that they would form a protective film to clothe the skin of your face at all times—and at the same time enhance your beauty. The proper cosmetics, properly applied, can improve any woman one hundred percent.

V. E. Meadows points an accusing finger and says: "All the trouble with your face is the result of deliberate abuse on your part—barring only trouble caused from within, which usually does not show alone on the face."

Well! Have you caught your

breath after that? If you had a compact handy, I'll wager you slipped out the mirror and gave an affectionate pat of reassurance with your powder puff! Right there you added insult to injury! You actually rubbed in dirt to form blackheads! See, this permanent make-up is going to be more than just a convenience—it is going to be a beauty treatment!

And the free sample offer I have for you this month is a beauty treat, as well as treatment! A lovely face powder, to do away with false-face powdered appearance that robs your complexion of its youthful freshness. Naturalness in make-up is achieved through color harmony. You want a true powder, in which each particle is completely colored, with no white particles showing through. You may put your sample to the microscope test and see for yourself how thoroughly this coloring is done. Balmite is the new soft base used to blend the ingredients of this powder into



"The eyes," says Mr. Meadows, "give the face ninety per cent. of its expression. Make them up carefully."

**BY MARY
BIDDLE**

the smoothness of perfection, ending forever the harsh look caused by hard base, sharp-flake powders. This new powder will delight the eye and complexion. Its fragrant, costly perfume will make you feel as charming as you are!

Incidentally, when you receive the five new shades in vanity size samplers, don't overlook the opportunity they give for some powder-blending of your own! Give your artistic impulses full sway and learn the magical things that fractional differences in shades do to your complexion! This is a grand opportunity for proving to yourself the correctness of your customary powder shades!

Mr. Meadows tells you to cleanse your face properly before going to bed at night. Then, in the morning, when you arise, your complexion will be ready to receive its twenty-four-hour waterproof make-up! Once more

(Continued on page 78)

A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty



BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe



it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just \$1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

Dept. MM-6

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT *For Your Body*



Make this body treatment YOUR DAILY BEAUTY HABIT

- ① Relax fifteen minutes in tub of warm water. With pores open, cleanse deeply and thoroughly with a pure, bland soap.
- ② Stimulate circulation briskly, but gently, with soft-textured towel.
- ③ Complete this Beauty Treatment with generous powdering of MAVIS. See how velvety smooth, youthful and alluring it makes your skin. All day long MAVIS keeps your body free from perspiration odors, stickiness and chafing . . . protects dainty underthings and safeguards feminine daintiness.

THRILLINGLY DIFFERENT

MAVIS, the luxury talcum, actually finer than most face powders, always leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts for hours. MAVIS is cooling, soothing, and refreshing. An intimate secret for body loveliness. *Truly invaluable for body comfort and body protection!*

Finer
**THAN MOST
FACE
POWDERS**

SPECIAL OFFER

Sweetheart Charm Bracelet with nine miniature reproductions of your loved ones. Read coupon on 25-cent can of MAVIS, at your neighborhood store today.



MAVIS
For
**BODY
PROTECTION**

"Husband Approved"

BY

ELIZABETH

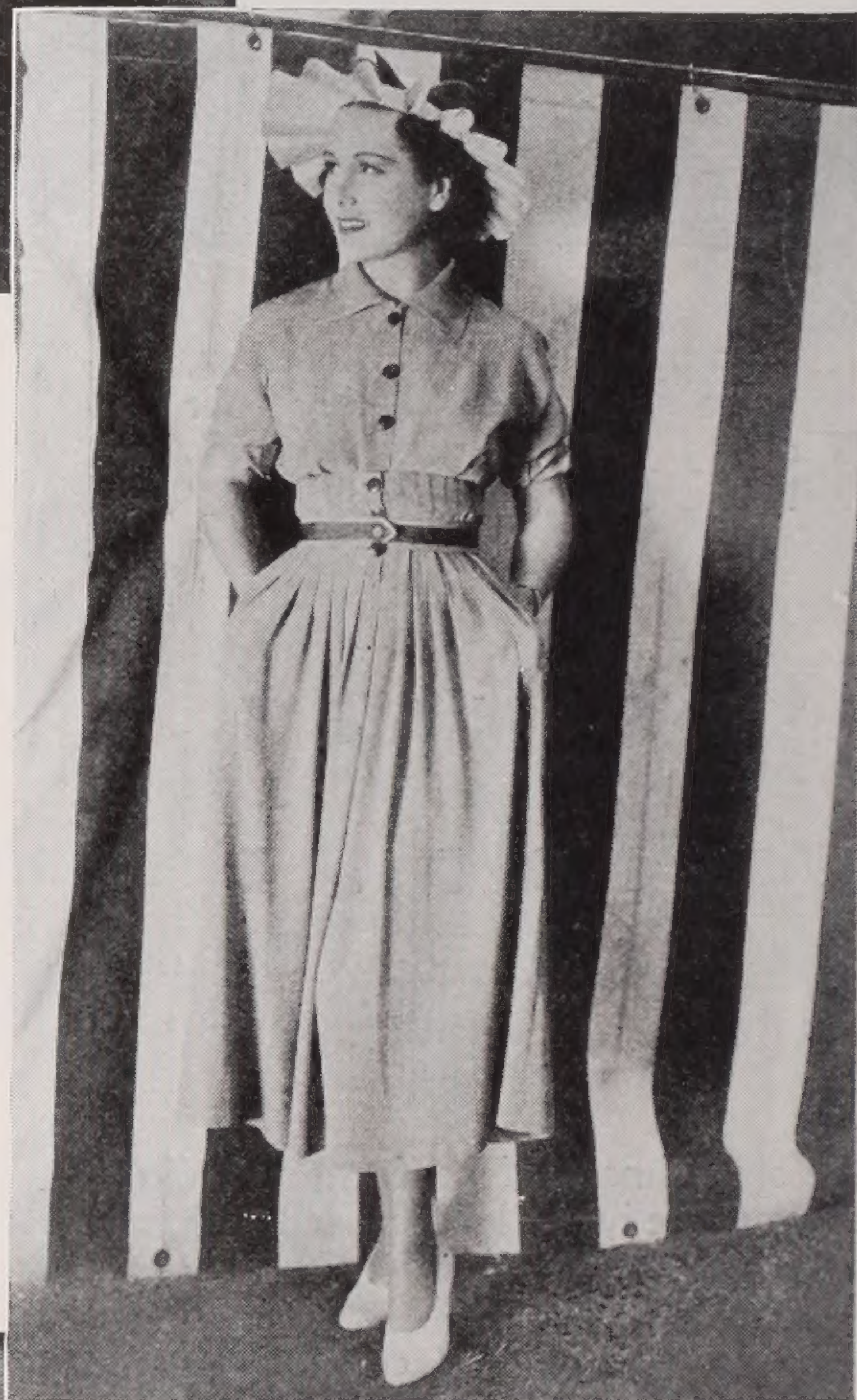
ELLIS



Gladys, in her pet white sport coat, with Frank in his tweed "cubbing" jacket.

Gladys models her peasant silk plaid dress with hat of pie-crust-brimmed straw.

Frank approves of these harem-like, rough cotton pajamas for beach or lounging.



I CAN'T think of anything that whets feminine curiosity quite as much as hearing that someone's husband dictates what a gal should wear! That's a statement that challenges questioning. And that, in brief, is just how I happened to spend several entertaining hours recently with Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman.

There has been a lot of publicity to-do over the Chapmans being the best-dressed couple in radio, and also about Frank Chapman's great interest in his wife's costuming. Frankly, I thought it was just so much press-agentry—not that I didn't think they were a very well turned-out couple, but mainly, that I didn't believe any husband could get away with that much control of his wife's buying habits. I know plenty of husbands who force

Fashions

Gladys Swarthout's clothes should be labeled: *Costumes by Chapman*

For spring Gladys chooses a sheer crêpe, simple and smart, set off by a big hat.



their wives to give their dizzy hats to the maid-of-all-work, but never have I met a husband who could tell his wife what was what about everything she wears and really get away with it.

If a credit line had to be given on the clothes Gladys Swarthout wears, it would read: *Costumes by Chapman*. And after you have spent a delightful afternoon with Gladys and Frank, as I did, you can understand how agreeably this husbandly interest has developed. Gladys glories in the devoted domination of Frank. And he, despite a singing career of his own, takes the time to advise and assist Gladys in everything she does. They are two people who work and live as a single unit.

I saw the Chapmans in New York. They had come on from California so that
(Continued on page 67)

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard*,
Good brushing isn't enough! You need
the right dentifrice too!



Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE containing IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy
film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

● Now a thrilling dental discovery *ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment—makes your daily brushing *amazingly effective!*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. Because it

provides a smooth, gentle cleansing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic*. You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

All Pepsodent now on sale
contains IRIUM.

Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

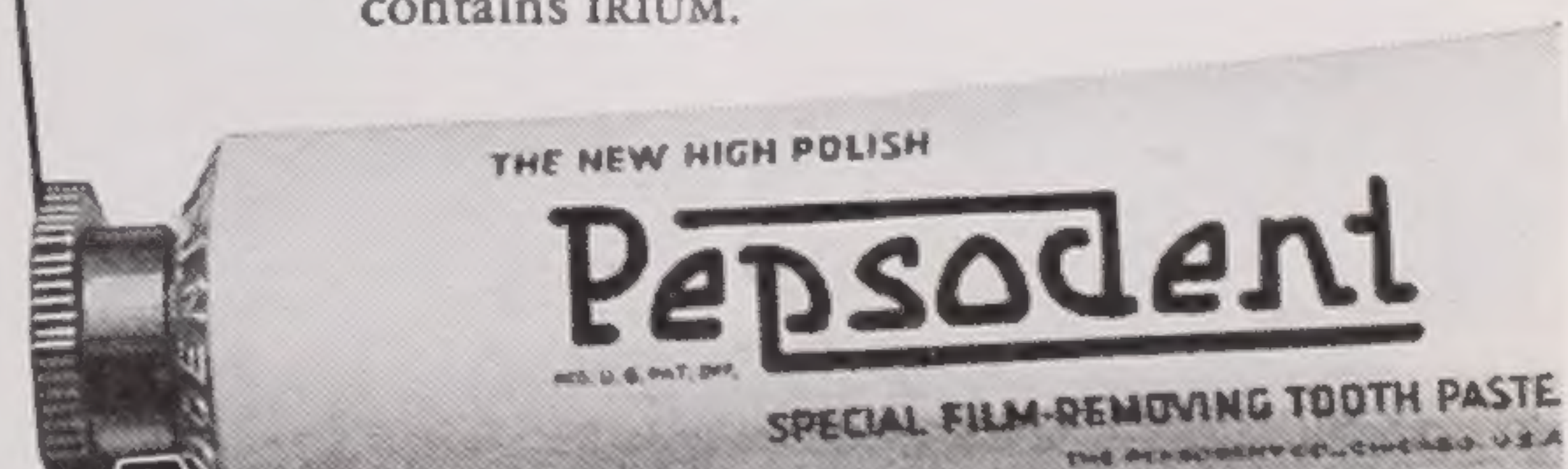
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . .
contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE
— Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent gently floats film away
—instead of scraping it off.
— Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your
mouth feeling clean and wholesome.
— Refreshing!



Change to
PEPSODENT
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

The King of Rah! Rah!

BY TOM
MEANY

Hal Kemp, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, became famous through the acclaim of collegians. His band is in great demand for appearances at big proms.

SOMEWHERE in these United States there are probably college students who are a little vague about placing the Byzantine period of architecture; probably some who aren't quite sure whether it was Archimedes or Aristotle who first cried: "Eureka!" And maybe a few, though this seems doubtful, who don't remember who won the Rose Bowl game at Pasadena last New Year's Day. It's a pretty safe bet, however, that there are darn few of the undergraduates who haven't heard of Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. For Kemp belongs to the collegians, by right of discovery.

Kemp is a college man himself, a product of the University of North Carolina, but that doesn't explain his popularity with the college crowd. His band plays a type of music which hits the right spot with the American undergraduate and, long before he or his orchestra became famous, he was wildly acclaimed by collegians, back in 1926, when Kemp and his band were just a bunch of kids with musical instruments.

Maybe it would be better to let Hal tell

Why Do Hal Kemp

Southern-born Hal is twice a proud papa. Here he is reading *Radio Stars* to daughter Sally. There's a Hal, Jr., too.



Rhythm

that story himself, since it marked the first break his orchestra received.

"We were playing in a little town called Hendersonville, North Carolina, and Fred Waring was imported with his band to play at a fashionable wedding in Asheville, not far away," recalls Kemp. "Alex Holden, who knew Waring, persuaded him to come over and hear us play. Apparently he liked us, for he suggested that Alex manage the band and arranged for us to go on tour, opening at Shea's Hippodrome in Buffalo.

"To be mercifully brief about it, the tour was not so hot. We played Toronto, after Buffalo, and were so disgusted with our poor showing that we called off the rest of the tour. We were broke and too proud to write home, a not unusual condition with young and ambitious musicians just starting out.

"Waring heard of our difficulty and he lent us enough money to get to State College, Pennsylvania. We played there and Fred, in introducing us, gave us a terrific build-up. He even went further than that and led the band for us. At the finish,

we received the greatest hand from those Penn State students that we've ever received before or since. Waring piled us into the cars his own band had and drove us back to New York, where he secured an engagement for us at the Strand Roof. The diet of steady work, plus the encouragement we had received from the students at Penn State, were a great tonic to a bunch of boys that seriously considered quitting!"

Merely getting an engagement at the Strand Roof, however, didn't lead Kemp and his band directly to the pot of gold. Even now, Hal can't forbear to shudder as he thinks of how strenuous that New York job was. "We played seven nights a week, from six-thirty to two-thirty, with a half-hour out to eat," said Hal. "A woman with a stop-watch clocked us, to see that we played fifteen minutes, rested five, played fifteen and so on, all through the night.

"Exacting as the job was, though, it helped us a lot," continued Kemp. "We found out how little we really knew about music. It was during the Strand Roof



Hal and Kay Thompson go gay in rehearsal for their popular Friday night show, heard over CBS at 8:30 p.m. EDST.

engagement that we first learned to read music properly."

(Continued on page 90)

and his orchestra hit the spot with American undergraduates?



10c for tuckaway size
in ten-cent stores.
25c for larger flacon,
in drug stores.

Like the breath of warm
spring air laden with love
GARDENIA

Gardenia perfume, by Park & Tilford, captures the true fragrance of those fragile blossoms to give you pulsating glamour and youthful exhilaration . . . a perfume ever reminiscent of Spring . . . and eternal romance. Park & Tilford's Gardenia is for those sparkling occasions when you want to sparkle, too! Take your first step toward this romantic enchantment by seeking out this marvelous perfume today.

PARK & TILFORD

Gardenia PERFUME

Kate Smith's Own Cooking

These attractive cookies and cup cakes are ideal for picnics. Not too rich, they have eye-appeal, yet are simple to pack and good to eat.

Courtesy General Foods



HELLO, EVERYBODY! This is Kate Smith, broadcasting the suggestion that we all go on a picnic.

What a picnic that would be, too, wouldn't it—all of you riding along in style, with me leading the way on the *Band Wagon*! Say, don't I wish it were possible! But, of course, I meant a make-believe picnic, when I

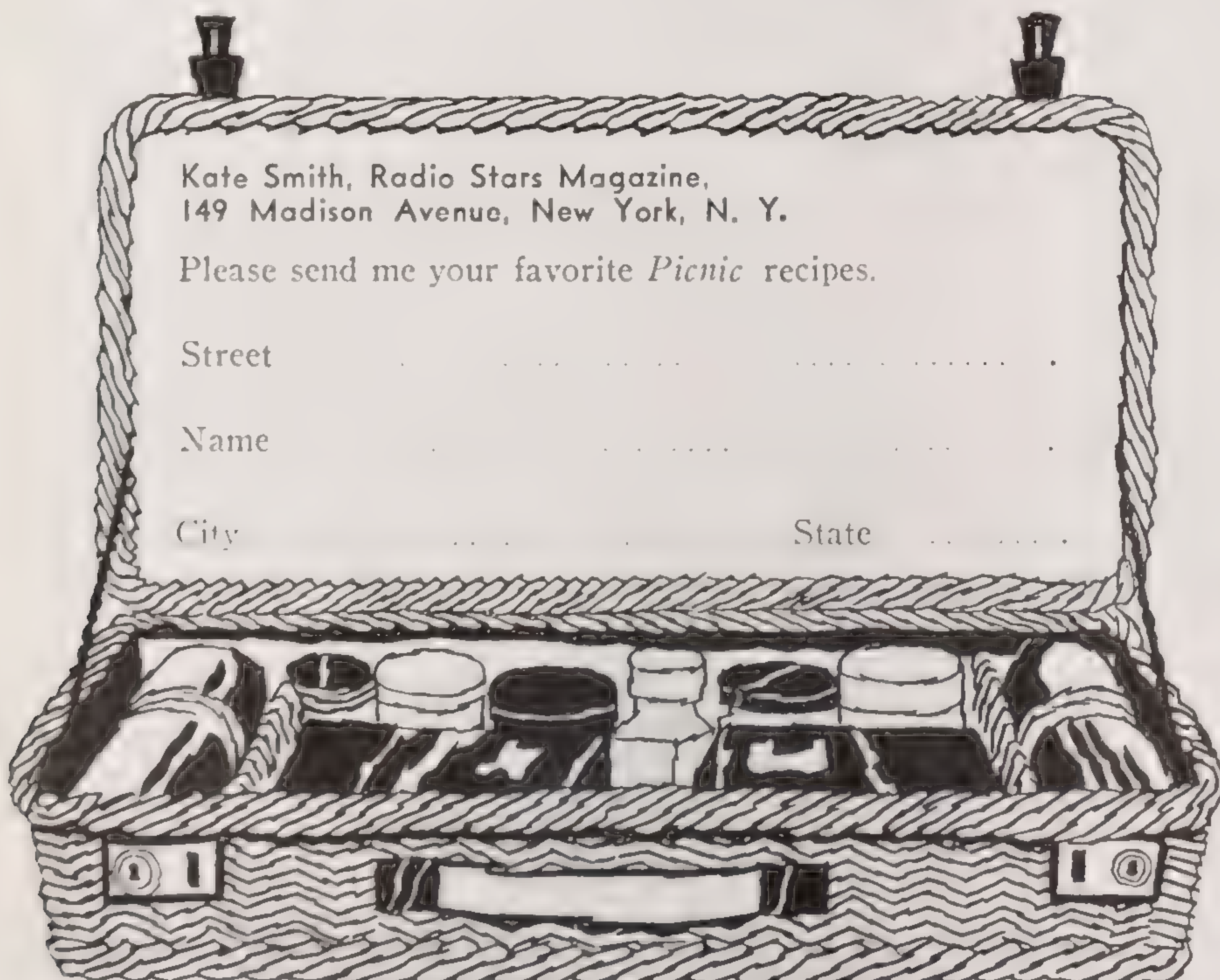
made the suggestion; a make-believe picnic, as you read this; an honest-to-goodness picnic for each individual family very soon.

Perhaps many of you will think that it's a little too early to talk about picnicking. I happen to be an all-year-round picnicker, myself, for good and sufficient reasons that I'll

tell you about later on. But I'd like to remind you all that it won't be long before real warm days will be with us. So why not be prepared to usher in the picnic season in style? I have some new ideas for you and some grand recipes that I've collected over a considerable period of time.

These ideas and recipes include many you will find quite as useful at home as you would afield. The recipes include cup cakes, cookies, sandwich fillings, nut bread and the like—the sort of foods that you'll want to try out, even if you are the type of person who cordially hates the "great outdoors."

Yes, even if you honestly prefer the comfort of your own front porch or backyard, or even just the breeze that comes in at your open window, to anything that the seashore or mountains may have to offer, you'll find most of the recipes that I have for you this month entirely to your liking. As for the confirmed picnickers, well, I'll bet they will immediately start looking up maps, routes and timetables, just hearing about the grand "eats" they will have to look forward to, when they reach their destination. That is, of course, if they have the particular recipes I'm offering.



School

Kate shows you her picnic kit which she uses at rehearsals, and wherein she packs many of the goodies she suggests here.

Time for picnics is almost here! Kate has lots of brand new ideas and recipes for you to try out

You will find some of these later on in this article. The others are in my *Cooking School* leaflet which RADIO STARS MAGAZINE generously mails out to each and every one of the readers who writes in for a copy. They're absolutely free, too!

But, even before describing the tempting things you can fix up by following these recipes of mine, let's stop a minute and discuss the question of what constitutes a picnic in the first place.

The dictionary says (I know, for I just looked it up to make sure!): "*A picnic is an excursion, or outdoor pleasure party, in which the members eat refreshments carried, usually, by themselves.*" But be sure, when you read that definition, to emphasize those words, "*pleasure party*," for if you don't look forward to such an outing with keen anticipation and proceed to enjoy it thoroughly, then I claim it's no picnic for you in the first place—regardless of surroundings and the method of bringing along the food! You've simply got to carry along the right spirit, too. In short, I believe that a picnic is a *state of mind*, rather than of location, and I thoroughly agree with the general impression that the word "picnic"

(Continued on page 58)

ed, rising from his box, he tried to address the men as might
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ions.

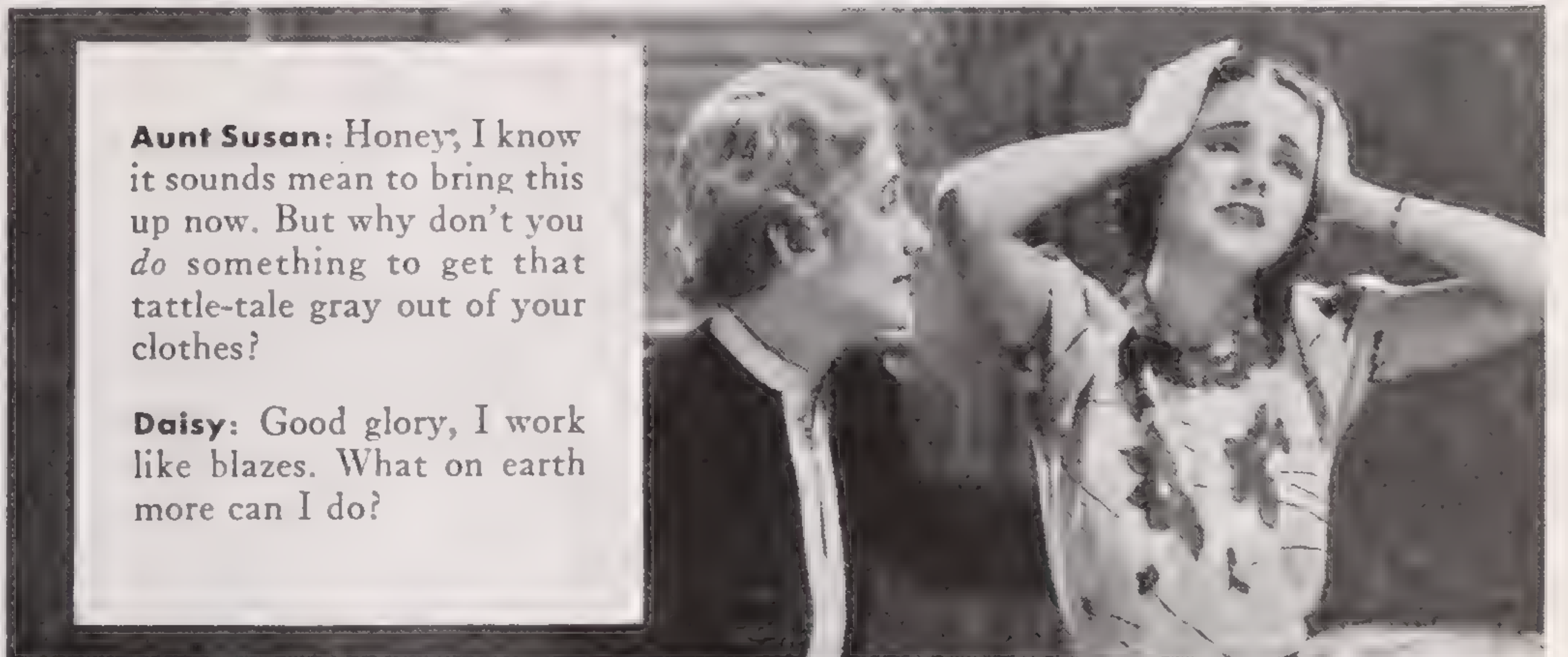
PERSONAL

BOB, I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good.
Daisy.



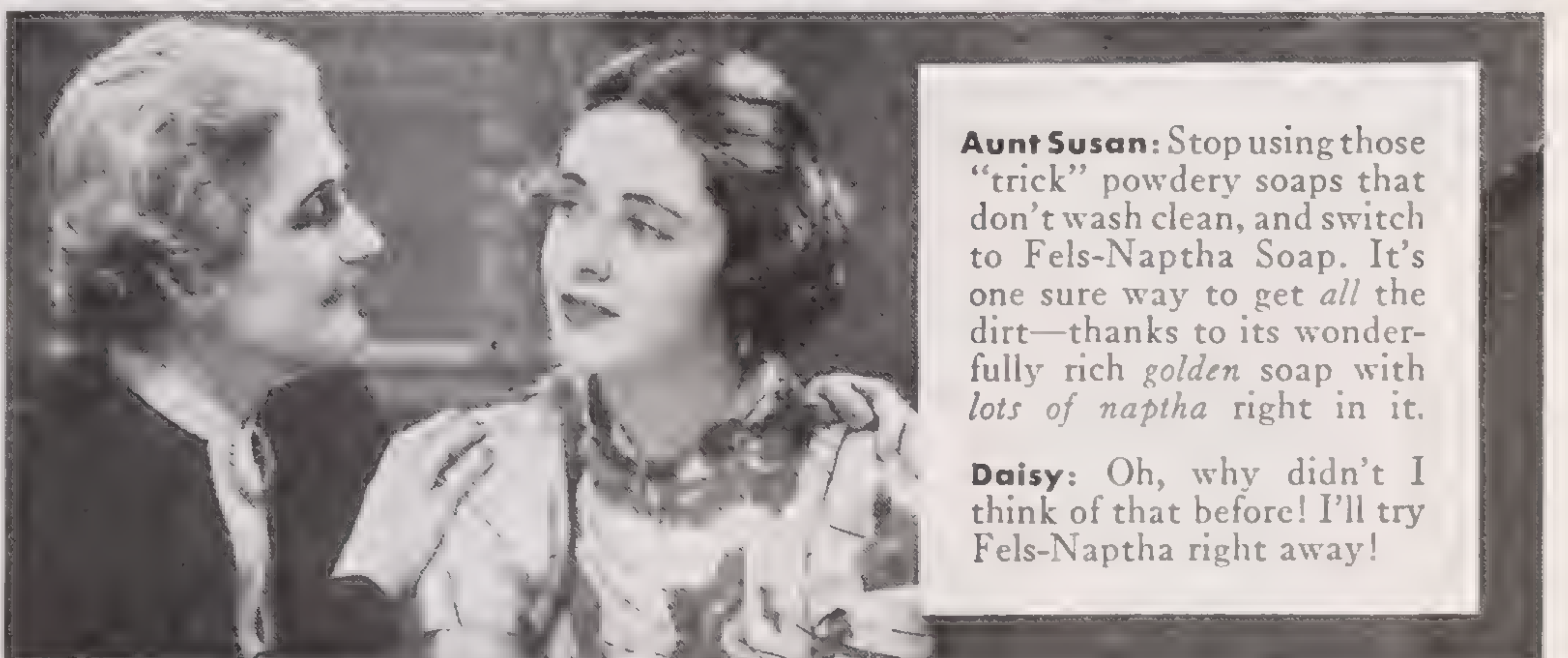
Aunt Susan: But why? How did it happen, Daisy?

Daisy: Oh, Auntie, it's been one row after another for months! Every morning he kicked about his shirts—they looked so gray and dingy. A few nights ago we had company and Bob said the linens were a disgrace. We had a nasty scene and I walked out.



Aunt Susan: Honey, I know it sounds mean to bring this up now. But why don't you do something to get that tattle-tale gray out of your clothes?

Daisy: Good glory, I work like blazes. What on earth more can I do?



Aunt Susan: Stop using those "trick" powdery soaps that don't wash clean, and switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. It's one sure way to get *all* the dirt—thanks to its wonderfully rich golden soap with *lots of naptha* right in it.

Daisy: Oh, why didn't I think of that before! I'll try Fels-Naptha right away!



FEW WEEKS LATER

Bob: Gosh, but I'm glad you're back, Daisy. And I promise I'll never nag again as long as . . .

Daisy: As long as I stick to Fels-Naptha Soap and get your shirts and everything so sweet and white! Don't worry, darling—Fels-Naptha and I are pals forever!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

It's My Humble

I AM wondering how many of you read the article under the heading of *Nothing But The Truth* in a recent issue of RADIO STARS and noticed both the brilliant and the naive answers to the question: "Do you ever pose for autographs or publicity photographs and informal snapshots?" With regard to the last portion of the question (of posing for publicity photographs), I would say that, where they are not too dumb, stupid or naive, they are a necessary part of the existence of the person who achieves something in the entertainment world. It must be obvious that the posing of the subject around the microphone offers little leeway for an unusual setup, since the microphone itself is the most unglamorous of objects, and no matter what the "angle" of the clever photographer may be, it is difficult for the result to be much more than the orthodox pose of cajoling the mike, embracing the mike, or gazing soulfully at it.

Hollywood is several steps ahead of radio

tions, especially if she or he is careless enough to pose with the friends of the owner of a Brownie or Kodak. One never knows to just what use these informal snapshots may be put. Enlarged and displayed in certain places, they might indeed become most embarrassing.

As to the matter of autographs, I would like to make the following observations: I can well understand the desire to secure an autograph. I wrote Rudy Wiedoeft eight letters before he replied with an autograph and a letter. But Wiedoeft was my whole life. For years I worshipped him. I had every phonograph record he'd ever made. I knew more about him than he knew himself. I practiced five hours a day, with the idea in mind that Wiedoeft might eventually recognize me as a competitor. So his autograph meant something to me.

But the mob situation of today is quite

the nose of the signee. In fact, I would summarize the situation this way—first: "May I have your autograph?"—Then: "Who are you?"

I believe I may speak fairly authoritatively when I discuss the matter of giving autographs because I have made it a practice, while on tour, to pull up a chair at the end of a dance program, and in this way give 300 or more autographs after having sung and directed the band for three hours of an evening. At the Derby in Louisville, Kentucky, two Derbys ago, I stood about in the pouring rain and autographed some 2,000 programs. I have rarely refused an autograph, but with the situation (of autographing) becoming pretty much of a racket, I have taken an about-face in the matter.

From among the number of celebrities who expressed themselves in a recent RADIO STARS concerning their willingness to give autographs, I could not help but feel that

Rudy Vallee jots down notes and comments on various entertaining subjects, in this, his fifth, exclusive column

An honorary life membership in the Centro de Español de Yale is conferred on Rudy by President William F. Greene.



in this. The glamorous palm trees, tennis courts, swimming pools, houses, studios and sets of Hollywood lend themselves much more to interesting photography than do the staid and rather simple studios in the broadcasting buildings in the East. And no one will deny that motion picture stars are, on the whole, possessed of more glamour and interest than most radio personalities.

Informal snapshots may sometimes involve the celebrity in unpleasant situa-

different. Gangs of young people, ranging in age from 12 to 19, stand outside theatres and hotels (especially on the opening night of a picture or play), and beleaguer anyone who appears to be a celebrity, with demands for autographs. And when I say "demands" I mean "demands!" In no uncertain terms, and with a great deal of crowding, pushing and jostling, these young ones surround their victim and, with no rule of "first come first served," and with no courtesy for each other, try to outdo the others in pushing a piece of paper under

there may have been, in the case of a few, a desire to convince the public that he or she belonged body-and-soul to "my public"—which is, perhaps, just a wee bit of hypocrisy. Because—as one who has known the fatigue of autographing when it was obvious that many who asked for it were only interested because everyone else was doing it, or were themselves puzzled as to what motivated them to ask for it—I believe that many of those celebrities who expressed themselves as being quite pleased and willing to give autographs were not

Opinion-

by
Rudy
Vallee



talking about the mob situation to which I refer.

I hardly need point out the danger of giving autographs indiscriminately. Celebrities really have, in the rush, signed a note or contract. The trick, of course, is invariably apparent to a court of law.

To me, it is a sign of weakness for a celebrity to make the statement that he or she would be unhappy if no one wanted his or her autograph. The artist who fears that by not complying with requests for

autographs his or her career will suffer, has a career that must indeed be built on shifting sands. Continued good performance by any artist will survive the refusal to sign every time an autograph is demanded. I don't believe that Miss Garbo, Miss Cornell, Miss Lillie and similar others, give more than a few well-deserved autographs yearly.

Speaking of the humorous side of autographing, there are always a few kibitzers who never fail to offer the following

"Garbo's signature is hard to get. For this reason it is considered a prize."

"Bea Lillie writes, but not her autograph. She gives only a few yearly."

alleged wisecracks. They may be "wise" to that particular group, but to me they are extremely trite. Always, some brilliant individual who notes that I sign with my left hand, says: "Oooh, he's left-handed!" "Now do it with your right hand!"—"Why don't you get a rubber stamp?"—"Will you autograph a check?"—to which I always add—"Try and cash it!" Or again such intelligent observations as: "Do you ever get a cramp in your hand?" and "Do you ever run out of ink?"

But the most objectionable feature of the autographing racket is the tendency on the part of those asking, to demand it! They don't ask, they demand! And I've heard some really nasty remarks after I've refused, on occasions where my best judgment has told me to refuse, such as: "He's high-hat!"—"Who does he think he is?"—"The nerve of him!" and so on into the night. As though my appearance at that place of work demanded that I be the willing slave of anyone who desired my signature!

Tips to celebrities who are at a loss re a method of refusal, when, after a tedious
(Continued on page 84)

I was run-down—

"...looked pale...
lacked a keen appetite...
was underweight... felt
tired."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

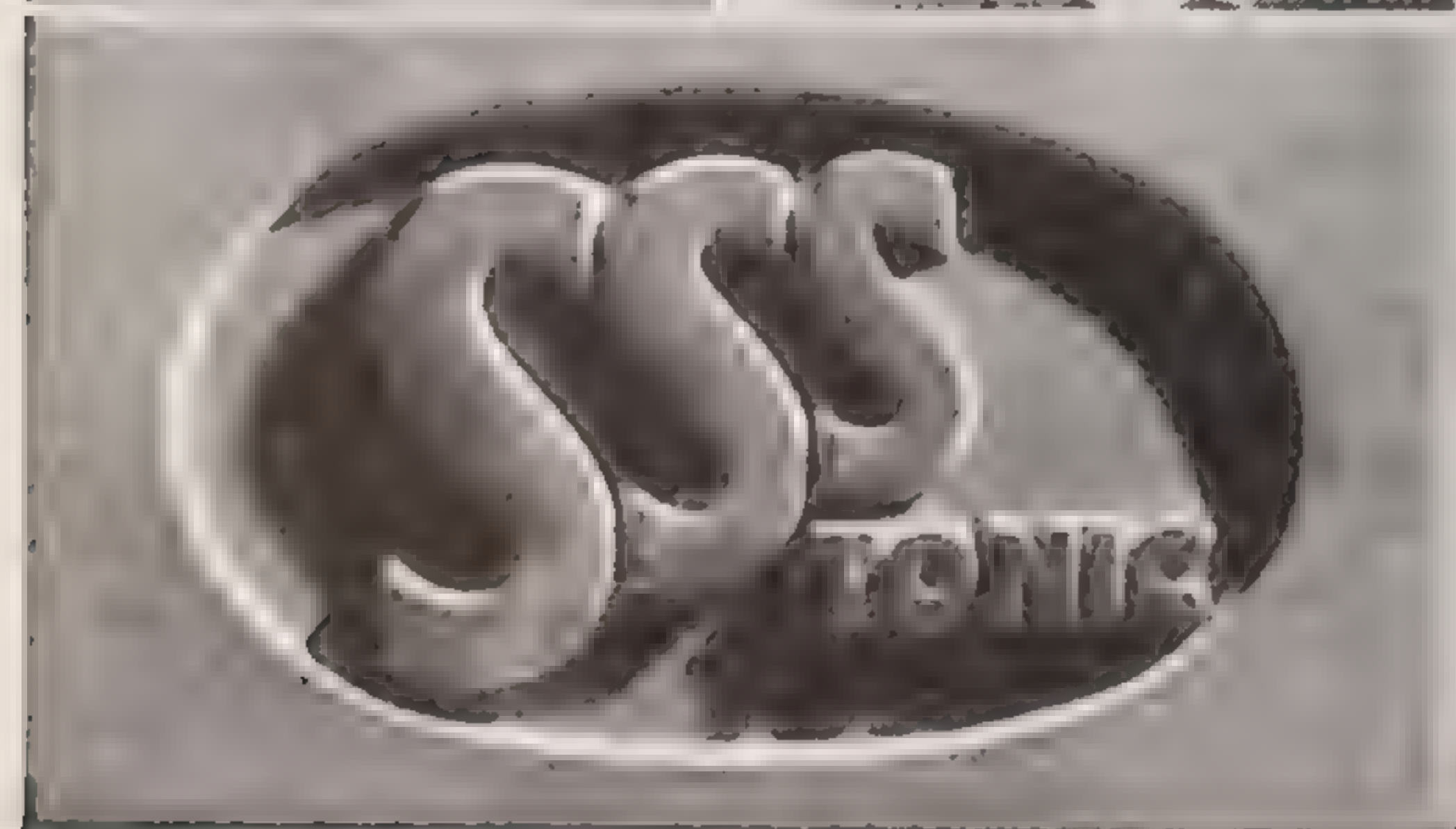
You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



For Edward Everett Horton work would seem play, in *Stepping Toes*. For Tommy Dorsey, a day off means a chance to study a score.

Radio



MADCAP Gracie Allen, of all persons, was the cause of a minor diplomatic crisis in the Mexican government this season. It grew out of her burlesque of *Viva Villa*, poking broad fun at Mexicans, along with everything else involved in that movie. With stiff dignity, the Mexican Embassy in Washington sent a protest to the Columbia Broadcasting System. Greatly disturbed, Columbia turned the letter over to the Burns and Allen sponsor. Still more disturbed, the sponsor sent the letter to George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Gracie was disturbed, too, and sat right down to write a letter of apology to the Mexican Embassy. She concluded with: "I always say Mexican jumping beans are my favorite sport. George thought we might make up by having the Mexican Ambassador for dinner but I didn't think he would taste very good."

Along with a more sensible apology from George, that apparently satisfied the Mexican Ambassador. Anyway, the incident was dropped and Gracie emerged from her first international crisis.

With Jack Benny so consistently successful in movies, you wonder once in a while, perhaps, why his wife and head radio stooge, Mary Livingstone, does not appear before a camera, too. When Jack went to Hollywood a couple of years ago, there

were plans for Mary afoot. Mary was by no means fat but the camera makes one look heavier, so Mary dieted strenuously to make sure.

Then came the screen test. Mary is an attractive girl but the camera plays strange pranks with faces now and then. One of them is to make Mary's screen appearance altogether unlike her stage appearance. She is anything but pretty for the films. Various make-up experiments were tried in test after test, but apparently nothing can be done about it. So Mary will confine herself to radio.

Long before Gracie Allen had begun her career as an amusingly silly girl of vaudeville, another of vaudeville's comical girls had the same character established as one of the standard vaudeville attractions. Gracie Deagon was her name and often she is pointed out as the example that Gracie Allen followed in framing her own style of comedy.

Miss Deagon stayed in vaudeville and did not get around to trying radio until recently. That brought on the strange quirk in this story. She auditioned for a large Middle Western station and was condemned as an imitator of Gracie Allen—and Gracie Allen had probably imitated the Deagon character in the first place!

(Continued on page 74)

Concerning celebrities of the air, and their comings and goings in broadcastland

Ramblings

Robert L. Ripley meets a Texas Ranger, 1937 Model, and Ralph Dumke and Ed East predict a prize for their big pet sheep dog.



fast colors but no boiling

FOR tints, use only warm water! For dark colors, even black, just *simmer*—the difference of 40° is easier on your clothes, easier on you! There's a special penetrating substance in Rit that makes the color soak in quickly, evenly. Gorgeous colors are easy now. If you haven't tried Rit recently you'll be amazed by its new formula—found in no other dye!

NEWS!
Perhaps it's news to you that Rit is NOT a SOAP—new formula makes it dissolve instantly like lump sugar!

Use **WHITE RIT** Color Remover first—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Removes stains. Really whitens white goods.

Actual photo of a single drop of ordinary dye on dry material—takes time to soak in—requires prolonged boiling!

Rit contains a special penetrating substance—soaks into the fabric instantly! Rit is the only dye with this feature.



Never say "Dye"
— say RIT!

RIT

TINTS & DYES



LANNY ROSS

For Distinguished Service to Radio



Have you noticed the voice of Lanny Ross lately? It's fuller, richer than ever before. His responsibility of keeping the *Maxwell House Show Boat* afloat apparently weighs lightly on the captain's shoulders. There were many who believed that Lanny's assuming full command, and all the extra worries that go with it, would react unfavorably upon his voice. But, to the contrary, Lanny's singing never has been more enjoyable.

Lanny made his air début on Christmas morning, 1928, on an *NBC* sustaining program. The following month he got his first sponsored program. In October, 1931, his present sponsor, *General Foods*, signed Lanny and he's been singing regularly for that company ever since.

And little wonder that he has! Always the conscientious student, Lanny never is satisfied (although listeners may differ) with his voice. He keeps striving always to improve it. And, of course, with gratifying results.

Lanny sets an example which all too few radio performers follow. Not to be concerned with the applause of yesterday, but with the applause of tomorrow. He realizes that only wearying hours of practice and rehearsal make a great artist; and that those hours must never cease if he is to preserve his reputation and remain a success.

It's difficult to imagine the *Maxwell House Show Boat* without Lanny Ross. No artist ever contributed more to the success of a program.

To Lanny Ross, *Radio Stars Magazine* presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lois C. Grady

FREE \$30,000 CASH

and 15,000 PAIRS of \$1.35 Silk Stockings

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES

6 Big Weekly Contests

ENTER EACH WEEK . . . 7530 PRIZES IN ALL!

FIVE \$1000 CASH PRIZES

EACH WEEK

ALSO EACH WEEK 1250 PRIZES OF 2 PAIRS OF \$1.35 GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE SILK STOCKINGS

\$30,000 CASH! 15,000 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables!—offered as prizes in these 6 thrilling contests—so you can discover what marvelous wear you get from fine stockings washed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Gotham "Adjustables" were chosen as prizes because they look beautiful and fit beautifully. They have an exclusive patented feature—7 inches of length adjustment, so they fit you whether you are short, average or tall!



WIN! START NOW!

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because _____ (IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)"

GOING—GOING—a simply thrilling array of prizes! 30 chances to win 1,000! 7500 chances to win 2 pairs of luxurious Gotham Adjustables always sold at \$1.35 a pair!

Come! Here's a chance to tell what you know about the extra-safety of pure Ivory Flakes! You probably know from personal experience how gentle Ivory Flakes are to colors, how safe they are for stockings because Ivory's famous purity keeps the silk springy and strong.

So don't hesitate. This is such an

easy contest! Enter now enter each week. Only 25 words or less may bring you one of the 7530 generous prizes!

Such an easy contest!

Why, a sentence-ending as simple as this one can win one of the 5 thrilling \$1,000 cash prizes offered each and every week: *"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because my stockings keep their color and they wear longer, too, when they're protected by the purity of Ivory Flakes."*

See how easy it is! Just sit down and let yourself talk. It's your experience we want, not fancy words. Write as

GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES—exquisitely sheer—yet durable because of extra-elasticity. Also "Adjustable" feature relieves garter strain. The lovely color "Radiance," selected by editors of Harper's Bazaar . . . See these \$1.35 stockings at your local Gotham dealer's . . . style No. 654.

to a friend. Because Ivory Flakes are your friend—made from Ivory, the soap that mother probably used for you in your baby days! And today Ivory Flakes give you 7530 chances to win a thrilling prize!

Listen to these RADIO PROGRAMS for more CONTEST NEWS!

"THE O'NEILLS"
10:00 A.M. NBC Blue Network
2:45 P.M. NBC Red Network

"MARY MARLIN"
11:15 A.M. NBC Red Network
4:00 P.M. NBC Blue Network
(All times Eastern Standard Time)

FOLLOW THESE RULES

- Finish the sentence shown on the entry blank in 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank, or on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Give the name of the dealer who sold you Ivory Flakes.
- Attach the top from a box of Ivory Flakes (or a facsimile) to your entry. Mail to IVORY FLAKES, Dept. RS-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- There will be 6 weekly contests, each with separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows

OPENING		CLOSING	
1st Contest—	Now	Sat. May 29	
2nd Contest—	Sun. May 30	Sat. June 5	
3rd Contest—	Sun. June 6	Sat. June 12	
4th Contest—	Sun. June 13	Sat. June 19	
5th Contest—	Sun. June 20	Sat. June 26	
6th Contest—	Sun. June 27	Sat. July 3	

- Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight. Entries will be entered in each week's contest as received.
- Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra. Contests judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore, National Contest Consultant, and her associates. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries returned.
- Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests limited to the United States and subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.
- Prizes in each weekly contest are: Five first prizes each of \$1000 cash. Twelve hundred and fifty additional prizes of 2 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables "Radiance" shade, proper size.
- Each dealer mentioned by the 30 cash prize-winners will also receive \$50 in cash.
- All \$1000 prize-winners will be announced shortly after each contest closes, over "The O'Neills" radio program and "Mary Marlin."



ENTRY BLANK

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because _____"

(Finish this sentence in 25 additional words . . . or less)

IVORY FLAKES, Dept. RS-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, O.

I attach the top from one box of Ivory Flakes (or facsimile).

My stocking size is _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

My Dealer's name is _____

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL



In his own inimitable way

BY

**WALTER
WINCHELL**

Walter Winchell, famous New York columnist, went to Hollywood to star with his old feuding partner, Ben Bernie, in the film, *Wake Up and Live*.

THAT his real name is Benjamin Anzelevitz. But his family must have been ashamed of him, because they wouldn't let him use the family name on the stage.

That he started out to be an engineer and he still fiddles like a concrete mixer. (I mean, like Jack Benny playing *The Bee*!)

That his family, for generations—they're from the south of Russia—had all worked with iron. Mostly shoeing

... "I Started The Feud!" Says Ben

"I made the first crack! Yowsah!"

MAESTRO: Walter says he started the feud, yowsah!

WALTER: Flash—Bernie says he started the feud!

(Boys, boys, what is all this? You should get together on something!)

* * *

In a dark corner off the set of *Wake Up And Live*, where, on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, the famous feudists are feuding together in film, with many a verbal stingaree zinging through the air and many a wary, barbed-wire glance betwixt 'em, I sat,

first with one and then with the other. And occasionally, in durance vile, between the two. A palpitant, a precarious position!

Said Walter (his never-quiet hands manipulating his agile cane, his eyes, lenses which nothing escapes, not even a dust mote): "I started it. I pulled the first crack. It was back in 1931 when I went, for the first time, on the air. On the *Lucky Strike* program. Expecting to broadcast for three to four weeks, I was on the program for a year. 'O-kay, America!'—remem-



Ben Bernie

ber? After the first couple of weeks I knew that something was wrong with it. Something lacking. It sounded monotonous, even to me. Too many blessed-eventings, heartings, reno-vatings, elopements, twoings;

NOW ABOUT BEN BERNIE

Walter Winchell does a column for Radio Stars on Ben Bernie

horses. Bernie's only horsy activity is betting on them. Every time he won, Director Sidney Lanfield would give him another close-up. Fortunately, Bernie didn't win often enough to spoil *Wake Up and Live*.

That when he was selling toys in a department store, during school vacations, his enthusiastic spiel attracted the attention of a talent (?) scout. He was given a tryout in a vaudeville house, where the customers express their disapproval by tossing ripe eggs and vegetables at the *piffawmers*.

That Bernie was so sure he was going to be the target for the vegetables, that he demanded in his contract the right to clean up the stage after the show and take the food home!

That he picked up a partner and toured the country in vaudeville. (*But the partner, Phil Baker, became a star!*)

That, with the dance craze sweeping the country after the War, he organized a dance band. Because he used his fiddle for a baton, instead of playing it, people were fooled into thinking he was a good musician.

That he protected himself from the dancers with a smoke screen. He burns up thirty cigars a day and is the only orchestra leader to smoke them while playing.

That he is the only performer allowed to smoke cigars during radio programs.

That he has tripled his yearly income since we started taking cracks at him. (*He has told this to people himself!*)

That he plays songs others have written, that others have orchestrated, lets his musicians do all the work and uses wisecracks that others think up—and yet he gets all the money. (*There ought to be a law!*)

That he appeared in one of the first talkies. In 1926 he made an experimental short subject for Lee De Forrest, sound pioneer. In spite of that, talkies have become a success.

That Ben got his first big chance with an offer to play at the newly-constructed Hotel Roosevelt. That the hotel management was not foolish, however. They demanded that Ben take a ten-thousand-dollar interest in the hotel, before they would give him the job.

That Ben went to Arnold Rothstein, the biggy gambler, whom he never had met, for the ten grand. Rothstein came right across with the dough, but told Bernie to make a payment back on it every Monday.

That Bernie, who is dumb (*Continued on page 81*)



Walter Winchell

too many movie people and *flash-flashes*. Needed high lights. Something. (That's why I use *Oddities In The News* today.) I figured what it needed—humor. But how? Then it occurred to me that it might be

... "I Started The Feud!" Says Walter

"I blessed-evented it! I'm its papa!"

amusing to do, on the air, what Mark Hellinger and I had been doing for some time in our respective columns. Mark on the *Daily News* and I on the *Mirror*. We'd been taking cracks at each other, hurling mutual insults out of our inkwells, each blotting the fair name of the other. And we were and we are good pals. We stopped it, finally, Mark and I, because the public didn't seem to like it. They wrote in, many of them, that they were admirers of us both and resented it when I took a crack at Mark or vice

versa.

"Anyway, it had attracted a lot of attention. And so I sent Bernie a wire to Chicago—he was playing there, at the College Inn, at the time. I said: 'I'm going to take a crack at you, do you mind? On my next broadcast I'll hand Eddie Duchin a wire and say: "Look, Eddie, here's a wire for you from a booking agent—no, my mistake, it's from Ben Bernie." He says: "Just heard your broadcast. Think you are great. Can offer you a week's" (*Continued on page 95*)



The *Pontiac Varsity Show* goes on the air from coast to coast over the NBC-Red network, John Held, Jr., in charge.



Winner of the "ideal co-ed" contest, Dorothy Miller of Columbia University's Varsity Show accepts the cup from Held.

Collegians Are

BY GENE HARVEY

THEY say that an artist draws something of himself in his drawings. And they say that humorists are usually glum and morose individuals out of working hours. Well, John Held, Jr., whose *Pontiac Varsity Show* takes the air from a different college each week, is an upsetter of tradition. He doesn't in the least resemble his famous drawings of amusingly vacant "sheiks" and "flappers," that so well expressed the spirit of their age back in '26, and instead of being glum he wisecracks like any college kid—except that his wisecracks are usually funny.

Interviewing John Held, Jr., is something of a cross between being a minstrel interlocutor and pulling teeth. Not that Held is smart-alecky; on the contrary, he's friendly, informal and the antithesis of stuffed shirt. But he'll tell you, with perfect gravity, that he was expelled from the Utah State Reformatory as incorrigible; that the narrowest escape he ever had was forgetting to put

in his bridge while on the way to a broadcast; that he's a string-saver whose collection has grown to two large snarls; that the greatest handicap he had to overcome was picking his nose. And then, in case you think you're being "ribbed," he chuckles gustily. On the other hand he'll skip casually over adventures in the Riff War, or his career as a rodeo rider, and tell you that his flapper drawings were inspired by being kicked on the head by a horse—and to prove it he'll let you feel the hole in his skull!

Sending out for a pair of forceps, however, your reporter managed to extract a few facts about John Held, Jr., not too painfully. He was born January 10th, 1888, in Salt Lake City, Utah, and he claims that as a child he had long blonde ringlets and played with Indian kids, both of which claims probably are true. His parents, he says, were married, and his father was a copperplate engraver, which accounts for the fact that, at the age of seven, young John, Jr., sold to a candy company a woodcut engraving he had made. A little later he was editor and artist on the Salt Lake High School *Red and Black*, and in case you believe the reformatory gag, he really went to the University of Utah and drew for the school's magazine, *The Utonian*.

When he was sixteen, Held started as a cartoonist on the Salt Lake City *Tribune*, held the job for about a year

Says John Held, Jr., cartoonist, author, sculptor and play-



John Held, Jr., watches with eagle eye the progress of a broadcast by the University of Chicago's Varsity Show.



Productionist Gordon Whyte gives the charming star of Ohio State University Varsity Show, Betty Frank, some pointers.

Getting Smarter-

and left to fulfill a pet ambition—riding bucking horses. He did this well enough to travel all through the West as a rodeo rider, so if there's any mental picture in your mind of the artist as a pale young man with glasses, it's time to revise it. But basically, Held was—and is—an artist. He says he'd probably never be very good at anything but art, and after some time with bucking bronses, John, Jr., came to New York in search of fame and fortune.

He was about twenty-two at the time, and he found a job doing posters for the Street Railway Advertising Company. It couldn't have paid very much, because he lived in a \$2.50-a-week room that he called *Cockroach Glades*. After about a year of that job, John Held, Jr., went in for free-lancing, selling drawings to the various comic magazines and doing pretty well at it until the War, during which he served as a Navy officer.

Here is one artist whose career has consistently alternated between art and adventure; cartoon and conflict. The horse-kick incident really happened, after the War, around 1925. Held, doing very well again as free-lance artist and cartoonist, was on his Connecticut farm and, while taking a colt to the blacksmith's, the onery critter kicked him in the head, leaving a dent in his skull as souvenir. And then he began to do the amusing collegiate

types of "flappers" and "sheiks" with the round heads, long skinny legs and angular bodies, that became forever associated with his name and were so widely imitated at the time. Held stoutly claims that the kick inspired them, and Bob Sherwood, the editor of the comic magazine, *Life*, said he wished the same horse would kick some of his other artists. At any rate, that series of characters did express perfectly the spirit of college youth at that time, and you probably can remember when no yellow slicker was complete without a Held drawing reproduced on it.

It was comparatively tame work, perhaps, for, hardly having recovered from the kick, John Held, Jr., was off to Africa to get some information on the Riff War. "All the accredited correspondents had been locked up in Fez," he says, "and I decided that credentials were a liability rather than an asset. So I tore up all my credentials and passport and was able to pass freely back and forth through the lines. If they asked for my credentials. (Continued on page 82)

wright, master-of-ceremonies of the Pontiac Varsity Show

CONFIDENTIAL

Facts of the Rubinoff Case!

BY

MILDRED MASTIN

Peggy Garcia, who formerly was a Harlem hat-check girl.

Wide World
Photos

RUBINOFF fiddled while blondes burned, and smoke got in his eyes! The popular violinist is just recovering from his sizzling sessions in court—and the question is, are Rubinoff's worries over, or only just begun?

Dave's acute blonde trouble started three years ago, when he got his first message from Garcia. He was having double trouble at that time. And it was just about as funny as mumps on both sides!

On the one side was Peggy Garcia, blonde ex-hat-check girl, suing Dave for breach-of-promise. On the other side was blonde ex-wife, ex-chorus girl Blanche Moreland, suing Dave for breach-of-alimony. Blanche contended that, back in the days before Dave was famous, he had promised her a quarter of his income, regularly, in alimony. And Dave wasn't handing it over. She asked for a tidy fortune in back pay. Peggy contended that Dave had begged her to marry him, and then had forgotten all about it. She was refreshing his memory with a demand for a hundred thousand dollars' worth of heart balm.

Dave's reply to these claims was: "When you get known, you

get lots of suits. It's part of the routine." He didn't realize then that baby Peggy's routine would last for three years and get coast-to-coast publicity as a great spectacle.

Not many people had heard of Peggy Garcia before the suit began. Peggy has a pretty face and empty blue eyes and a baby voice, and her real name is Pauline Taylor. At home, down in the Virginia hills, they called her Polly. She found the name Garcia on a cigar band and thought it must be Spanish, since cigars come from Havana, and as anybody knows, a Spanish name is grand for a girl who wants to make good.

Peggy told the court that she changed her name to Garcia, because, after she started to sue Rubinoff, she couldn't get a job. She'd ask for a spot in a night club, and the owner would say: "Are you the Pauline Taylor who is suing my pal Rubinoff?" And Peggy, who could not tell a lie, would say: "Yes." And the prospective employer would say: "Get out."

So it was as Miss Garcia that the little Taylor girl from Virginia—wide-eyed, on the verge of tears, and dripping with silver fox—went

Miss Garcia hears testimony about her earlier marriage.

Rubinoff (center) in court. His brother and lawyer.



Rubinoff's blonde Nemesis weeps as her lawyer tells her story.

Peggy and her husband, Michael L. Rocco, were indicted for bigamy.

The story behind the breach-of-promise suit brought by blonde Peggy Garcia against radio's romantic violinist

into the crowded courtroom a few months ago to tell her tale of woe.

Maybe it was the crowded courtroom, with its sea of sympathetic faces. Maybe it was that, suddenly, Peggy realized fully the wrong she felt had been done her. At any rate, just before she took the stand, she raised her ante from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, and Dave found himself faced with a suit for half a million dollars!

The gist of Peggy's testimony was that she was a young and innocent girl when she met Rubinoff and he had taken advantage of her. By her testimony, of course, Peggy sought to give proof of her innocence. She told how, when she first went to his apartment, Rubinoff had said: "There's my Stradivarius," and Peggy was so innocent she didn't even know he was talking about a fiddle!

As further proof of her guileless youth, she said that when she was introduced to Rubinoff in the first place, she tossed her head and laughed, saying: "If you're Rubinoff, I'm Cleopatra!" Some people never did figure out why this retort was evidence of innocence. But Peggy said it was.

She confessed she was so innocent, she didn't know what Rubinoff meant when he told her she excited him. And furthermore, that time when she was seen in his bedroom—Rubinoff was wearing lavender pajamas—she had gone in to look at his etchings.

She told the court about the evening when Rubinoff played the wedding march for her on his Stradivarius, and how beautiful it was, and how marvelous he was.

Then came the day when he asked her to go on tour with him—as a singer, it is presumed. And Peggy demurred. So Dave said: "Would you go if we were married?" And Peggy blushed and whispered: "Yes."

But Rubinoff didn't give her a ring. Oh, no. Because no ring in the world was good enough for a beautiful girl like Peggy. Instead he gave her a wrist watch.

While this testimony was going on, the judge was rapping for order, threatening to clear the courtroom if the laughter did not stop. Even members of the jury were trying hard to keep their faces straight.

But it wasn't so funny to Rubinoff. (Continued on page 88)

The famous violinist (right) with his lawyer, A. J. Halpern.



Rubinoff smiles, though the sordid suit was a bitter thing to him.

Peggy Garcia, née Pauline Taylor, greets her dad, Cornelius Taylor.

In the Radio

Glimpses of gaiety and glamour on and off the air

Joy Hodges (L) and Miss Penny, two gay young lasses of the CBS Hollywood broadcasts.



Don Ameche, of the Great Lover fraternity, with Ann Sothorn in the Twentieth Century-Fox mystery drama, titled *Fifty Roads to Town*.

Johnny Presents Russ Morgan and His Orchestra, Tuesday at 8:00 p.m. EST over NBC and Saturday 8:30 p.m. EST on CBS. Here are Johnny and Russ.



Ethel Merman, ready to sing on a *Saturday Night Party*, rehearses with her manager.



Spotlight . . .

as radio personalities sparkle in the spotlight



Gymnast Wallace gives a flock of radio starlets a workout. (l. to r.) Wallace, Gene Byron, Alice Hill, Elinor Harriot, Dolores Gillen, Sally Agnes Smith, Patricia Dunlap.

George Rector, famed connoisseur of foods, chats to housewives on famous folk and delectable dishes. Marcella Shields assists.

Nino Martini rehearses with Andre Kostelanetz for the Chesterfield CBS program.



Yvonne King, of the famed King Sisters who warble with Horace Heidt on CBS.





"Mr. John Royal of NBC, heard all my records in Europe, and he came to Paris to hear me sing."



"Now I am able to buy all the lovely flowers that I could only look at wistfully before."



"It was all very exciting! But sometimes I grew so homesick I could hardly bear it!"



"She bought clothes with the money from her London engagement. Gay, dazzling clothes!"



"It's been work and fun, with hope and sadness and uncertainty, all jumbled together."



"Funny—how fast she had started to grow up! The soft, long bob accentuated her chic."



The last girl in the world you'd take for a "mystery woman," this girl—Hildegard!



In just a few days Hildegard will go to London, for a Coronation engagement at the Ritz.



"I'm going to postpone love till I've got to that place in my career where I most long to be!"

That Girl They Call Hildegard

Hildegard has become a legend! People have woven her a personality that doesn't exist

SOMEHOW you knew she'd be like this, so very young and pretty and with a smile that begins in her eyes and crinkles down her nose to reach her lips. You can tell a lot about people from the place they live in, and Hildegard's living-room is as devoid of pretense as the girl herself.

It holds her own warm friendliness, that room, and her graciousness, too. Great bowls of tulips and mimosa and blue iris mocked the keen winds outside, and the girl herself was like a joyous encounter with a May day, fresh and young and warm.

The last girl in the world you'd take for a mystery woman, this girl, Hildegard. Why, after one look at her, in the soft gray and yellow wool dress she was wearing, with her hazel eyes all curled up at the corners from laughing and her taffy-colored hair

held softly in place by an *Alice In Wonderland* comb, you couldn't help wondering about all the stories you've heard about her.

For Hildegard has become a legend. Now, while she is still so vibrantly alive and so young and so much in the news, people have woven her into a personality that actually doesn't exist!

You've all heard the stories about Hildegard, the exotic, foreign star who came over here to create an overnight sensation. Some say she was born in Berlin, others in Vienna and there are a few who hold out stubbornly for Australia. But none of these stories

is true.

"I can't understand how such stories have got around," Hildegard says, bewildered. "I've never made a mystery about anything concerning myself. I was born in Milwaukee and my parents were born there before me. My father was a grocer and I come from a sweet, hard-working family. A family traditionally German, though second generation Americans. We always spoke German at home. It wasn't until I was eight years old that I learned to speak English."

That is the reason for the faint accent that clings to Hildegard's voice, even today, and is probably one of the answers to the legend that has clung to her.

The true story of Hildegard is much more exciting than the romanticized one. (Continued on page 98)

BY ELIZABETH B. PETERSEN



It's another "scoop" as Charles Butterworth flashes in on the Fred Astaire Packard Program.



Charlie decides to give his pet wire-haired terrier a music lesson. But the pup, we gather, isn't having any!

Don't Say Said

By GLADYS HALL

"WHAT'S behind this dead pan of mine?" Charlie asked, repeating back to me my impertinent question. "Why, tempestuousness is. I am tempestuous by nature. I am an extremist. I blow hot or cold. I am up or down. I am in the slough of some deep despond one day and crowing in a fool's paradise the next day.

"Nothing external has anything to do with these extremes. It is something *within myself*. I am not in relation to the cosmos, you see. The cosmos is in relation to me."

I died! Such a gigantic cosmos, to be in relation to such a slender little man!

We were sitting, Charlie and I, in a booth at Lucy's, the popular café hard by the NBC building where, every Tuesday night, Charlie makes folks hold their sides and sponsors hold out tempting contracts, while Fred Astaire makes folks tap their feet and smile and sigh to the tapping of his incomparable feet and the nice rhythm of his voice.

It took me some time to recover my equilibrium. For, as I had sat there, watching for Charlie to come in, I had fancied that a meek little man would scuttle in, with

furtive glances to right and left, timid and wary, perhaps a touch more crushed than usual because of his recent separation from his wife. Charlie would look lonely, I thought. And who or what could look lonelier than Charlie Butterworth?

But not at all! What I did see enter was a slender and Club-New-Yorkerish man, wearing black and white checked trousers, a Bond-Streetish coat, a gray fedora hat set at a jaunty angle, horn-rimmed specs, also jaunty, a flower in his buttonhole, doeskin gloves held smartly, careless-like, in his hands.

I felt a little as though I were cocktailing with the Mad Hatter or, possibly, with the Dormouse of *Alice In Wonderland*, a Dormouse dressed by Bond Street and talking as one might expect Clark Gable to talk.

He called for a telephone to be brought to the booth. He made innumerable calls, each call prefaced by an apology to me. He called Charlie Farrell (his house guest at the time), Nunnally Johnson, Bart Marshall, the Town House, this one and that. His social life seems to be terrific. I mentioned it. He murmured: "'Tis. I am

"I am tempestuous by nature," says Charles Butterworth, one of



"Don't say I said so!" he warns, (*left*). Above are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Butterworth.

a Sophisticate, you see. A Sophisticate (*Capital S*), also, by nature. I like living in big cities. I am a night hawk. I like to come in with the milkman and sleep until noon. It is the restlessness in me, perhaps the gypsy . . .

"It is, also, relaxation. I must work like the Furies or I must relax completely. I love the radio work. It gets more and more interesting to me as I become more accustomed to it. But also it is very worrisome. A picture is made and it is done. A radio broadcast only leads to rehearsals for the next broadcast. But I have had very gratifying reactions. It is a little too soon to tell as yet, however, just whether my future lies with radio or with pictures. It must be one or the other for me, not both. I am going away this summer for two months. I shall probably visit Scandinavia—alone. When I return a decision will be made."

The radio, Mr. Butterworth believes, is especially suited to comedians. For comedians cannot vary their make-up as dramatic actors can. Robert Taylor can be a beach-comber in one picture, wear a middy's uniform in the next, tails and a top hat in others. He can be clean-

shaven, wear a beard, sideburns, a goatee. But comedians must always look the same. Chaplin never can discard his shoes, his cane, his little derby hat. Lloyd never can remove his horn-rimmed spectacles. W. C. Fields never can lose weight nor that rubicund nose. Butterworth must, on the screen, perpetually scurry and scuttle and wear that look of anxiety and futility. On the air comedians can be more versatile. They are not forever chained to their unvarying bodies, cramped in their unvarying make-ups. The visual helps comedy in a great many ways, of course. But it also runs the danger of becoming monotonous.

Charlie does not want, or intend to keep on doing the kind of radio work he is doing now. He enjoys it. He enjoys working with Fred Astaire. Fred gives, he says, prestige and dignity to anything he does, to anyone he works with. The Astaire name, said Charlie, put the program over. But next year Charlie hopes to do a master-of-ceremonies kind of thing, like Jack Benny, like ah-Fred Allen. He wants the kind of a program where he can be funny some of the time, (*Continued on page 104*)

radio's ace comedians. You'll gather that, and more, from this tale!



Louise Massey sings authentic western music on the Log Cabin Dude Ranch show.



The Westerners (l. to r.): Larry Wellington, Milt Mabie, Louise, Allen and Dott Massey.



Fifteen Wasn't too Early for Louise-

The romantic story of Louise Massey, star of *The Westerners*



Milt Massey (second from left) is Louise's husband. Allen and Dott are her brothers.



The cow country of the old West is her home and its dramatic ballads her songs.

FOR most of us, romance is a thing hard and seldom come by. We hope to meet it, all of us, in a love affair, or in a journey to far places, or in a glamorous friendship—and we get it second hand and a little wistfully by going to the movies or reading a book, or listening to the radio.

But once in a while there is a person, and once in a longer while we're lucky enough to meet a person, who is the embodiment of romance.

Louise Massey is one of those people.

She comes from a country that is, to many an American, the land of romance—the old Southwest. Her marriage is as fantastic a romance as any fiction writer could invent. Her career is gay and colorful and successful, and wrapped up in America's two most romantic professions—radio and the movies. Her future—from where one stands in the present, it stretches out as brilliant as the colors of a Navajo tapestry, to an ending as satisfying as the soft but vivid colors of a desert twilight.

And to meet and talk with Louise Massey makes you feel sure, again, that love and laughter and adventure are still alive in the world.

In speech, her voice is as soft and pleasant as when it is blended in the songs of *The Westerners*. In it there is none of that well-known and slightly nauseous "Southern accent;" it's just a liquidity of tone, the turn of a phrase, some little regional ungrammaticism, that makes her sound somehow a little different—piquant.

"Yes, I was married when I was fifteen," she will tell you with a tolerant, amused crinkling of her eyes. "But for goodness sake don't talk about that! It's been screamed in headlines till people must be sick of readin' it!"

But, of course, people probably never will grow sick of hearing about love matches that succeed in the face of every dire prediction and contrary to all the statistics drawn up by sociologists to show why so-called child marriages cannot last.

"Once," she remembered, "somebody wrote a story and put a headline on it: '*Louise Massey Raised Seven Brothers!*'" She laughed. "When I read that, I thought:

'That'll give *them* a laugh—all those great big six-foot men about forty-five years old!' Raise *them*? Why, I was just a little piece of something running around there, with all of them spoiling me rotten!" She shook her head, remembering that childhood as the darling of seven big brothers and a big father.

"As a matter of fact, that's probably why I wanted to get married." (This at a distance of fifteen years.) "I'd had everything else—they gave me a Buick roadster of my own when I was fourteen. They like to died when they heard about the wedding. But they didn't think it'd last."

The laugh faded from her face and she was silent for a moment.

"I don't guess it would have lasted, either," she said at last, "if things hadn't happened the way they did. I was so awful, and so spoiled, that if I'd had to

settle down and keep house, I'd have got bored and had a fit. But, of course, I went on back to school." Her eyes crinkled into a smile and she chuckled a little, as if at some sudden, private remembrance. "And then, pretty soon, I had my baby, which was something new, and sort of exciting, although," she laughed, "it didn't interfere with me, anyway! It was just like a little sickness to me, you know? I had it, and then I went on with what I was doin', and my Negro mammy took care of the baby. Yes, the same one that had raised me. Why, she would no more let me go away from home without her! I was her child and she didn't see how I'd manage without her. I certainly didn't see, because I'd never kept house or done anything except tear around on a horse or in a car. And I guess the folks didn't see, either, how I would, so they let her come."

"Then, the next year after the baby came, we planned and built us a home, and that was exciting."

"My husband, Milt Massey, had just got out of a military school in Tennessee a little while before we were married, and he'd been helping his dad with his hardware business, one of the biggest in the Southwest. But after a while he thought maybe he'd like to do something different, so he started singing with us. And then pretty soon we went on the road, (Continued on page 92)

BY MARGARET
MAHIN



The Landt Trio, Dan, Karl and Jack, heard Sundays at 2:00 p.m. EST on the *NBC-Red* network, hang themselves up on a hatrack between broadcasts!



Left to right: Philip Merivale, Deems Taylor and Roland Young take a few steps with the Rockettes in a studio in Radio City Music Hall.



Smilin' Ed McConnell, who enjoys his Sunday afternoon *NBC* songs of cheer.

Between

Maestros, merrymakers, men and maids

It's a good way to keep that slim waistline, says Natalie Park, *NBC*'s blonde young actress, heard in *Hawthorne House* and other *NBC* shows.

Romantic's the word for Parkyakarkus (Harry Einstein), radio and movie comedian. And he's married now to Thelma Leeds, brunette screen singer.





A rehearsal of the *Swing Fourteen*, who sing with Russ Morgan's orchestra, broadcast over the Columbia network Saturday nights, 8:30 p.m., EST.



Miss Penny (Penny Gill to her home folks) relaxes from her arduous duties as secretary to Professor Jack Oakie of CBS' *Oakie's College*.

Broadcasts

whose notes and nonsense delight us

Ray Heatherton's popular baritone delights CBS and MBS listeners.



Martha Raye, America's feminine Joe E. Brown, of the Tuesday night CBS *Al Jolson Show*, duplicates a Jolson rendition of a Mammy song for beaming Al.

Bandleader Abe Lyman greets his pal Jack Dempsey and Mrs. Dempsey at one of Lyman's Sunday night informal programs at the Hotel New Yorker.



RADIO ROUND-UP





NUMBER ONE: As usual, George Burns is floored by Gracie Allen's merry comeback in a little family tete-a-tete. Number Two: Not so long ago Eddie Bergen was just another good vaudevillian, now his ventriloquist act is the rage of the day. At the moment, he is in a heated argument with his top-hatted friend and dummy, Charlie McCarthy. Number Three: Miss Penny, and she looks like a million, is the femme interest of *Jack Oakie's College*, but in a leisure spot like this she is just Miss Penny Gill. Number Four: Grace Albert, the cute bride of the *Honeymooners* dramatic skits, offers an advance showing of the new idea in bathing suits. Number Five: "No Dogs Allowed" signs mean only arguments to Ed East and Ralph Dumke, Sisters of the Skillet, who are shown here trying to sneak their prize pooch into the Columbia studios. Number Six: Wouldn't you like to be the lucky guy on the receiving end of Joy Hodges' friendly greeting at the Ambassador Club in Los Angeles? Joy currently divides her time and talents between Hollywood studios and Columbia broadcasts.



... No Rainbow

WOULD you like to hear the story of how Frank Parker, his eye fixed on the gleaming star of success twinkling in the distance, strove mightily for a chance on the stage? How he haunted agencies, tramped his shoes thin on Broadway, fought for a chance to gain a foothold in the precarious world of the theatre or radio; how he was always fiercely determined to win acclaim with his voice?

Well, I'm sorry; there isn't any such story. Frank fell into show business by accident, and then as a hooper, not a singer. And radio was wished on him, willy-nilly, by the sickness of a friend. So if you'd be interested in *that* story—which should interest, if only for sheer novelty, lend an ear to the saga of the lad who lets things come to him, but who figures that you've got to *be ready* when they do come. That's the principle Frank Parker always has worked on, and the answer is a spot among the top flight radio vocalists and a star part in a Broadway show at the moment.

Parker, at thirty, has been on the air for ten years, in such shows as *Gulf Oil*, *Cities Service*, *Chevrolet*, *Kolster*, *La Palina*, *Brunswick*, *Palmolive*, *Evening in Paris*, *General Tire* and others.

So his system—if it is a system—seems to work.

"I never tried hard for things,"

Frank said in his dressing-room, while making up for the part of Wyoming Steve Gibson, in his current play, *Howdy Stranger*. "Naturally, I don't mean it pays to be lazy or have no ambition. But if you're cut out for something, it seems to come to you if you just let it; at least, it always has to me. All I've had to worry about was to *be ready* for the breaks when they came."

Frank stresses it just that way, and means it. All the breaks in the world, he figures, aren't any good if you're not equipped to make the most of them. No chance is any good unless you have the talent or ability and are prepared to make something out of it.

"All I had to do was be ready for 'breaks' when they came," says Frank Parker



Frank Parker sings on *The Rippling Rhythm Revue*, with Shep Fields and the Canovas, on Sundays, at 9:00 p.m. EDST, over the *NBC-Blue* network.



The big bass viol has a wicked eye, Frank thinks, as he lays a tentative bow across its mighty strings. Singing, thinks Frank, would doubtless be much easier!

Chasing for Frank

"My first job in show business," he said, "was about as premeditated as falling down a coal hole. Radio was the same way . . ."

But let's check back and see how it happened.

Frank Parker is that rare *genus* in Manhattan, New York born. And if his theory of "be prepared" has given any idea that he was a rather noble Boy Scout type as a kid, now is the time to discard it. A student at Holy Name, Frank—or "Ciccio"—Parker, as he was sometimes called, being Italian on the maternal side, was something of a young roughneck. And young Frank, whose claim to fame now is his voice, was gently but firmly eased out

of Holy Name because he couldn't see the idea of singing in the choir.

"There wasn't any choice about it," he grins. "It wasn't as though I minded singing. But they'd pick the boys they wanted in the choir and you sang—whether you liked it or not. Then, meeting the gang outside, they'd yell: 'Sissie!'" And Frank didn't like to be called "sissie;" especially since he'd managed to be accepted by the toughest—and hence the most attractive—gang of kids in the neighborhood.

So he completed his education in other schools and one day, in his 'teens, he accompanied a friend, who was trying to get on the stage, to an agent's office. The friend got the usual: "Nothing today," but Frank suddenly found himself being greeted effusively by the agent.

"Hello—hello," he said heartily to Parker. "Where've you been? I've been trying to get in touch with you."

"But—I mean . . ." the bewildered Frank stammered.

"I know—so you've been busy," the agent waved him aside. "I've got a spot for you in a new show . . . Go around to the theatre this afternoon at two; they'll put you on."

Before he knew it the agent was gone and Frank found himself holding a slip with the name of the theatre on it. "Is he nuts?"

Frank asked his friend, who grinned ruefully (*Continued on page 86*)

BY

JACK

HANLEY



Women like Frank Parker's attractive tenor voice. Women like Frank Parker. He's boyish, handsome, romantic, and not a bit bored with life. But as yet, he says, he has not thought about marriage.



Frank's first radio appearance was with Hope Hampton. The *La Palina* program was his first big commercial. He sang five years with the *A & P Gypsies*, two with the Benny show. Here he is with Dick Himber.



Maestro Phil Harris of the Jack Benny program is "tops" with dialers, as well as dancers.



The Benny show takes the air. (Left to right) Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Phil Harris, Don Wilson and Kenny Baker.

Swing That

There's romance back of that "swing" rhythm of Phil Harris,

If you like swing music—or if you like the Jack Benny program—you know Phil Harris. He has been "swinging it" a long time—dancers have tripped the light fantastic to his catchy tunes, from New York to Hollywood. But it is his spot on the Sunday night *Jell-O* program that really has given him his big chance, put him at the top with dialers as well as dancers.

Somehow you expect a bandleader to be spoiled, especially when he is young, good-looking and successful, and has been labeled, rightly or otherwise, something of a Don Juan. Phil is tall, well-built, with crinkly dark hair and an effective Pepsodent smile—a "natural" for the build-up Jack Benny has given him as a ladies' man—but he is refreshingly unaffected and sincere, enthusiastic about his music, his part in the program, frankly enjoying his success but not in the least vain or complacent about it.

It was Rudy Vallee who said: "You can't go wrong with Phil Harris' orchestra."

And Jack Benny agrees, for Phil's contribution to the Benny program has been not only good music but a colorful personality, increasingly popular with the fans.

Phil grinned self-consciously when reminded of his reputation as a Great Lover. "I've been married ten years," he said quietly.

He is a vigorous, healthy individual, full of life and good spirits and the bubbling sort of humor that can laugh at anything, including himself. He takes Benny's ribbing merrily, blushes and laughs when Jack makes public fun of his penchant for maroon shirts and vivid ties. But he takes his part in the weekly skits seriously.

"Being with Jack Benny is an education," he explained earnestly. "He knows all there is to know about comedy, about timing, about reading lines."

And right there we have a clue to one of Phil's secret ambitions. Music has been his life since he was a youngster. Born in Linton, Indiana, he went to Nashville, Tennessee, when a small lad and the surging rhythms of the South are in his blood. But he always has had a secret urge to be an actor, too. He has had a taste of it in the movies and once went so far as to give up his band, determined to get a part on the stage, if it was only carrying a spear. But a month without the boys, without his music, was a month of increasing mental agony and finally he could stand it no longer and sent out a wild SOS for the band. Actually he gets more out of leading his fifteen musicians than the dancers who dip and sway and hum to his catchy music.

Phil has had only two bands, the first for six years, the present group for the past three years. They are devoted to him and he to them. "It's a personal relationship," he explained. "Not just men who happen to work together, but friends. They mean a lot to me, not only as musicians but as individuals."

Phil's introduction to the movies was the making of a picture called *So This Is Harris*, a musical short, so artistically and effectively produced by Mark Sandrich of RKO-Radio that it won the Academy prize. Misled by the success of this, they thrust Phil, without further training, into a full length picture. At that, it was moderately successful, though Phil himself was disappointed.



By Miriam Rogers

Music!

maestro of NBC's Sunday night *Jell-O* show. Here's the story!

"I didn't know what it was all about, hadn't the vaguest idea of technique . . ."

But Phil is to have another opportunity. He was disconsolate over some tests he had made recently, but tests are notoriously bad and out of these has come a part in Paramount's *Turn Off the Moon*. So perhaps some day, when the night life enforced by his career has begun to pall, he may turn to acting—not in musicals, nor yet in hopes of being another Clark Gable or Robert Taylor. Phil's ambitions are along different lines; Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou, Jean Hersholt are the ones in whose footsteps he would like to follow. Meanwhile, a chance to read lines under the able tutelage of Jack Benny is excellent training.

His Nashville background, of course, makes him especially adapted to Southern parts. He has a deep voice, untrained but pleasant—if you have heard him sing, you know how well he does the Bert Williams sort of thing. He never has heard Williams but his voice is very like that of the famous singer of Negro songs. Phil has a repertoire of about twenty-two of Williams' numbers.

His speaking voice has something of the same appealing quality. He reads lines well—and certainly gets a big kick out of it.

He has that zest for everything, a talent for putting his heart into what he is doing and feeling amply repaid if the crowd enjoys it. That is why he enjoyed his prolonged stay at the Palomar in Los Angeles this winter better than some of his engagements in swankier spots. Instead of the usual two weeks' engagement, Phil stayed

for four months. The dance floor can accommodate a crowd of seven thousand, and the people who dance there are not the blasé, satiated Hollywood type but frankly out for a good time, there because they love dancing and appreciate a peppy orchestra. They responded heartily to Phil's music and Phil responded with equal enthusiasm to their obvious enjoyment. The result was swell music and greater fame.

Long engagements are the rule with him, apparently. He spent several years in the East, playing in various New York hotels, on the air three times a day. For seventy-eight weeks he broadcast the *Melody Cruise* program, for *Cutex*. On the West Coast, he played for three years at the St. Francis, for two at the Cocoanut Grove, in Hollywood.

But with all the demands of these engagements, interspersed as they were with shorter engagements and much traveling about the country, Phil has found time to build an enduring, happy marriage.

The girl in the case is Marcia Ralston, a beautiful girl and talented actress. She is playing now in a new movie, *Call It a Day*, and has so impressed the producers with her ability that the part has been added to, built up for her. She looks something like Joan Crawford and had her early dramatic training in her native Australia, where she played leading rôles in stock. And she unquestionably would have progressed much further in her own career if she had not ardently believed that Phil's career and their marriage came first.

Since Phil's career made it (Continued on page 102)

The Nick Dawson I Know

BY ELSIE HITZ



Nick Dawson, heard Mondays through Fridays, 4:30 p.m. EST, on *NBC-Red* network.

WHAT an opportunity to "tell all" about Nick! I don't know where to begin. He's the strangest combination of artist and he-man you could hope to find. He started out in life studying art, for he draws very well and he really intended to pursue an art career. But, after becoming a scenic painter, he got the wanderlust and ran away to sea. He's had adventures as exciting as those in our scripts and, before he settled down to being a combination actor and business man, he was shanghaied, he ran guns in Mexico, he was a bronco buster in a circus, and about everything else you would name.

When relating his adventures he'll sometimes say: "I was scared to death." That's certainly a figure of speech, in his case, for he doesn't know the meaning of fear, real or imaginary. He says that comes of having been in the War; so much happened then that nothing since has been able to make him lose his perspective, not even the depression. He could be fighting for his life at (Continued on page 108)

The Elsie Hitz I Know

BY NICK DAWSON



Lovely Elsie Hitz, Nick's partner in the popular *Follow the Moon* serial.

IF I tell you about the Elsie Hitz I know, I'll have to tell you about sixty-eight different women. Yes, they're all Elsie and, when I look back over the period in which we have worked together, I cannot help but marvel over the fact that one dainty little person (she's really only half-pint size) can be so many different girls, each as charming as the next.

In the first place, of course, Elsie is a truly great actress. As the youngest of five children, she went on the stage at sixteen and has thoroughly learned her profession. She had a lovely speaking voice to begin with and it was this voice over the radio that attracted my attention, as it did that of thousands of listeners. I decided she was the one actress I wanted to work with over the air and when I met her and found her as lovely as her voice and we really did work together, I knew that the gods were indeed kind to me. Our first script, *The Magic Voice*, was a 'natural' for Elsie, since it dealt with a romance over the (Continued on page 109)

Partners on the air for three years, Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson gleefully tell all of each other's faults and foibles



Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*

MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*

MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*

MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*

MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*

MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*

MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

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(above) *In the Tack Room.* Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."



Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Camels are made
from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...
Turkish and
Domestic...than
any other
popular brand



For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels

Growing lovelier day by day...
 The Dionne Quins use only
PALMOLIVE
the soap made with Olive Oil!



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**NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH,
 TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!**

HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT,
 SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!

WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY,
 MADAME, BY USING ONLY
 PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND
 NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING
 ENOUGH FOR THE
 QUINS' UNUSUALLY
 SENSITIVE SKIN.

YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE
 BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO.
 ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE
 SOOTHING—BECAUSE PALMOLIVE
 IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS
 WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED
 FEAR DRY, LIFELESS,
 "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

**DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY
 HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!**

"At the time of the birth of the
 Dionne Quintuplets, and for some
 time afterward, they were bathed with
 Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived
 for soap and water baths, we selected
 Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily
 use in bathing these famous babies."

Allen Roy Dapoe

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF
 PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR
 THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS
 MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN
 PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY
 THE COMPLEXION SOAP
 FOR YOU!

**IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING
 AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?**

Are you *sure* the soap you're using is
 as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made
 from a blend of real beauty ingre-
 dients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

That is why Palmolive gives your
 skin such matchless beauty care . . .
 Why more than any other soap, it
 brings you the promise of a lovelier,
 more alluring complexion.



TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Coast-to-Coast PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by *NBC-Red*; the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by *NBC-Blue*; the Columbia Broadcasting System by *CBS* and Mutual Broadcasting System by *MBS*.

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: 11:00 A. M. EDT becomes 10:00 A. M. EST and CDST; 9:00 A. M. MDST and CST; 8:00 A. M. PDST and MST; 7:00 A. M. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— RED NETWORK

WFBR Baltimore, Md.
WNAC Boston, Mass.
WBEN Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
KOA Denver, Colo.
WHO Des Moines, Iowa
WWJ Detroit, Mich.
WTIC Hartford, Conn.
WIRE Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF Kansas City, Mo.
KFI Los Angeles, Cal.
KSTP Minneapolis—St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF New York, N. Y.
WOW Omaha, Neb.
KYW Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa.

WCBS Portland, Me.
KGW Portland, Ore.
WJAR Providence, R. I.
WRVA Richmond, Va.
KSD St. Louis, Mo.
KDYL Salt Lake City, Utah
KPO San Francisco, Cal.
WGY Schenectady, N. Y.
KOMO Seattle, Wash.
KHQ Spokane, Wash.
WRC Washington, D. C.
WDEL Wilmington, Del.
WTAG Worcester, Mass.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— BLUE NETWORK

WABY Albany, N. Y.
WBAL Baltimore, Md.
WBZ Boston, Mass.
WICC Bridgeport, Conn.
WEBC Buffalo, N. Y.
WMT Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WENR Chicago, Ill.
WLS Chicago, Ill.
WKY Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR Cleveland, Ohio
KVOD Denver, Colo.
KSO Des Moines, Iowa
WXYZ Detroit, Mich.
WLEU Erie, Pa.
WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WREN Lawrence, Kan.
KECA Los Angeles, Cal.
WTCN Minneapolis, Minn.
WICC New Haven, Conn.
WJZ New York, N. Y.
KLO Ogden, Utah
KOIL Omaha, Neb.—Council Bluffs, Ia.
WFIL Philadelphia, Pa.
KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa.
KEX Portland, Ore.
WEAN Providence, R. I.
WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
KWK St. Louis, Mo.
KFSD San Diego, Cal.
KGO San Francisco, Cal.
KJR Seattle, Wash.
KGA Spokane, Wash.
WBZA Springfield, Mass.
WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
WSPD Toledo, Ohio
WMAL Washington, D. C.

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

KGNC Amarillo, Tex.
WWNC Asheville, N. C.
WSB Atlanta, Ga.
KERN Bakersfield, Cal.
KGHL Billings, Mont.
WAPI Birmingham, Ala.
KFYR Bismarck, N. D.
KGIR Butte, Mont.
WCSC Charleston, S. C.
WSOC Charlotte, N. C.
WCFL Chicago, Ill.
WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
WFLA Clearwater, Fla.
WIS Columbia, S. C.
WCOL Columbus, Ohio
WFAA Dallas, Tex.
WEBC Duluth, Minn.
WGBF Evansville, Ind.
WDAY Fargo, N. D.
WGL Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WBAP Ft. Worth, Tex.
KMJ Fresno, Cal.
WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich.
WFBC Greenville, S. C.
KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.
KPRC Houston, Tex.
WJDX Jackson, Miss.
WJAX Jacksonville, Fla.
KARK Little Rock, Ark.
WAVE Louisville, Ky.
WIBA Madison, Wis.

WFEA Manchester, N. H.
WMC Memphis, Tenn.
WIOD Miami Beach, Fla.
WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
CFCF Montreal, Canada
WSM Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB New Orleans, La.
WTAR Norfolk, Va.
WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
KTAR Phoenix, Ariz.
KGHF Pueblo, Colo.
WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
KFBK Sacramento, Cal.
WSUN St. Petersburg, Fla.
WOAI San Antonio, Tex.
KTBS Shreveport, La.
KSOO Sioux Falls, S. D.
KGBX Springfield, Mo.
KWG Stockton, Cal.
WEBC Superior, Wis.
WFLA Tampa, Fla.
WBOW Terre Haute, Ind.
CRCT Toronto, Canada
KVOO Tulsa, Okla.
KANS Wichita, Kans.
WORK York, Pa.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WADC Akron, Ohio
WOKO Albany, N. Y.
WGST Atlanta, Ga.
WPG Atlantic City, N. J.
KNOW Austin, Tex.
WCAO Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ Bangor, Me.
WBRC Birmingham, Ala.
WBFB Binghamton, N. Y.
WEEI Boston, Mass.
WGR Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBW Buffalo, N. Y.
WCHS Charleston, W. Va.
WBT Charlotte, N. C.
WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn.
WBBM Chicago, Ill.
WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio
WHK Cleveland, Ohio
KVOR Colorado Springs, Col.
WBNS Columbus, Ohio
KRLD Dallas, Tex.
WOC Davenport, Iowa
WHIO Dayton, Ohio
WJR Detroit, Mich.
KRNT Des Moines, Iowa
KLZ Denver, Colo.
WKBB Dubuque, Iowa
WDNC Durham, N. C.
WESG Elma-Ithaca, N. Y.
WMMN Fairmont, W. Va.
WOWO Fort Wayne, Ind.
WGL Fort Wayne, Ind.
WBIG Greenboro, N. C.
KFBB Great Falls, Mont.
WHP Harrisburg, Pa.
WDRG Hartford, Conn.
KTRH Houston, Tex.
WFBM Indianapolis, Ind.
WMBR Jacksonville, Fla.
KMBC Kansas City, Mo.
WNOX Knoxville, Tenn.
KFAB Lincoln, Neb.
KLRA Little Rock, Ark.
KNX Los Angeles, Cal.
WHAS Louisville, Ky.
WMAZ Macon, Ga.
WREC Memphis, Tenn.
WQAM Miami, Fla.
WALA Mobile, Ala.
WISN Milwaukee, Wis.
WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
WSFA Montgomery, Ala.
CKAC Montreal, Canada
KGVO Missoula, Mont.
WLAC Nashville, Tenn.
WWL New Orleans, La.
WABC New York, N. Y.
KOMA Oklahoma City, Okla.
WDBO Orlando, Fla.
WPAR Parkersburg, W. Va.
WCOA Pensacola, Fla.
WMBD Peoria, Ill.
WCAU Philadelphia, Pa.

KOY Phoenix, Ariz.
WJAS Pittsburgh, Pa.
KOIN Portland, Ore.
WPRO Providence, R. I.
KOH Reno, Nev.
WMBG Richmond, Va.
WDBJ Roanoke, Va.
WHYC Rochester, N. Y.
KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
WCCO St. Paul, Minn.
KSL Salt Lake City, Utah
KTSA San Antonio, Tex.
KSFO San Francisco, Cal.
WTOC Savannah, Ga.
KOL Seattle, Wash.
KWKH Shreveport, La.
KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa
WSBT South Bend, Ind.
KFPY Spokane, Wash.
WMAS Springfield, Mass.
WFBL Syracuse, N. Y.
KVI Tacoma, Wash.
WDAE Tampa, Fla.
WSPD Toledo, Ohio
WIBW Topeka, Kans.
CFRB Toronto, Canada
KTUL Tulsa, Okla.
WIBX Utica, N. Y.
WACO Waco, Tex.
WJSV Washington, D. C.
WJNO W. Palm Beach, Fla.
WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
KFH Wichita, Kans.
WSJS Winston-Salem, N. C.
KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex.
WORC Worcester, Mass.
WNAX Yankton, S. D.
WKBN Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

KADA Ada, Okla.
KVSO Ardmore, Okla.
WRDO Augusta, Me.
KPMC Bakersfield, Cal.
WEAL Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ Bangor, Me.
WAAB Boston, Mass.
WICC Bridgeport, Conn.
WMT Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WGN Chicago, Ill.
WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR Cleveland, Ohio
KFEL Denver, Colo.
KSO Des Moines, Iowa
KXO El Centro, Cal.
KASA Elk City, Okla.
KCRC Enid, Okla.
WSAR Fall River, Mass.
KFXA Greeley, Colo.
WTHT Hartford, Conn.
WHB Kansas City, Mo.
WLNH Laconia, N. H.
KFOR Lincoln, Neb.
KHJ Los Angeles, Cal.
WLLH Lowell, Mass.
WFEA Manchester, N. H.
KDON Monterey, Cal.
KBIX Muskogee, Okla.
WSM Nashville, Tenn.
WOR Newark, N. J.
WNBH New Bedford, Mass.
KTOK Oklahoma City, Okla.
KOIL Omaha, Neb.
WFIL Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa.
WBBZ Ponca City, Okla.
WEAN Providence, R. I.
WRVA Richmond, Va.
KFXM San Bernardino, Cal.
KGB San Diego, Cal.
KFRC San Francisco, Cal.
KVOE Santa Ana, Cal.
KDB Santa Barbara, Cal.
KGFF Shawnee, Okla.
WSPR Springfield, Mass.
KWK St. Louis, Mo.
KGDM Stockton, Cal.
WOL Washington, D. C.
WBRY Waterbury, Conn.
CKLW Windsor-Detroit, Mich.

Sundays

MAY 2—9—16—23—30

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE ENSEMBLE—organ and soloist
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Josef Honti's orchestra

8:30
NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Josef Stopak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet
CBS: LYRIC SERENADE

8:45
CBS: SIDNEY RAPHAEL—pianist

9:00
NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT LINE—Milton J. Cross
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program, Artells Dickson

9:30
NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist

9:55
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: RADIO PULPIT—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman; quartet
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30
NBC-Red: MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH
NBC-Blue: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE
CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Henry Deutsch's orchestra

11:00
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
CBS: ORGAN MOODS
MBS: REVIEWING STAND—current problems

11:05
NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—soprano

11:15
NBC-Red: PEERLESS TRIO
NBC-Blue: HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—author and pianist

11:30
NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: VARIETY PROGRAM
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—Lynne Overman, Mary Carlisle, orchestra
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—male quartet
MBS: CADLE TABERNACLE CHOIR—music, talk

12:30
NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—soloists
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

1:00
NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRESLIN, soprano; FRED HUF-SMITH, tenor
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

1:30
NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Jerry Brannon, Paul Gersman
NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer

1:45
CBS: HISTORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES—Bob Trout, commentator

2:00
NBC-Red: VARIETY PROGRAM
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross
CBS: MUSIC OF THE THEATRE—Howard Barlow's concert orchestra

2:15
MBS: KEY MEN—quartet

2:30
NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES
MBS: GREAT MUSIC OF THE CHURCH

2:45
CBS: COOK'S TRAVELOGUE

3:00
NBC-Red: A TRIP TO OUR NATIONAL PARKS
NBC-Blue: CHORAL VOICES
CBS: NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MBS: FATHER CHARLES E. COUGHLIN—current events

3:30
NBC-Red: WIDOW'S SONS—sketch
NBC-Blue: INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON

3:45
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

4:00
NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Gale Page, Shield's orchestra

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VES-PERS

MBS: HAROLD STOKES' ORCHESTRA

4:30

NBC-Red: MUSICAL PROGRAM

NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISH-FACE AND PROFESSOR FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra

MBS: JOHNNY MURDOCK'S ORCHESTRA

5:00

NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Josef Koestner's orchestra

NBC-Blue: WE, THE PEOPLE—Phillips Lord, director; Mark Warnow's orchestra

CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—sketch

MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:30

NBC-Red: SMILING ED McCONNELL—songs, Clark's orchestra

NBC-Blue: COL. STOOP-NAGLE AND BUDD—Voorhees' orchestra; Gogo DeLys, blues singer

CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: ORCHESTRA

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR

NBC-Blue: ANTOBAL'S CUBANS

CBS: JOE PENNER—Gene Austin, Grier's orchestra

MBS: 1937 RADIO SHOW—Ray Knight, Johnson's orchestra

6:30

NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch

NBC-Blue: GOLDEN GATE PARK BAND CONCERT

CBS: RUBINOFF, JAN PIERCE, VIRGINIA REA

MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Del Sharbutt, Berigan's orchestra

7:00

NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris' orchestra

NBC-Blue: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano

CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP—dramatizations

MBS: FORUM HOUR

7:30

NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso

NBC-Blue: BAKERS BROADCAST—Robert Ripley, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, Shirley Lloyd, vocalist

CBS: PHIL BAKER—Oscar Bradley's orchestra

MBS: MUSIC FOR TODAY—Morton Gould, conductor; Larry Taylor, baritone

7:45

NBC-Red: FITCH JINGLE PROGRAM—Morin Sisters, Ranch Boys

8:00

NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM—Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Werner Janssen's orchestra

NBC-Blue: GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT

CBS: 1937 TWIN STARS—Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Rogers' orchestra

MBS: FATHER CHARLES E. COUGHLIN—current events

8:30

CBS: EDDIE CANTOR—Bobby Breen, Deanna Durbin, Jimmy Wallington, Renard's orchestra

MBS: JEWELS OF THE MADONNA—orchestra and songs

9:00

NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun, Lyman's orchestra

NBC-Blue: RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE—Shep Fields' orchestra, Frank Parker, The Canovas

CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR

MBS: JOE SANDERS' ORCHESTRA

9:30

NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe, Haenschen's orchestra

NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator

9:45

NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE

10:00

NBC-Red: GLADYS SWARTHOUT—Frank Chapman, Armbruster's orchestra

NBC-Blue: CALIFORNIA CONCERT

CBS: GILLETTE COMMUNITY SING—Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, Jones and Hare, Sannella's orchestra

10:45

CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN—news commentator

11:00

NBC-Red: HARVEY HAYS—poetry readings

NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

MBS: DANCE MUSIC

11:10

NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORCHESTRA

Mondays

MAY 3—10—17—24—31

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15

NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30

NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
CBS: LYRIC SERENADE

8:45

NBC-Blue: FOUR MARTINEZ BROTHERS—songs and music
CBS: MONTANA SLIM—yodeling cowboy

9:00

NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Annette King, Bob Brown, Jack Baker
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:30

CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

9:45

NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: MORNING MOODS

9:55

NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15

NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30

NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert; HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45

NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
MBS: JOHN METCALF'S CHOIR LOFT—hymns

11:00

NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra

11:15

NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30

NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45

NBC-Red: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS—comedy team
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15

NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30

NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—soprano
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: FOUR STAR FROLIC—musical varieties

12:45

NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
NBC-Blue: GENE ARNOLD AND THE CADETS
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00

NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: FIVE STAR REVUE—Morton Bowe, Meri Bell, Bill Johnstone, Sinatra's orchestra

1:15

NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: ROBERT W. HORTON—correspondent
MBS: THE PSYCHOLOGIST SAYS—Dr. Arthur Frank Payne

1:30

NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45

CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES

2:00

NBC-Red: EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsberg

2:15

MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO AND PIANO

2:30

NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MEMORIES—U. S. Navy Band

2:45

NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE—pianist

3:00

NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—sketch

3:15

NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: PAULINE ALPERT—pianist, and orchestra

3:30

NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC
CBS: POP CONCERT—Howard Barlow

3:45

NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:00

NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER
CBS: TREASURES NEXT DOOR—dramatization

4:30

NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Leo Freudberg's orchestra

4:45

NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00

NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: SUNBRIT JUNIOR NURSE CORPS—children's sketch

5:15

NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—Jimmy Scribner

5:30

NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: CONCERT ENSEMBLE

5:45

NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: THE OLD HOME-STEAD—sketch
CBS: WILDERNESS ROAD—sketch
MBS: MARGERY GRAHAM—Book of the Week

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: OLD TRAVELER'S TALES—stories
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: TITO GUIZAR—tenor

6:15

NBC-Red: JOHN GURNEY—basso
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
MBS: TUNE TIME

6:30

NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
CBS: DINNER CONCERT

6:40

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:45

NBC-Red: FLYING TIME—aviation stories
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
MBS: RICK ROBERT'S ORCHESTRA

7:00

NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra

7:15

NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: B U G H O U S E RHYTHM—comedy, music
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30

NBC-Red: MIDGE WILLIAMS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs

7:45

NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00

NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Dick Foran, Noble's orchestra
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Heidt's Brigadiers
MBS: DR. CHARLES M COURBOIN

8:30

NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Speaks, guests
NBC-Blue: SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG—Frank Munn, Natalie Bodanya, Arden's orchestra
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: OLD TIME SPELLING BEE—Bob Emery

9:00

NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Weems' orchestra
NBC-Blue: GOOD TIME SOCIETY—all-Negro revue
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE—dramatizations
MBS: POE'S TALES—dramatizations

9:30

NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

10:00

NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivian Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—Richard Himber's orchestra
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA

10:30

NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: LET FREEDOM RING—dramatization

11:00

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: PAGEANT OF MELODY

Tuesdays

MAY 4—11—18—25

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—stories and songs
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: LEIBERT ENSEMBLE—Island Serenaders

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk
CBS: SALON MUSICALE

8:45
NBC-Blue: DAVID AND GOLIATH—comedy team

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Annette King, Bob Brown, Jack Baker
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—sports

9:40
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
MBS: SINGING STRINGS—ensemble

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—East Dumke

11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: ELEANOR HOWE'S HOMEMAKER'S EXCHANGE
MBS: ISABELLE MANNING HEWSON—commentator

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS—comedy team
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
MBS: WILLARD AMISON—tenor

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: A R M C H A I R QUARTET
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: JULES LANDE'S ST. REGIS CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: SAIR LEE—contralto
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Blue: GENE ARNOLD AND THE CADETS
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: SYLVIA CLARK—monologist
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
MBS: DICK STABILE'S ORCHESTRA

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TUNE TWISTERS
CBS: ROBERT W. HORTON—correspondent

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: THE MERRYMAKERS
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: DR. JOSEPH E. MADDY'S BAND LESSONS
CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—dramatization
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsberg

2:15
MBS: ARTHUR WRIGHT AND PIANO

2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—Claudine Macdonald, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD

2:45
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: BILL WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT
MBS: MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—sketch

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—Howard Barlow

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy
NBC-Blue: YOUR HEALTH
CBS: SING AND SWING—Kelsey's orchestra

4:15
NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—male quartet

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
NBC-Blue: DOG HEROES—Harry Swan, Charles Sorce.
CBS: POP CONCERT—Howard Barlow
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Elinor Sherry, Freudberg's orchestra

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES—Watson Davis
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—Jimmy Scribner

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ST. LOUIS SYNCOPATORS
MBS: JESS KIRKPATRICK—songs

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: RANCHEROS—trio
CBS: WILDERNESS ROAD—sketch
MBS: MARGERY GRAHAM—Book of the Week

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
MBS: EN DINANT—dinner music

6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—harmony trio
CBS: ALEXANDER CORES—violinist

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
CBS: DINNER CONCERT—Howard Barlow

6:35
NBC-Red: TOM THOMAS—baritone
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor

6:40
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:45
NBC-Red: FLYING TIME—aviation stories
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
MBS: ENOCH LIGHT'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's Orchestra
MBS: FRANK GRAHAM—sports commentator

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: TASTYEAST JESTERS
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30
NBC-Red: HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—author, lecturer
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The Town Crier

7:45
NBC-Red: PASSING PARADE
NBC-Blue: FLORENCE GEORGE—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, Phil Duey
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL—Lucy Laughlin, Jerry Mann
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra
CBS: AL JOLSON SHOW—Martha Raye, Parkyakarkus, Young's orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Marsh's orchestra
MBS: PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA

9:15
MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Louise Wilcher, Pauline Alpert

9:30
NBC-Red: PACKARD HOUR—Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, Francia White, Conrad Thibault, Green's orchestra
CBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Goodman's band

10:00
MBS: SINFONIETTA—Alfred Wallenstein, director

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: HARPSICHORD ENSEMBLE
CBS: MUSICAL AMERICANA—guest conductors

10:45
NBC-Red: CAROL WEYMANN songs

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: PICCADILLY MUSIC HALL
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: NIGHT SKIES AND BEYOND

Wednesdays

MAY 5—12—19—26

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: M A L C O L M CLAIKE—children's stories and songs
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
CBS: SALON MUSICALE

8:45
NBC-Blue: FOUR MARTINEZ BROTHERS—songs and music
CBS: MONTANA SLIM—yodeling cowboy

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Annette King, Bob Brown, Jack Baker
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:25
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

9:30
CBS: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver

9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPERYOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert; HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALLCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
MBS: JOHN METCALF'S CHOIR LOFT—hymns

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch

NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROYDAFOE

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS—comedy team
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: HOMESPUN—William Hiram Foulkes
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Blue: GALE PAGE—songs
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: FOUR STAR FROLIC—musical varieties

12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY sketch
NBC-Blue: GENE ARNOLD AND THE CADETS
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: FIVE STAR REVUE—Morton Bowe, Meri Bell, Bill Johnstone, Sinatra's orchestra

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: ROBERT W. HORTON—correspondent
MBS: THE PSYCHOLOGIST SAYS—Dr. Arthur Frank Payne

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsberg

2:15
MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO AND PIANO

2:30
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety, music

2:45
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone, and organ

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?—Margaret Widemer, and dramatizations
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE
MBS: MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—sketch

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: INK SPOTS—negro male quartet
CBS: JIMMY BRIERLY—Goldman's orchestra
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S ORCHESTRA

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS ASS'N
CBS: CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

4:15
NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
NBC-Blue: BAILEY AXTON—tenor
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Leo Freudberg's orchestra

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

5:00
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: SUNBRITE JUNIOR NURSE CORPS—children's sketch
MBS: RHYTHM COCKTAILS—novelty musical show

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—Jimmy Scribner

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—Children's program
CBS: FOUR STARS—mixed quartet
MBS: ESTHER VELAS' ORCHESTRA

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: THE OLD HOMESTEAD—sketch
CBS: WILDERNESS ROAD—sketch
MBS: MARGERY GRAHAM—Book of the Week

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair Lee
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs

6:15
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:40
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:45
NBC-Red: FLYING TIME—aviation stories

NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: MRS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30
NBC-Red: MEET THE ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: TIME FOR BUDDY CLARK

7:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: MARIO COZZI, baritone; CHRISTINE JOHNSON, soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: BROADWAY MERRY-GO-ROUND—Beatrice Lillie, Rickey's orchestra
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—drama with music, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HER SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Menken
CBS: LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY—Oswald, Shirley Ross, Gluskin's band.

9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Black's orchestra
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Lily Pons, Kostelanetz' orchestra
MBS: GABRIEL HEATER—news commentator

9:15
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
CBS: PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—Jessica Dragonette, Goodman's orchestra
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Brusiloff's orchestra

10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWEEPSTAKES—guests
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: ROMANCE AND ROSES—musical varieties

10:15
NBC-Blue: HEALANI OF THE SOUTH SEAS—music and legends

10:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW
CBS: RABE RUTH'S BASEBALL PROGRAM

10:45
NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—song stories

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: EMIL COLEMAN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Thursdays

MAY 6—13—20—27

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—songs and songs
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOLUTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: LEIBERT ENSEMBLE—Island Serenaders

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
CBS: SALON MUSICALE

8:45
NBC-Blue: DAVID AND GOLIATH—comedy team

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—songs and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Annette King, Bob Brown, Jack Baker
CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE
HAPPEL

9:15
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT—variety program

9:40
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: SONG STYLISTS

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—songs
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—songs

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER HALF—songs
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—songs
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—songs

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—songs
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—songs
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cook—songs
MBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—songs
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVARCADE—songs, George
CBS: JOHN R. WATKINS—commentator
MBS: SINGING STRINGS—songs

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—songs
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—songs
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR—songs

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—songs
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—songs and Duml
MBS: PAUL NADEAU AND ORCHESTRA

11:30
NBC-Red: BETTY MOORE
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: ELEANOR HOWE'S HOMEMAKER'S EXCHANGE
MBS: ISABELLE MANNING HEWSON—commentator

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS—comedy team
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR AND ORGAN

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

12:30
NBC-Blue: GALE PAGE—soprano
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Blue: GENE ARNOLD AND THE CADETS
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
CBS: ROBERT W. HORTON—correspondent

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talks

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—dramatizations
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:15
MBS: SALLY JO NELSON AND PIANO

2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—Claudine Macdonald, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

2:45
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
CBS: BILL WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT
MBS: MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—sketch

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: LA FORGE-BERUMEN RECITAL

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE CABALLEROS

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy
NBC-Blue: VARIETY PROGRAM

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Pauline Alpert, Sid Gary

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—organist
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
MBS: HAROLD STOKES' ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—Jimmy Scribner

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
MBS: CHATEAU LAURIER CONCERT TRIO

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
CBS: WILDERNESS ROAD—sketch
MBS: MARGERY GRAHAM—Book of the Week

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: WILLIAM SLATER—sports commentator
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

6:15
NBC-Red: MUSICAL PROGRAM
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone
MBS: EN DINANT—dinner music

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
CBS: DINNER MUSIC

6:35
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

6:40
CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:45
NBC-Red: FLYING TIME—aviation stories
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: FRANK GRAHAM—sports commentator

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: CYCLING THE KILOCYCLES—Hildegard'e, Ray Sinatra's orchestra, guests
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

7:30
NBC-Red: HELEN TRAUBEL—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The Town Crier

7:45
NBC-Red: MILLSTONES AND MILESTONES—Eugen Boissevain, commentator
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—quartet
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE'S VARIETIES—guests
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S ENCORE MUSIC—Sair Lee, Clark Dennis, Robert Gately, Gale Page
CBS: KATE SMITH'S BAND WAGON—Miller's orchestra
MBS: MUSIC AND YOU

8:30
MBS: GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Lanny Ross, Goodman's orchestra, Molasses and January
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR
MBS: ICI PARIS—Lucienne Delval, Durieux' orchestra

9:30
MBS: ED FITZGERALD AND COMPANY

10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Dorsey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC JAMBOREE
CBS: YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES—Floyd Gibbons
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30
CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00
NBC-Red: JOHN B. KENNEDY—news commentator
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Fridays

MAY 7—14—21—28

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRES—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15

NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30

NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
CBS: SUNNY MELODIES

8:45

NBC-Blue: DANDIES OF YESTERDAY
CBS: MONTANA SLIM—yodeling cowboy

9:00

NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Annette King, Bob Brown, Jack Baker
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:25

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

9:30

CBS: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver

9:45

NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: NOVELTEERS

9:55

NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15

NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30

NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45

NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
MBS: JOHN METCALF'S CHOIR LOFT

11:00

NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra

11:15

NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30

NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45

NBC-Red: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOR
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS—comedy team
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15

NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30

NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—soprano
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45

NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: GENE ARNOLD AND THE CADETS
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00

NBC-Red: DICK FIDLER'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: FIVE-STAR REVUE—Morton Bowe, Meri Bell, Bill Johnstone, Sinatra's orchestra

1:15

NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: ROBERT W. HORTON—correspondent
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR

1:30

NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45

CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00

CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

2:15

MBS: LAWRENCE SALERNO—pianist

2:30

NBC-Blue: DOROTHY DRESLIN—soprano

2:45

CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: LEO FREUDBERG'S ORCHESTRA

3:00

NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: CINCINNATI SYMPHONY
MBS: MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—sketch

3:15

NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30

NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45

NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00

NBC-Red: TEA TIME AT MORRELL'S—Gale Page, Charles Sears, Don McNeill, Gallicchio's orchestra
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety show

4:30

NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

4:45

NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: SALVATION ARMY STAFF BAND

5:00

NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: SUNBRITE JUNIOR NURSE CORPS—children's sketch
MBS: CONCERT ORCHESTRA

5:15

NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—musical plays
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
MBS: JOHNSON FAMILY—Jimmy Scribner

5:30

NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs

5:45

NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: THE OLD HOME-STEAD—sketch
CBS: WILDERNESS ROAD—sketch
MBS: MARGERY GRAHAM—Book of the Week

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: TITO GUIZAR—songs

6:15

NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
CBS: TIME FOR BUDDY CLARK

6:30

NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

6:35

NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor

6:40

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

6:45

NBC-Red: FLYING TIME—aviation stories
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
MBS: RHUMBA RHYTHMS

7:00

NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: UNCLE SAM AT WORK—dramatization
CBS: POETIC MELODIES

7:15

NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: STAINLESS SHOW—Ford Bond, Mario Cozzi, Stopak's orchestra
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30

NBC-Red: CABALLEROS—quartet
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs

7:45

NBC-Red: THE HOUSE THAT JACKS BUILT—organ, guests
NBC-Blue: JEAN DICKENSON—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00

NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: IRENE RICH
CBS: BROADWAY VARIETIES—Oscar Shaw, Carmela Ponselle, Elizabeth Lennox, Arden's orchestra

8:15

NBC-Blue: SINGIN' SAM—The Barbasol Man

8:30

NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Kay Thompson, Rhythm Singers
MBS: CESARE SODERO DIRECTS—songs

9:00

NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Mary Eastman, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ALL NEGRO REVUE—Armstrong's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Tony Martin, Frances Langford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorin, Paige's orchestra
MBS: RAYMOND GRAM SWING—world events

9:30

NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: CORONET ON THE AIR—Deems Taylor, Armbruster's orchestra
MBS: BAMBERGER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

10:00

NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization
NBC-Blue: JACK PEARL—Cliff Hall, Morton Bowe, Dorsey's orchestra
CBS: PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
MBS: PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA

10:30

NBC-Red: PONTIAC VARSITY SHOW—John Held, Jr.
NBC-Blue: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE
CBS: BABE RUTH'S BASEBALL PROGRAM

10:45

NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—movie previews

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Saturdays

MAY 1—8—15—22—29

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRES—children's program

NBC-Blue: THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD TODAY—Dr. Alfred Grant Walton

8:15

NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES

NBC-Blue: LEIBERT ENSEMBLE—Island Serenaders

8:30

NBC-Red: CHORUS—talk and music

CBS: LYRIC SERENADE

8:45

NBC-Blue: DAVID AND GOLIATH—comedy team

9:00

NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall

NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Annette King, Bob Brown, Jack Baker

CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15

CBS: OLEANDERS—male quartet

9:30

CBS: MELLOW MOMENTS

9:55

NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet

NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Breen, Peter de Rose

CBS: YOUR HOME AND MINE—Bryan Rash, commentator

10:15

NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmonies

NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, moderated by

CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL

10:30

NBC-Red: MANHATTEN—variety show, moderated by

NBC-Blue: LARRY FORTEND—children's program

NBC-Red: FITZGERALD & CO.—variety show, Freundberg's

10:45

NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS

11:00

NBC-Red: OUR AMERICAN

NBC-Blue: MADGE MARLEY

CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC PROGRAM

11:15

NBC-Red: HOME TOWN—sketch

NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

11:30

NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHIEF

NBC-Blue: MAGIC OF SPEECH—Vida Ravenscroft Sutton

11:45

NBC-Red: FITCH ROMANCES—Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys

MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: CHASINS MUSIC SERIES—Abram Chasins, pianist, commentator

NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH—Anne Sarachon Hooley

CBS: THE CAPTIVATORS

12:15

NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALLS—vocal trio

CBS: ORIENTALE

MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:30

NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

12:45

MBS: HOWARD LANIN'S ORCHESTRA

1:00

NBC-Red: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE

1:15

CBS: BOB AND VERA—songs and patter

MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:30

NBC-Red: NATIONAL FEDERATION OF MUSIC CLUBS

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:00

NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO

NBC-Blue: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Charles Sears and Harvey Hays

CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—dramatizations

2:15

CBS: DANCEPATORS

2:30

NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists

NBC-Blue: WALTER BLAU-FUSS' ORCHESTRA—Gale Page

MBS: INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—college students' forum

2:45

CBS: TOURS IN TONE

3:00

NBC-Red: WALTER LOGAN'S MUSICALS

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S

MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:30

NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levy's orchestra

CBS: DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE SERIES

3:45

CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

4:00

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—musical program

CBS: THE DICTATORS

MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:30

NBC-Red: NBC SPELLING BEE—Paul Wing

CBS: ANN LEAF—organist

MBS: HOWARD LANIN'S ORCHESTRA

5:00

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: DANCE MUSIC

MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:30

NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—varieties, Bruce Kamman, Elinor Harriot, Marian and Jim Jordan

NBC-Blue: BERT BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA

CBS: DRAMA OF THE SKIES—Dr. Clyde Fisher, Hans Adamson

MBS: JOHNNY MURDOCK'S ORCHESTRA

5:45

CBS: SINGING WAITERS

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt

NBC-Blue: NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark

CBS: PIANIST

MBS: AT CLOSE OF DAY

6:15

MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

6:30

NBC-Red: PRESS RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS RADIO NEWS

CBS: BEN FELD'S ORCHESTRA

MBS: ENOCH LIGHT'S ORCHESTRA

6:35

NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto

NBC-Blue: NBC HOME SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Ernest La Prade

6:45

NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Walter W. Van Kirk

MBS: ALFRED GUS KARGER—news commentator

6:55

CBS: PRESS RADIO NEWS

7:00

NBC-Red: UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—Rex Chandler's orchestra, Richard Bonelli, Alec Templeton, Landt Trio

NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music

CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet

MBS: FRANK GRAHAM—sports commentator

7:15

CBS: TITO GUIZAR—songs

7:30

NBC-Red: HAMPTON INSTITUTE SINGERS

NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE—Jim McWilliams

CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB—Bunny Berigan and guests

7:45

NBC-Red: THE ABC OF NBC—behind the broadcasting scenes

MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

8:00

NBC-Red: SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY—James Melton, Dolan's orchestra, guests

NBC-Blue: ED WYNN—Graham McNamee, Voorhees' orchestra

CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey

MBS: BENAY VENUTA'S PROGRAM—Willard Amison, Sid Gary, Brusiloff's orchestra

8:30

NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, Phil Duey

9:00

NBC-Red: SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly

CBS: NASH PRESENTS—Grace Moore, Lopez' orchestra

MBS: IT'S A RACKET—dramatization

9:15

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

9:30

NBC-Red: SHELL SHOW—Joe Cook, Watson's orchestra

CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Haenschen's orchestra

10:00

NBC-Blue: HILDEGARDE—personality singer

CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWEEPSTAKES

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

10:45

CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

CBS: BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Unusable?
In 14-day Test, 8 Popular Brands of Polish
Evaporated 35% to 60%

New Cutex Polish

is usable to the last Drop



TRY THESE New Smoky Shades

MAUVE—A soft, misty lavender pink. Perfect with all blues and grays, and with delicate evening pastels.

RUST—A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone. Perfect with green, deep brown, beige, orange and copper—and this summer with sun-tanned fingers.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

ROBIN RED—A new, soft deep red everyone can wear. Goes with everything, day or evening. Very sophisticated with black and white.

NEWEST SHADE

BURGUNDY—A brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white, carnelian or wine, and electrically smart with blue.



The New Cutex Evaporates Less Than Half as Much as Ordinary Polish

IN an actual test—14 days of exposure to the air—8 popular brands of nail polish evaporated 35% to 60%. Became so thick and gummy as to be practically impossible to use.

Amazing Contrast . . . But the New Cutex Polish—both Crème and Clear—came through this same test with *less than half* as much evaporation. Standing for 14 days in uncorked bottles, it ended up as smooth flowing and easy to apply as ever!

Cutex offers you a distinct and worth-while saving. There's practically no loss by evaporation or thickening!

And this new economy feature is just *one* of Cutex's many advantages. It's already famous

for its finer lacquer, higher lustre, easier application and longer wear—for its freedom from peeling and chipping—and for its 11 smart shades, including 5 new "smoky" tones. A grand value, any way you look at it!

The New Cutex is still only 35¢ a bottle—Crème or Clear—at your favorite shop. Stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

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I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐
 Old Rose ☐ Robin Red ☐ Burgundy ☐

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GERTRUDE NIESEN

Night clubs knew her. She sang her way to fame on the stage. The movies seek her services. Radio beckons her. You've doubtless heard and seen and delighted in glamorous Gertrude. Vivid, exotic, provocative, are other adjectives that must be called on to describe this young star whose velvety singing stirs even jaded Hollywood.

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess OF Leinster



Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin



● Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

● (below) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

SHE will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my

skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!



Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-CF, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

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THE LAMPLIGHTER

BY
MARY WATKINS REEVES

MRS. MARY SMITH was lonely again that night, sitting by herself in her small suburban living-room. At noon, when the phone had finally rung, she'd been so excited she'd let her freshly rinsed sheets slip back into the soapsuds in her haste to answer it—surely it was John saying he was home from Philadelphia! He'd been gone three days, that had seemed like three months to her.

"Sorry, dear," his voice was crisp, "but I'll be held up down here until tomorrow. See you then."

So Mrs. Mary Smith sat disappointed at the prospect of another lonely evening. For months John's boss had been eternally sending him to Wilmington or Albany or somewhere nearly every week. But business was business and she wouldn't gloom her whole evening away. She'd take the five-dollar bill he put under her plate on her birthday, catch the 7:50 express into New York and treat herself to an orchestra seat at the very gayest musical show on Broadway!

The curtain was up when she got to the theatre. The usher led her down the darkened aisle to her seat; she slipped off her coat and settled back happily to look up at the rows of dancers on the stage, when suddenly a hot ball of pain smote at the base of her throat and sent the whole world reeling.

The man in front of her, the dark head in front that she was straining to see around—it was John!

The girl beside him was small and blonde with a tip-tilted nose. Across the back of her seat drooped a silver fox cape with three white orchids pinned in its perfumed softness. John's arm was around the girl, his fingers possessively closed on her shoulder in a still caress. Now and then he leaned down to whisper something against her cheek, something that made them stir and move closer to each other.

John's arm embracing another woman—John's orchids . . . Sick and stunned out of her wits, Mary crushed her handkerchief hard against her lips. And the instant she knew she could stand without falling, she got up and stumbled out of the theatre.

In desperation she wrote that night to *The Lamplighter*, pouring out the whole long story. How she and her husband had been married for eight ideally happy years, and now this shock had come, like thunder crashing out of a winter night. She often had listened to *The Lamplighter* on her radio, to the sane advice he offered in solving his audience's problems. Every conceivable problem in the world came to him—marriage, divorce, "other men," "other women," children of divorce, jilted lovers, unrequited romance, suicide—an endless stream. For each of them he always seemed to have an answer. Now Mary Smith needed an answer, for she was too ill with heartbreak to think for herself.

Having posted the letter, it came about



Rabbi Jacob Tarshish, known to Mutual Network listeners as *The Lamplighter*, adviser and friend.

that several days later she sat in a midtown office and sobbed out the rest of her story to understanding ears. John, when he came home to be confronted with her tearful accusations, had admitted infidelity and an infatuation for the blonde girl. The business trips had been a series of lies. And furthermore, he had said quite frankly that he didn't know whether or not he could give up his mistress.

"Shall I—" asked Mary Smith of the man who sat at the desk opposite her, "—shall I get a divorce?"

"No," said *The Lamplighter*, "emphatically no! I sent for you to come to see me because I wanted to warn you against just that.

"First, Mrs. Smith, let's consider your husband. When a man is finished with his wife, he will tell her so. If he really is in love with another woman, he will break away from his wife and go to that other woman. Your husband has done neither of those things. The very fact that he took the trouble to hide his affair from you was proof that he didn't want to hurt you.

"Of course you are crushed by his unfaithfulness, but have you cast your heart-

break aside long enough to think what caused it? He may have met extreme temptation that he found he was powerless to resist; he may be prematurely passing through the 'critical period' that men usually experience between forty and fifty years of age; or the reason behind his actions may have been you, yourself; any of those three things. Think them over, and decide whether you are justified in blaming him or trying to understand him.

"Now for your side. If you get a divorce, you will cut off every chance of mending your marriage and you'll hand your husband over to the other woman on a silver platter; that way you've got everything to lose. If you don't get a divorce, there's a probability that you may win your husband back, that he will be sorry and eternally grateful for your understanding and forgiveness, and you'll finish out your lives together in perfect happiness. Do you want to lose for sure, or take a chance on winning?"

"Don't get a divorce, Mrs. Smith. Not yet. If Mr. Smith were habitually unfaithful it would be a different matter. But this is his first, maybe his last, wandering."

Mary Smith didn't get the divorce.

"That was three summers ago," *The Lamplighter* finished his story. "Today that couple are ideally happy together; they've built a home in the suburbs and have become the parents of twin boys."

We were sitting in the midtown office where Mary Smith had poured out her story, where thousands of Mary and John Smiths have come with their problems. Over the great desk in that office one quarter of a million letters pass every year. The man who sits in a swivel chair reading and answering those letters is a stocky, brown-haired man of forty-five, Rabbi Jacob Tarshish, known to his Mutual Network audience as *The Lamplighter*.

A rich background in dealing with people and their problems qualifies Rabbi Tarshish to do his work. For eighteen years he occupied the pulpits of synagogues in Allentown, Pennsylvania; Yonkers, New York; and Columbus, Ohio. In his position as rabbi he was called upon to administer to his people in every phase and emergency of their lives. He visited the sick, helped the poor, buried the dead, comforted the mourning; christened, taught, advised and married the young; consoled the aged. His were the same exhausting duties that fall to all rabbis, ministers or priests. And in performing those duties he learned much about people that people often do not know about themselves.

Rabbi Tarshish was born in Lithuania. At the age of one year he was brought by his parents to Baltimore, Maryland, where his father became the principal of a Jewish school. As a youth the Rabbi was an omnivorous reader, often digesting as many as three books a day. When he finished high school at sixteen, and felt

(Continued on page 64)

RADIO STARS



From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a SPECIAL world. Everything he gets is made especially for him.



...SPECIAL soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.



...SPECIAL foods to keep a youngster thriving.



...SPECIAL dental care to keep young teeth sound and straight.



...SPECIAL toys to keep the mind growing.



...And a SPECIAL laxative to keep the body healthy...Fletcher's Castoria.

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

EVERYTHING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HIM...EVEN TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

YES, even a special laxative.

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn't sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative...even when given in "smaller doses."



That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Fletcher's Castoria. For, as you know, Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and *only* for children.

It couldn't possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs...no narcotics...

nothing that could cause cramping pains.

It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is SAFE...mild...yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That's why even the taste of

Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in *your* home? You can never tell when you'll need it.

You can buy Fletcher's Castoria at any drug store. Ask for the Family Size Bottle. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on the red-bordered band on the box.

Chas. H. Fletcher

C A S T O R I A

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU
GET THAT MARVELOUS
SPAGHETTI, IS IT?



BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire
at 3¢ a portion!

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for brides and limited budgets. First, it tastes so good that hungry young husbands clamor for more. Second, it is such concentrated nourishment that with it you need only a salad and perhaps a fruit dessert for a satisfying meal. Third, it costs so little! Imagine—a can usually costs only ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of leftovers, too! Try this!

DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
Buttered beets
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce

SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE
RECIPE BOOK?
SEND THE COUPON
PLEASE



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 66
Camden, New Jersey

Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 13)

always should be synonymous with the word "fun."

Some people, you know, just can't seem to relax, regardless of their surroundings. They're still formal—and usually miserable—seated on a blanket beside a babbling brook; while at the seashore they regard sand merely as something which will surely get into the sandwiches! They're the kind who like regular meals at specified hours in the familiar surroundings of their own dining-room. And they have a perfect right to their opinion.

If that describes you, you will find many of the recipes to your liking, anyway. So don't forget to send in your coupon.

I'm going to give my favorite lemon pie recipe, further along, for the special benefit of non-picnickers. *Lemon Puff Pie*, it's called, and since it has nothing to do with picnics, there's no reason to include it here. But I happened to come across the recipe when I was looking through the files for material for this article and I decided to have it printed right away, before I forgot about it, because this smooth, light pastry dessert really shouldn't be overlooked. My picnic pals would be wise to try it, too. At home, though, mind you, for it wouldn't pack well and, after all, that's an important requirement where picnic foods are concerned. That's the distinguishing feature of each of the recipes I'm giving you in this month's leaflet, too—aside from their deliciousness.

Let's see, then, what they are. First there are cup cakes and cookies—simple, easy to make and not too rich. Right here let me say that I think those are the only types of cakes that have any place in a picnic basket. Certainly a big loaf or layer cake, with chipped-off edges, a caved-in center and a smeared-up icing, has no eye-appeal—yet one or all of those catastrophes are bound to befall a large cake, however careful the packing. Cup cakes and cookies, on the other hand, can be wrapped separately and tucked away safely in corners. Or placed in a cardboard box with paper between. Generally speaking, I don't think they should be frosted. A sprinkling of powdered sugar over the top is decorative enough. But this cup cake recipe of mine also includes directions for adding raisins, dates or nuts, which gives you cakes that are fancy enough without further need for embellishments.

By all means, when you're picnic planning, get paper linings for your pans and bake your cup cakes in those. They keep fresher, pack easier, look better and are, in short, more successful in every way. Speaking of paper, of course you'll be sure to have a supply on hand of all the paper picnic aids, even before you start on the foods. Waxed paper for individually wrapped sandwiches, parchment paper for larger items (particularly good for salad greens, cold fried chicken and so on); these are vitally necessary. Have elastic bands handy, too; they're grand to snap around the dainty sandwiches after they've been wrapped.

And now we've got around to sandwiches—and high time, too, for what's a picnic without them? Here, of course, you have endless opportunities for originality and imagination. So many and varied are the possibilities that I wonder at the *slabs* of bread encasing *chunks* of meat which, alas, so frequently constitute the sandwich section of the picnic refreshments! We do better than that!

But before reading over my sandwich suggestions—and, I hope, noting them mentally or on a card for future reference—let's give a thought or two to bread. For here is your chance to be really different from the run-of-the-mill picnic caterer, who, as I said before, is far too satisfied with thick slabs of bread and of only one sort at that.

Now I believe that you should use the kind of bread that *goes with* the particular filling you are using, even if it means having two or three loaves on hand. Ham and many varieties of cheese, for instance, practically demand rye bread, to add the final touch of deliciousness. Many spreads immediately suggest whole wheat or cracked wheat bread to encase them, especially, in my opinion, egg salad, tomato and peanut butter combinations.

And by all means try the date and nut bread recipe that you'll find in my recipe leaflet this month. With this bread as a starter, you can be sure of having the grandest sweet sandwiches with the simplest of spreads. Cream cheese for one; jelly, jam or marmalade; or even just butter, sweetened with a little sugar and flavored with a few drops of orange juice and some grated rind. What a treat for the children! Why, they'll forget all about the sticky-sicky sweets they usually demand, in favor of sandwiches made with easy-to-bake homemade bread.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This recipe of Miss Smith's takes but ten minutes to mix, stands a half hour "at room temperature" and cooks to golden brown perfection in less than an hour. Should be made the day before you plan to use it.)

When buying store bread for sandwiches, let me advise you to buy the unsliced rather than the sliced. If you slice your own, you see, you can have extra-thin slices for the daintier type of fillings, thicker slices for meats and even *chunks* for "them as likes them." When spreading the very thin slices, remember it is best to spread both the butter and filling on the slices of bread before cutting from the loaf. Of course the butter should be creamed until very soft, so that it does not tear the bread apart in the spreading process.

Now I was going to give you some sandwich fillings. Well, here they are. After my little "fight talk" on breads, I don't think it necessary to mention that most important part of all sandwiches further, so I'll just give you the fillings and let you choose the bread that you think would add to the success of each one.

(Continued on page 73)

*"It really began
with this snapshot"*



"I'd heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk."

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money."

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll
want Tomorrow—you
must take Today

Accept nothing but
the film in the familiar
yellow box—Kodak
Film—which only
Eastman makes.



By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances...use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN HOLLYWOOD!

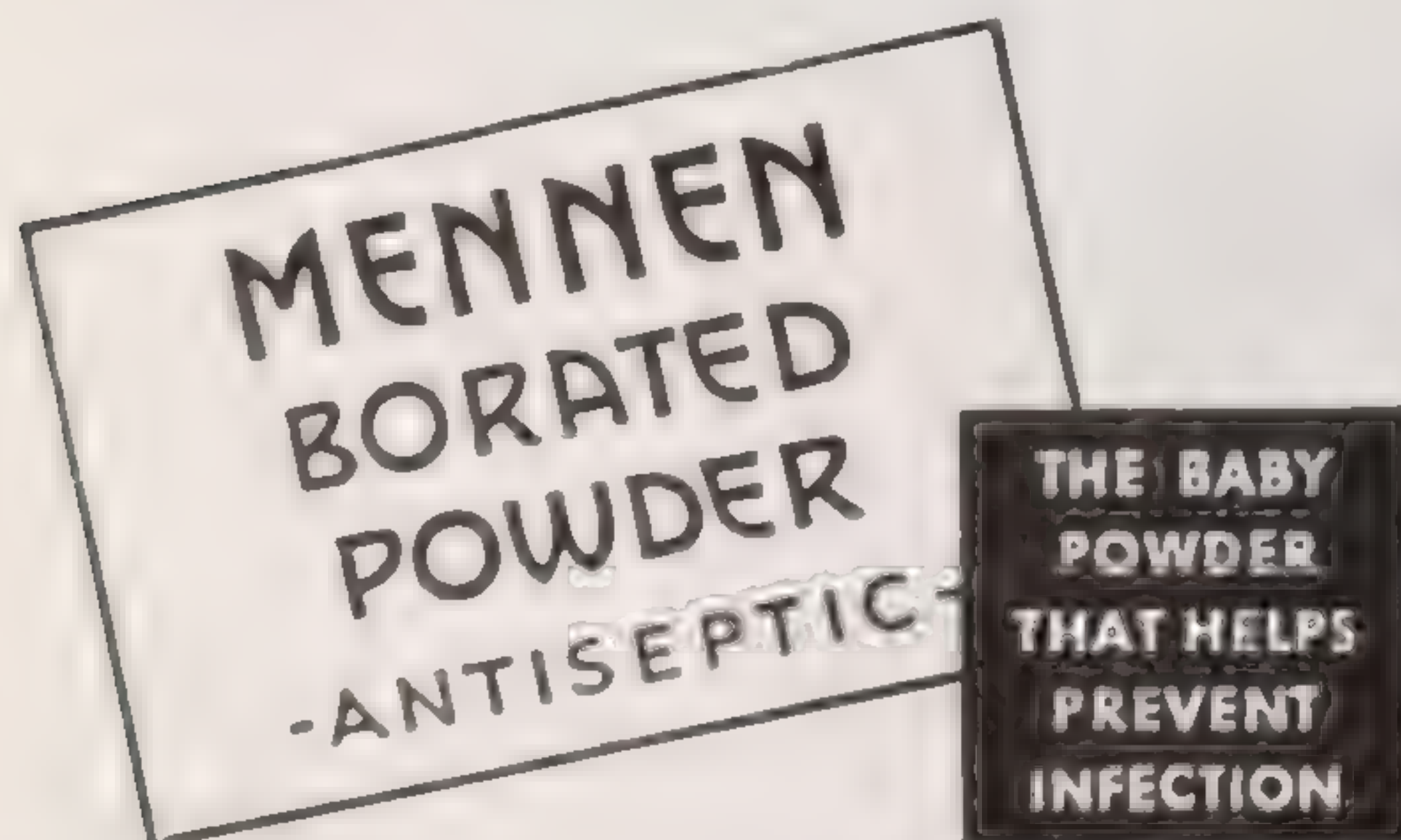
BY JACK SMALLEY



—“why don't I get Mennen Antiseptic Powder to fight off germs?”

“Gosh, I can hardly keep from cryin’. Why do they use ordinary baby powder on me —when they might just as easy give me Mennen Borated Powder—the kind that’s Antiseptic. My Doc says this powder keeps a feller’s skin safe from germs and infection. And—Gee willikens—that’s what I want! Believe me, germs are the things that scare me. Besides . . . my Doc says this Mennen Powder is swell for preventin’ chafin’, and that it heals up bruises and prickly heat quicker ’n anything else. So please somebody tell my mother to get me Mennen Antiseptic Powder.”

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that’s what a recent survey by a leading medical journal showed



Those two hit comedians, Bob Burns and Martha Raye, both in movies and both on the air, are only two of the celebrities you may see in Hollywood.

CQ—CQ—CQ—!

That’s the “ham” radio operator’s invitation to join the party, and now we’re broadcasting, direct from Hollywood, the all-star program we’ve mapped out for your vacation trip to movieland.

Here is the chance of a lifetime to meet dozens of screen and radio stars *in person*, and enjoy two weeks of the most exciting vacation ever planned. So don’t switch the dial till you’ve learned all the snappy details!

Three special trains will carry three “houseparties” to Hollywood, leaving Chicago July 11th, August 1st, and August 15th. That gives you a choice of three dates for your vacation plans. The first two tours take two weeks to come out and return. The last tour only takes eleven days and is, of course, much cheaper. With such a choice, surely you can arrange now to take that vacation you’ve always dreamed about.

Leo Carrillo, Glenda Farrell and Richard Arlen will be our star hosts at three parties in their homes, and the NBC studio will be host to introduce such stars

as Bing Crosby, *Lum and Abner*, Irvin S. Cobb, *Amos ’n’ Andy*, Marion Talley, Bob Burns and many others. Universal Studios will show us how movies are made and entertain at a luncheon at the studio.

That’s just a skimpy outline of a series of adventures that will start the moment the train pulls out of Chicago, and never let up as you whiz across the prairies, climb the great Rockies (stopping off here and there for sightseeing), and finally come roaring into Hollywood for a gay round of parties.

And this year you owe it to yourself to be right among ’em, having the time of your life at a cost you can hardly believe. Only \$167 takes you on the two weeks’ trip covering some four thousand miles, and the briefer vacation can be done for \$137. Since almost everything is paid for—fare, hotels, transportation to studios and parties, meals on the train and so on—all you need extra are a few dollars for personal expenses and a few meals. Impossible, you say? Well, we’ll admit that an ordinary traveler would spend four or five hundred dollars making

such a trip, and then never get into a studio or be invited to the homes of the stars.

The secret is this—**RADIO STARS** Magazine, with its prestige and popularity among screen and radio people, can unlock gates and present you to its friends, and by traveling in a party, costs are slashed to an astonishing degree. All those savings are passed on to you. Just climb aboard the train, in Chicago (or along the route), and leave dull care and all worries behind.

We haven't space to tell you the whole program, so send today for your free copy of the handsome, illustrated folder describing the tour and telling all about the parties and entertainment planned for you.

That famous screen actor (he's at your theatre now in *History Is Made at Night*), Leo Carrillo, will entertain the first group at his Santa Monica ranch. Señor Carrillo, descendant of one of California's first families, does things in that grand style of Spanish hospitality that you find only in California. He's throwing his huge ranch open to us and will hold a real fiesta, with a barbecue like those the early ranchers gave for visitors. Besides, Leo is inviting many stars to join us, so bring your kodak and autograph book, and meet the *Gay Desperado* in person!

Universal is the studio we'll visit—and a warm welcome awaits you at Hollywood's largest and most historic lot, where acre after acre is filled with towering movie sets dating back to the days of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and right up to the present smash hit musical of the year, *Top of the Town*. Here they're making *The Road Back*, sequel to Universal's unforgettable epic, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. If he's working, we'll see Buck Jones shooting his way through the rustlers; we'll see that new sensation, Deanna Durbin, and many, many others. See all the Universal pictures you can, so that you'll recognize landmarks and increase your enjoyment of this visit.

NBC studios will afford you radio fans an ideal opportunity to see how your favorite programs are sent into the ether from Hollywood. Tune in on the NBC broadcasts, then come out and see how it's done. Meet your favorites in person, at the modernistic broadcast station that's located in the heart of Hollywood, between the RKO and Paramount studios.

Pictures of the people you'll meet, and photos of Glenda Farrell, hostess on the second trip, and Richard Arlen, host on the third vacation tour, appear in the booklet, along with dozens of other interesting shots. So send now for your copy, and let's make it a date, right now, to see you in Hollywood!

Joe Godfrey, Jr., Tour Manager
18th Floor, 360 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the free booklet
describing *Radio Stars' Tours to
Movieland*.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



**LUCKY FOR ME
I LEARNED THIS
LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING!**

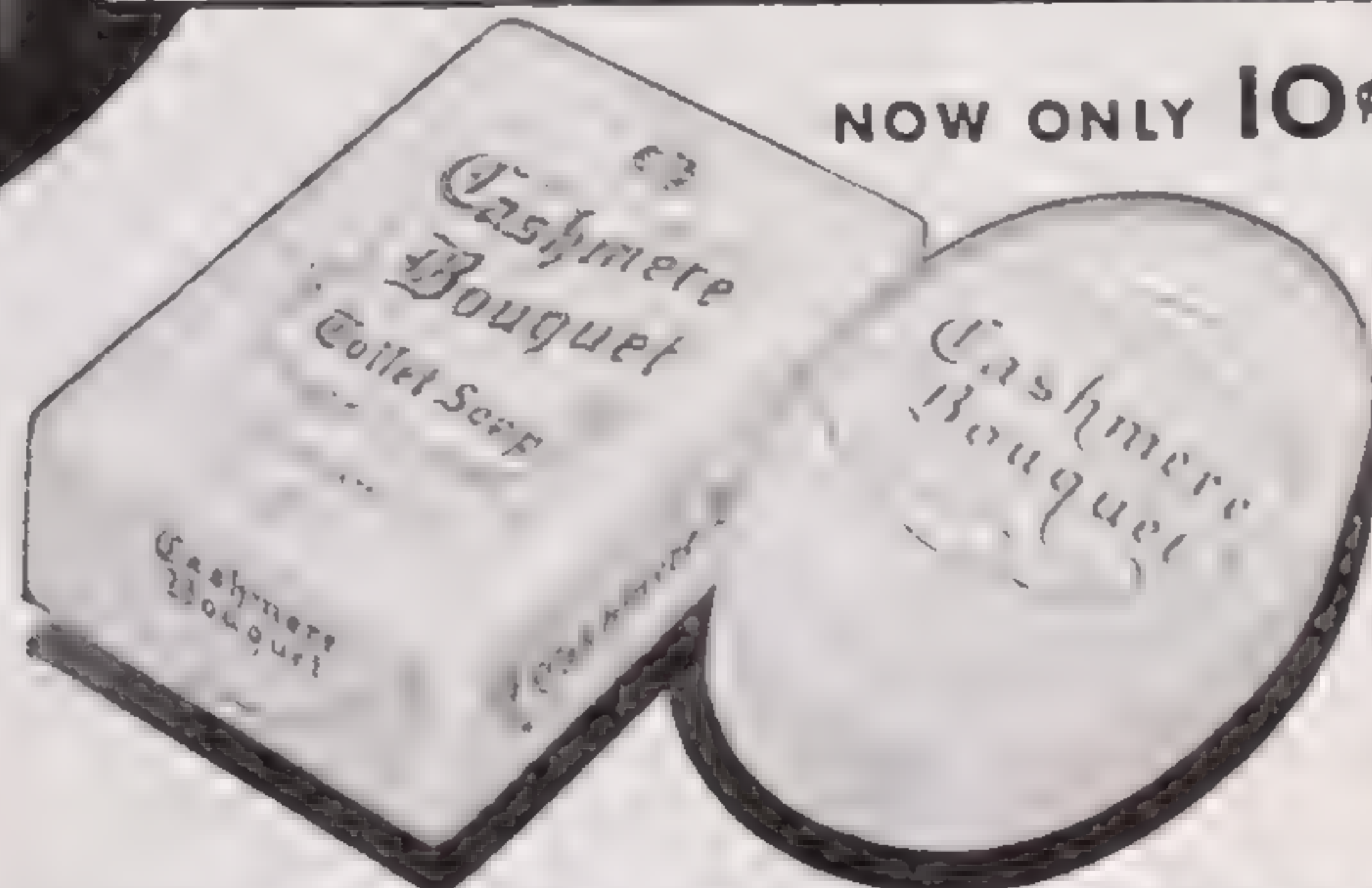


DON'T RISK LOSING LOVE! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor completely—keeps you so safe from fear of offending!

LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl learns to protect her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. Perhaps you, too, will find greater happiness... with this exquisite perfumed soap guarding your daintiness this lovelier way!

**MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION TOO!**

This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!



NOW ONLY 10¢

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

DRY SKIN Often Makes Women Look Old At 25



Make This New 3-Day Guaranteed "DEAD-SKIN" Test To Combat Dry Skin —Shiny Nose—Blackheads —Premature Wrinkles

Smart girls know the romantic allure that a smooth, caress inviting skin holds for men. . . . But even girls in their twenties must beware of dry, dead skin, all scuffed and scaly looking, which may look 40 at 25.

If you suffer from a dry, rough, flaky, wrinkly skin, shiny nose, blackheads, enlarged pores you are certain to look years older than you are. No matter what you have tried you owe it to yourself to make this new 3-day "DEAD-SKIN" guaranteed test. The minute you start cleansing with this beautifier, TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM, it releases precious ingredients, which sink deep into the mouths of the pores. TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM melts and dissolves those dry, scaly, dead surface skin cells. Lubricates, softens and smooths. By stimulating the underskin, rousing the oil glands, cleansing and freeing clogged pores, the cause of blackheads, dryness, shiny nose and premature aging skin is combated in nature's own way. Helps to bring out new, live, more youthful looking skin. That's why TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

Make This Guaranteed Test

Make your own test. Use TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM to cleanse with and also as a cream for three days. . . . It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and more radiant or your money will be refunded upon return of empty jar.

Ask for TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM in 1 oz. and 2 1/2 oz. sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c size at drug, department, or dollar stores. If your dealer can not supply you with TAYTON'S beauty preparations do not accept an inferior brand. Insist that he order for you from TAYTON'S.

Other Tayton Beautifiers

SPRINKLED POWDER.....10c - 25c
DUKE (DOUBLE INDELIBLE)10c - 25c
DUKE (DOUBLE INDELIBLE)25c
ARTIFICIAL10c
LARD COTON10c



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Compare the answers of your favorites



Vera Marsh, "girl friend" to Joe Penner on his Sunday night broadcast, 6:00 p.m. EDST, CBS network

From your experience, what one piece of good advice would you give a beginner in the radio field?

George Burns: "Never worry about how you're billed."

Lennie Hayton: "Avoid copying. The quickest route to oblivion in radio is by imitating the other fellow."

Jack Oakie: "Have 90% nerve and 10% delivery."

Anne Seymour: "Be prepared to have your heart broken. Mend it, and try again. Work like mad."

Leo Reisman: "Learn your subject, be simple in presenting it, be good."

Shep Fields: "Strive for originality."

Ted Malone: "Be sure you have something different or can do something better than anyone else, then jump in and never give up."

Loretta Lee: "Never lose sight of the fact that there is no substitute for experience. Keep working—whether it's on a small station or in a honky-tonk night club—but keep working."

Abe Lyman: "Keep listening to the radio, to determine why those best in your line are successful."

Ozzie Nelson: "Be yourself. Insincerity is so obvious over the air!"

Frank Parker: "You've got to keep trying and make your own 'breaks.'"

Virginia Verrill: "Overcome both mike-fright and stage-fright, so that when your opportunity presents itself, you may perform at your best on radio, screen or stage."

Don Wilson: "Be sure you have talent that can be commercialized."

Phillips Lord: "A beginner should have faith in himself and be a good 'plugger.' Don't take 'no' for an answer but keep on trying. Perseverance is essential."

Lucy Monroe: "Be sure you have something to offer, and be thoroughly grounded in it. Then go to it!"

Eddy Duchin: "Be well prepared, have good health and a clean appearance."

Jack Fulton: "Develop something new—something no one else has capitalized upon."

Tom Howard: "Find someone who knows his business and who will be honest with you. Ask him if you have talent or not, and if you have—STICK. Don't let anything discourage you."

Joan Blaine: "Be so sure you want to succeed that you will be willing to forego leisure, luxury, the social whirl and all the little amusing bypaths that forever beckon."

Meredith Willson: "Keep your ear to the ground for general, human, 'homey' appeal."

Art Van Harvey: "Don't overact. Feel your character. Think your character. Act your character in a natural way."

RADIO STARS

Jack Pearl: "Work hard and develop your particular talent. Sooner or later the break will come, and when it does, you have to be ready to take advantage of it."

Helen Jepson: "Always have your numbers very well prepared."

Milton Berle: "Never become discouraged. If you fail to 'click' at first, keep trying."

Meri Bell: "Be sure your mental and physical capacity are enough to withstand the hardships that must necessarily fall in your path."

Clyde Barrie: "Stop, look and listen to all suggestions given by engineers, production men and other veterans. They know. You can learn."

Irene Wicker: "Watch your voice. It means everything in radio. Develop its clarity, tone quality, diction and flexibility. Then, be sincere!"

Richard Himber: "Be persistent and try to take advantage of the lucky break when it comes, because all success is 90% luck."

Kathryn Cravens: "Work and work hard. Have the courage to give up everything that prevents success, like personal pleasures. They can come along later."

Horace Heidt: "You're never out till the third strike. Never give up, and remember that a failure only prepares you better for your next success."

Marion Talley: "Cultivate a good speaking voice—one that will not lisp, or hiss

when you say 'S'."

Del Casino: "Prepare yourself for your opportunity."

If you could change your personality, how would you alter it?

Mario Braggiotti: "I'd be a rough and tumble adventurer. A tough, two-fisted guy, a knife in my belt, two guns in my hip pockets, a tongue in my cheek and a twinkle in my eye."

Sid Silvers: "I'd like to have Marlene Dietrich's smile, Bob Taylor's profile, Johnny Weissmuller's physique and Eddie Cantor's money. If I can't have the first three, I'll settle for Cantor's dough."

Willie Morris: "Would welcome suggestions!"

Shep Fields: "I'd train myself to be satisfied with only ten hours' sleep a night."

Abe Lyman: "Alter it."

Anne Seymour: "I'd try to get over shyness, which people think is being 'high hat.'"

Leo Reisman: "By having someone give me or leave me a hundred million dollars."

Phillips Lord: "I would like to be more methodical and self-organized. It would do away with my habit of doing eighteen things at the same time."

Joan Blaine: "I would like to be just a little bit less serious—and a bit more care-free!"

Milton Berle: "Would like to be the phlegmatic type, enjoy complete relaxation, no cares, open mind and live in some quiet, peaceful place like Honolulu or Tahiti."

Richard Himber: "I'd try to be like William Powell (without a moustache, but with Myrna Loy)."

Meri Bell: "I have an extraordinarily happy life as it is, and, at the risk of seeming smug, I prefer myself just as I am, with the exception of a hot temper that I try to curb."

Meredith Willson: "I'd like always to remember to speak well of everyone—or not to speak at all."

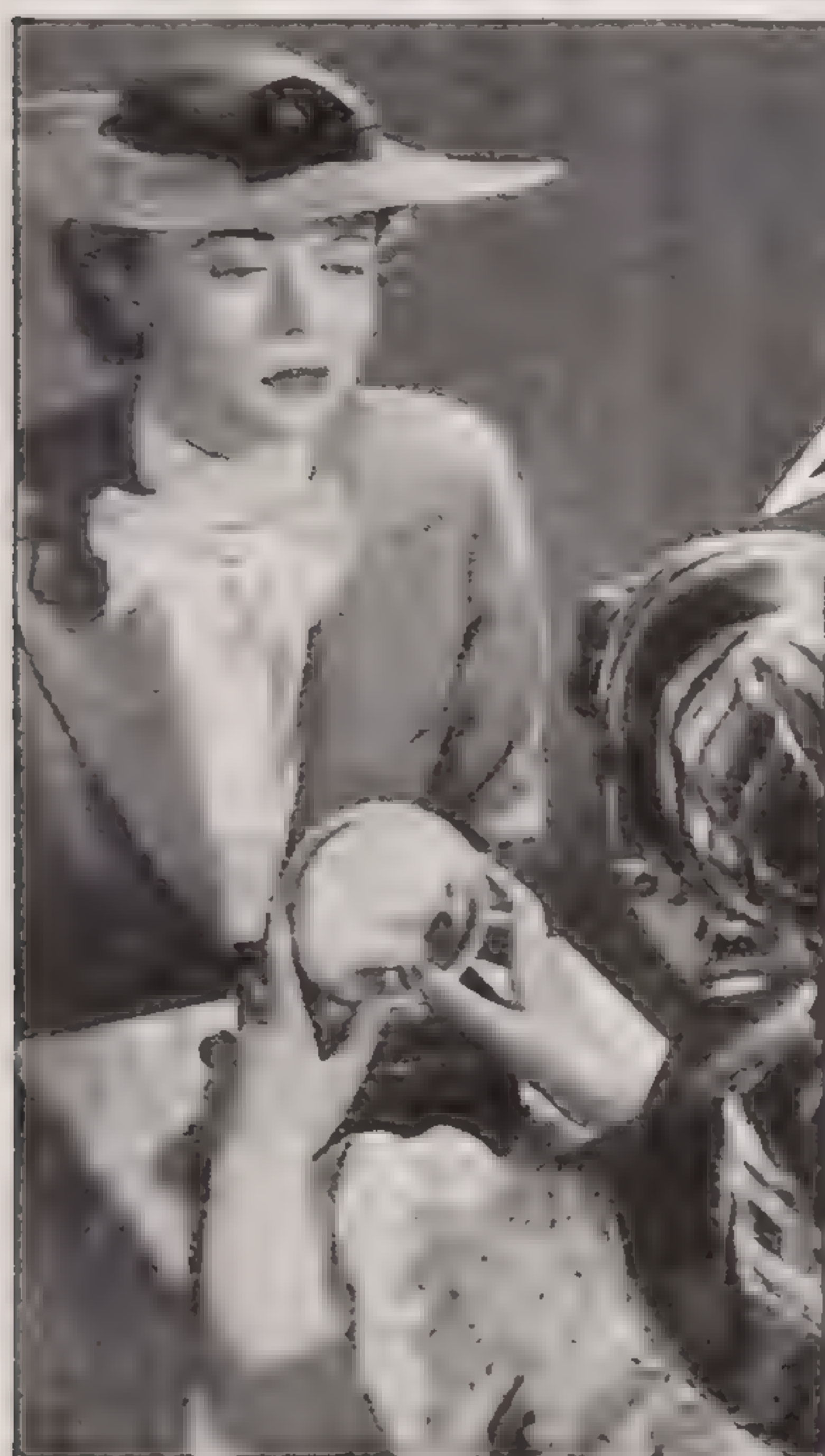
Horace Heidt: "All around."

Helen Jepson: "To have the voice of Flagstad, the magnetism of Mary Garden and the beauty of Helen of Troy."

Clyde Barrie: "To be a bit gayer in appearance. I look so serious that a fine sense of humor is covered up."

Jack Oakie: "Don't have to change it. Sometimes I'm Mr. Hyde and sometimes I'm Dr. Jekyll."

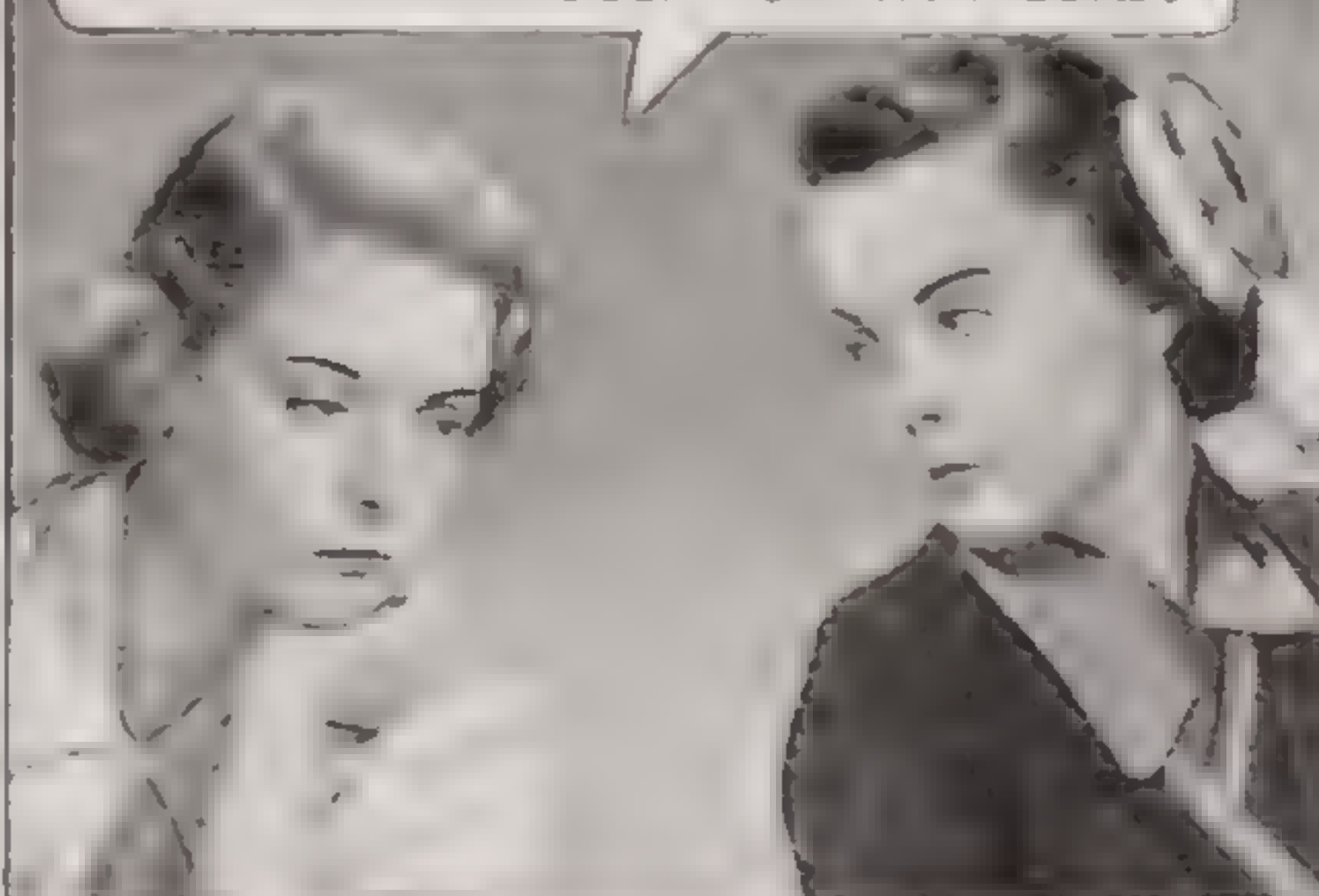
Loretta Lee: "I am just egotistical enough to want to keep it as it is. Furthermore, I feel that changing your personality is not an impossibility at all, but can be done by anyone who so chooses."



I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!

THAT NIGHT

THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAired MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!



I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE DR. LANE ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. LET ME TELL YOU...



"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"



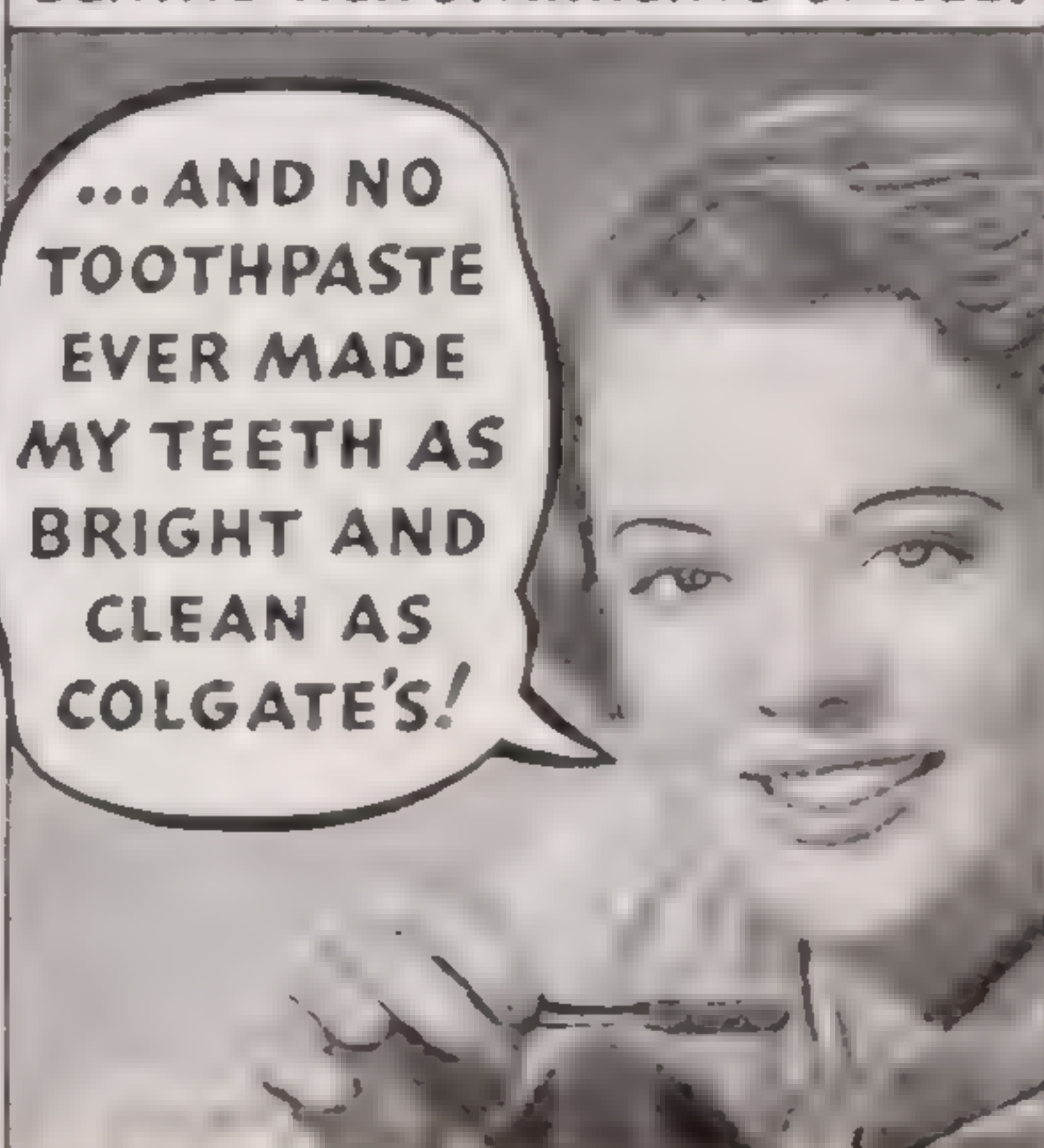
"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath...of dull, dingy teeth...and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle."

THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢

THE LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from page 56)

TAKE NO CHANCES
with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



Do this
**TO MAKE
TEETH GLEAM**



For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

★
**YOU'VE NEVER
KNOWN SUCH A CREAM**
AS THE NEW
Armand
Blended Cream

TRIAL SIZES: 10c AND 20c

LARGE SIZES: 50c AND \$1

At Most Toilet Goods Counters

FOR A FREE SAMPLE MAIL COUPON
Before June 15

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa:

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that he wanted to go into the ministry, his vast reading background stood him in good stead; he completed the nine-year course at Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College in five years' time, finding himself in his first pulpit position at the age of twenty-two.

Not long ago a young man came to him to make a strange request. "Tonight," said the young man, "I am going to commit suicide. I'm going to jump from the thirtieth floor of a building near Grand Central. I'm not afraid any more—and nothing on earth can stop me. Nothing you say can stop me," his voice was calm. "So please don't say anything."

The young man told his story. He was a college student, studying to be a civil engineer. The depression was at its lowest depth and everywhere around him experienced engineers were jobless. He was afraid. Afraid of failure, of humiliating dependence on his family, of insecurity, of hunger. In short, he was afraid of life. And so he intended to die.

The Lamplighter, listening to him, thought vividly of his own college days. "Would it surprise you," he said very casually to the youth, taking care not to let a trace of alarm slip into his voice, "to know that when I was your age I made up my mind several times to commit suicide? Yes, I was fully determined. I was afraid, too—afraid I couldn't make the grade at school, that I wouldn't be a successful rabbi—afraid of many things. For weeks at a time I would be utterly sick with melancholia. And all for what? At forty-five I have everything a man could ask of life—work that I love, a home, a wonderful wife, three lovely children.

"Why, I can look back and smile at the way I made myself so miserable over purely imaginary dangers. I know now that what I went through was merely something nearly all young people go through. You see, all highly intelligent and sensitive persons are inclined to look at life darkly. It's characteristic of them. Plenty of young men are contemplating today the same thing you are contemplating. You aren't alone. Just the other morning I was talking with a girl in your identical predicament . . ."

As *The Lamplighter* spoke, in a casual tone, it dawned on the youth for the first time that his problem was no mountain at all, but a garden variety of molehill. Why, everybody felt the way he did, at some time or other, just as everybody had head colds or the blues! But they didn't go around hurling themselves out of skyscrapers over such commonplace ailments.

Abashed, and a little ashamed, he shook hands with his counselor and walked out of the office with a smile of relief.

Note that *The Lamplighter* had not uttered one word of pleading during the whole conversation. "Begging seldom changes anyone's mind," he says. "But if you can quietly show a man that he is making a very foolish move, deliberately cheating himself of something better . . ."

Eleven years ago, in Columbus, Ohio, Station *WAIU* installed a microphone in the pulpit of Temple Israel to pick up the

morning sermons of Rabbi Tarshish and broadcast them to shut-ins and stay-at-homes.

"I tried to give my listeners what they were interested in hearing," the Rabbi explained, "not just what they *should* hear. I often talked on topics in the news headlines, or topics such as marriage and divorce, which my audience suggested."

The result was a heavy barrage of mail from more than three hundred cities in the East and Middle West. Most of the letters asked for advice on personal problems. The answering of such quantities of mail became an increasing burden on the Rabbi's time until, in 1932, he decided to devote himself to radio alone. He left Temple Israel, which had afforded him an excellent position with a high salary, went out with no security or income whatsoever, and sought a spot on the networks where he might deliver his messages to a wider field.

On making himself available for personal-appearance speaking engagements, he found he had more offers than he could possibly fill, although he has lectured as many as six times in one day and three hundred and fifty times in a year. Six months after leaving Columbus, *WLIV* put him on the air for a Sunday half-hour period. So remarkable was his Cincinnati success, he was soon brought on to New York, where he took the radio name of *The Lamplighter* and in a short time established an unprecedented mail record at *WOR*.

"Advice, as the old saying goes, is the cheapest thing in the world," he said to me. "People are lavish with their advice when you ask it, and sometimes when you don't. But to me, advice has to have two qualities to be really valuable: It must be *modern*, to fit in this modern world; and it must have a reason, a concrete *why* behind it. I try to be modern, to combine the new with the best of the old. And I always have a reason behind what I say. When people consult you for advice that will influence the entirety of their lives, you must give them a course of action that has been *proven, many times before, to be the best under those same circumstances* and make them *see why* it's best."

For instance, a lovely and intelligent young woman came to him once in a state of great indecision. She was in love with and engaged to a man who would not promise her to give up other women after he should become her husband.

Later *The Lamplighter* listened to the man's side of the question.

"I am in love with Susan and I have been for a long time," he said. "I want her to be my wife and I'm very sure there will never be any other woman in the world who could take her place as my wife. I can promise Susan security, a lovely home which I am now building, children, and my undying mental companionship and faithfulness. But, knowing myself, and being entirely honest about myself, I know that I am not strictly a so-called 'one-woman man', nor can I ever be such, even for my wife. That is my nature.

"I have made a clean breast of this, so that Susan might know before marriage exactly what to expect. With what I admit is pure selfishness, I shall expect her to be rigidly faithful to me. But if my old weakness crops up, I shall feel entitled to play around. I will be discreet about my affairs, I will keep them from her if she wishes it, and they need not interfere with our home and children at all. But I want it clearly understood that I reserve the right to my personal liberty."

"Never, before or since that incident, have I advised anyone not to marry the person they loved," *The Lamplighter* told me. "But I tried my best to show that girl that she could not possibly be happy under such an arrangement. I cited to her case after case of heartbreak that would prove how nothing wounds a woman so deeply as the infidelity of the husband she adores and whose children she has borne."

"I showed her that if it hurt her then, because he wouldn't promise faithfulness, how much more it would hurt her when he actually indulged in unfaithfulness."

But Susan was a sophisticated modern, who believed she could fit in with her fiancé's design for living. More than that, she confessed, she was confident she could keep her husband so charmed at home he wouldn't want to stray. So she married him and bore him a daughter and a son.

Four years later she wrote to *The Lamplighter* from Reno. "I cannot tell you what excruciating agony the past two years have been. You were so right. Nothing wounds a woman's heart so deeply..."

Frequently Rabbi Tarshish wants to advise divorce—when it is clearly the best and only thing that can remedy an unbearable situation—but this is something he never does, since in the eyes of the law he could be sued for being instrumental in breaking up a home. In such cases, he skirts this technicality by advising separation.

"A separation will usually accomplish one of two things," he explains. "It will show a couple that they are definitely better off without each other, and so lead to divorce; or it will save a couple from divorce by showing them that they can't get along without each other, and so lead to a conciliatory reunion and a happier continuation of marriage."

Many times the latter has been true. On *The Lamplighter's* suggestion, a middle-aged couple, who had intended getting an immediate divorce, parted instead for a trial separation. They had lived together for twenty years in anything but peace; the husband was fed up with the wife's nagging and the wife was fed up with the husband's drinking, and neither of them seemed to be able to reform.

After living in separate cities for eighteen months, however, both were so weary of loneliness they were willing to do anything to get each other back again. The wife promised to quit nagging, the husband promised to quit drinking, and so far they are living happily ever after.

To the ever-recurring question "Shall I tell my fiancé (or fiancée) my past?" *The Lamplighter's* answer always is: "Yes—you must!"

Recently a bride-to-be wrote him in frantic desperation. She had bought the white dress in which she would be married four days hence to a reserved young man



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of a fine old New England family. And on the eve of her wedding she was shuddering with fear at the secret that lay in her heart. At sixteen she had been an unwed mother. She had made a mistake of youth and ignorance; the child had not lived; she had traveled across half a continent to leave everything behind her, settle down and start life anew.

"He can never find it out," she wrote, "but my conscience tortures me every time he says the thing he loves most about me is the fact that I am truly good and 'different' from other girls. I adore him and hate to deceive him, but I am so frightened that he will not marry me if I tell."

"I wrote her at once," *The Lamplighter* told me, "and tried to convince her that even the possibility of no marriage at all was preferable to a marriage founded on deceit. In the first place, she never could fully enjoy and be carefree in her love, knowing that she hadn't played fair with her loved one. In the second place, even if he never discovered her error, the chances are great, in the intimacy that is marriage, that a conscience-stricken woman will eventually unburden her soul to bring relief. And then—from the cases I have known—it's usually too late to expect complete forgiveness."

"As a husband who had been deceived under similar circumstances once said to me: 'I didn't resent what she'd done; I resented the fact that she hadn't told me. I could forget a mistake but I couldn't forget a deliberate lie. Try as I would, it rankled in my heart, and every time I became angry I would throw it up to her. It eventually caused us to separate.'

"I tried to convince that girl that she would not want to take such a chance with her marriage at any cost. And I reassured her that her fiancé almost undoubtedly would forgive her mistake, if he truly loved her."

"She wrote a note of thanks to me several weeks later, saying that she had confessed to him, and although he was greatly shocked he had seemed to take in good spirit. They had agreed never to mention the subject again and were happy."

How would you advise a mother to prevent her daughter from eloping with a boy who is both of a different nationality and different religious belief from her own? Both families bitterly oppose the courtship. Yet the youngsters, who are away at college together, have made it clear that, if necessary, they will elope without parental consent.

The Lamplighter advised the mother to get her daughter to promise she wouldn't marry for a year. In return for keeping that promise—if she were still in love with the boy at the end of a year's time—her parents would willingly consent to the marriage and give the couple their blessing.

"You may as well face the fact that you can't stop your children from marrying," he told both families. "That gives you a choice of two things: You can either help make their marriage happy or unhappy. If you want it to be a happy union, make the youngsters prove their devotion by waiting a while; then you can rest assured that they are marrying on the safest of all bases—love and compatibility."

"Love is deeper than religious or

national differences. Hundreds of successful marriages, of which I personally know, prove that. When your boy or girl have waited a year, cast your prejudices aside and give them your full blessing. I can tell you that, seeing them happy together in years to come, you won't regret what you've done."

The couple waited and were wed. And now even the in-laws like each other.

"I have often suggested that plan for such cases," *The Lamplighter* says. "Where there are religious and national differences, it's frequently not the couple who wreck their marriage—it's the in-laws."

Meddling in-laws are the source of a substantial percentage of letters that arrive on *The Lamplighter's* desk. A business man from a Western state asks: "Shall I put my father-in-law in an old men's home? For years we have given him the best room in the house and a share in all our pleasures. But in return he consistently has made us miserable and tried to break up our marriage. He keeps my wife in tears half the time and even our children hate him."

Rabbi Tarshish looked into the case, and finding there was no other possible solution, suggested putting the old man in a home.

"No one in-law has a right to make life wretched for an entire family who would otherwise be happy."

For every problem there is an answer. "Sometimes it's not the comforting answer I'd like it to be," *The Lamplighter* went on. "A man of thirty came to me some weeks ago and asked me to help him win his wife's love back. After two years of marriage she had packed her things without a word one night and left him. He was pathetic, that fellow; he had lost weight, lost his job, lost his entire grip on himself."

"I succeeded in getting his wife to come to my office. He fell on his knees before her, wept and begged and pleaded with her to come back. Her complete lack of feeling for him was the most amazing thing I have ever witnessed in all my career. The woman was like a piece of stone. She wouldn't speak to him; she wouldn't even look at him. She told me she simply did not love him any more and that was all she would say. She finally jumped up and ran out of the office and left us both aghast."

"I could see that the real reason behind her actions was another man. All I could say then to her heartbroken husband was that he must take hold of himself, rebuild his life, and hope to find some day a woman who would give him a fairer deal."

Solving your own problems, says *The Lamplighter*, is usually quite simple, if you can muster the proper technique. Sit down where you can be quiet and undisturbed and ask yourself: "What would I advise somebody else to do, if this were their problem instead of mine?" Put another character in your own place and look at him or her in the cold light of reason, with no emotions. Don't expect to find the right solution in a few minutes. Think over your problem for a long time, sleep over it, be sure you have regarded it from every angle before you give up.

The chances are it will solve itself. But if it doesn't—you can always ask *The Lamplighter*.

"HUSBAND-APPROVED" FASHIONS!

(Continued from page 9)

Gladys could keep her engagement to sing *Mignon* at the Metropolitan. Both Frank and Gladys also were making their Sunday night broadcasts at ten o'clock over NBC. I had a preview of that particular Sunday's broadcast, while I waited in Frank's den. Their musical coach had turned up unexpectedly to run over the next night's songs and so I had the fun of hearing a little private "dueting."

When they finished, I joined them and we got down to basic facts about this fashion business. Although Gladys appears to be rather tall when you see her on the screen, actually she is around five-feet-four and looks very young—not at all like a popular movie star, radio celebrity or operatic diva. She's very pretty, with great animation in her face and a warm, merry smile. That afternoon she was wearing a simple but perfectly tailored brown suit. She sat with one leg drawn up under her and she twisted about so that her glowing brown eyes rested upon her husband whenever he spoke.

Frank sat on a straight chair and appeared to be rather leery of the interview until he got warmed up to the subject. He is a lean, well-groomed-looking fellow, with a deeply sun-tanned skin—not what you'd call handsome, but extremely attractive.

"I never think of buying anything without Frank's being along. We have lots of fun working out clothes ideas for me and I have tremendous respect for Frank's tastes. For one thing, he has a marvelous color sense and when he says a color doesn't flatter me, I believe him. I know that no one else would be as frank with me and that no one has a greater interest in how I look. He's honest—but in a nice way," she added, smiling at Frank.

"I don't think," continued Gladys, "that many husbands and wives could work out a partnership quite like ours. You see, we are together all the time. Neither of us ever thinks of doing anything without the other. Our free times coincide perfectly. When I have to buy something, Frank is here to go with me. Other husbands, whose business activities keep them apart from their wives all day, haven't the time to devote to shopping, and they are too preoccupied to be greatly interested. I know that a lot of the husbands we know razz the life out of Frank, although they secretly envy his ability to make me wear what he likes!"

The really amazing thing about the Swarthout wardrobe is that unless Gladys really feels the need for a new dress, she wouldn't have to change her clothes selections from one year to the next. Her dresses, her suits and her coats have the ageless fashion quality of a man's suit! And there, no doubt, is the guiding hand of Mr. Chapman.



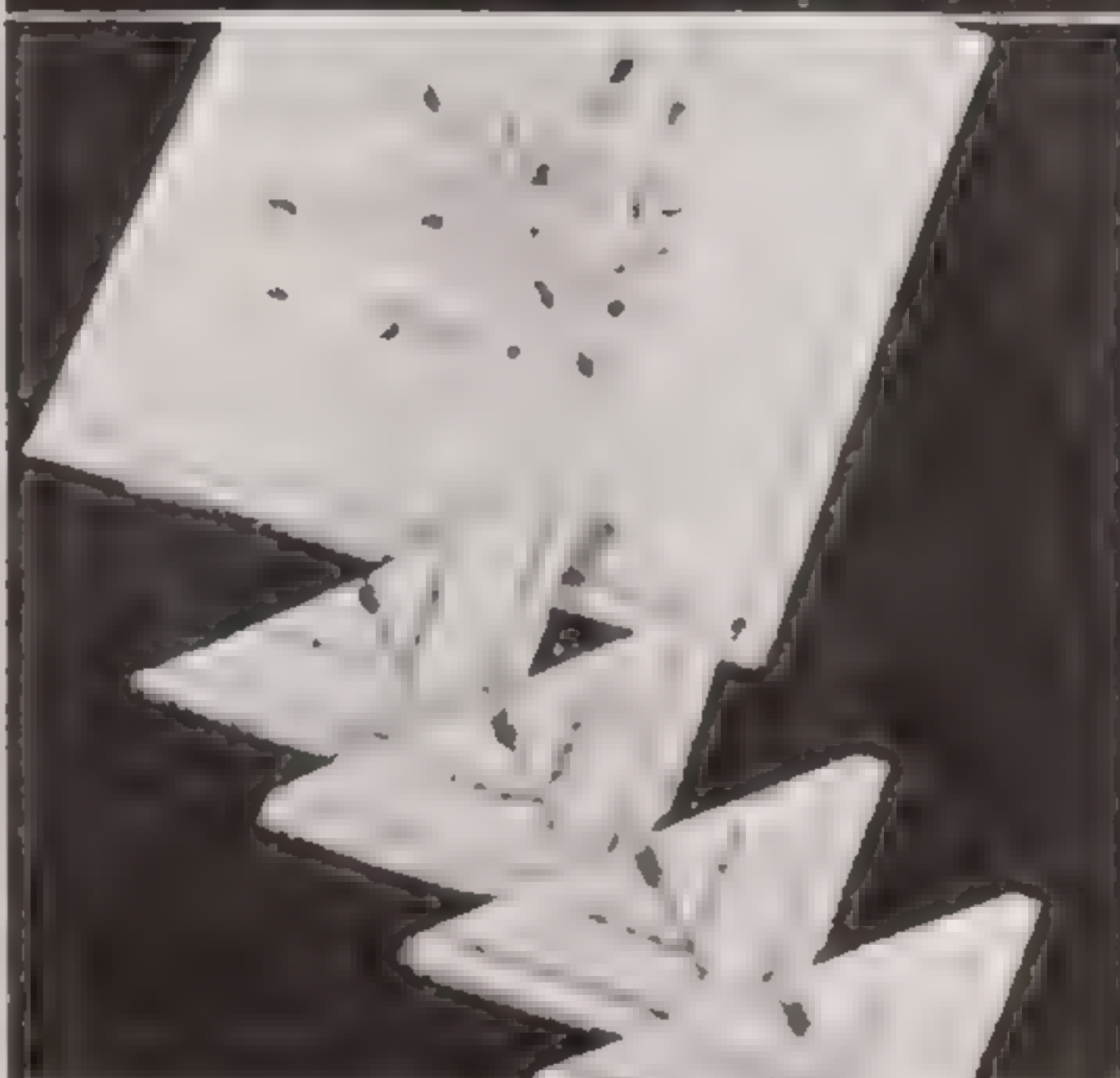
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I can't think of any other person who is as wonderful an example for girls who have to count their pennies. And the whole trick is so easy. Gladys has found one type of costume that suits her type to perfection. She has all her daytime dresses made along the lines of that original style, with variations in trimming detail and fabric only. She has a model evening gown—and all her evening clothes are variations on that theme. The only changes she makes may be in the length of her skirt, to suit the current trend, or in the newness and freshness of her accessories, which are always up-to-the-minute.

I've chosen two of these typical Swarthout daytime costumes to illustrate what I mean. For instance, that black crêpe daytime dress is always found in the Swarthout closet in some form—in the summer it may be made in a sheer crêpe, in winter in a sheer wool. But the lines are the same, the fitted bodice with the higher waistline and the slightly flared skirt. The neckline is always high, usually close to the throat, and either with or without a crisp white collar, as in this particular version. She likes short sleeves and short white or colored gloves. Pumps are her favorite shoes. But it's in hats and handbags that Gladys has her fling. She adores giddy hats and, amazing as it may sound, her husband abets her in the wearing of them. She loves to buy all the new styles and shapes in handbags that come out from season to season. That longish, narrow black suede one which she carries with this dress is a sample. In summer she likes broad-brimmed hats with shallow crowns and perhaps a flower trim, like the big black straw she wears with the black dress.

She told me that she has worn the "peasant" type dress for years. And now, of course, it is all the rage everywhere. Nearly all of her daytime dresses really have that fitted bodice styling, with the gathered full skirt, which is typical of the peasant dress. That lavender-and-pink silk plaid dress, pictured, is one of her original models which is right in line with what we are wearing now. Gladys had it made months ago, to wear in California, and she said she would be wearing it for a year or more to come. The top is made much like the classic shirtwaist dress—the turnover collar, the buttoned front and the cuffed, short sleeves. But the interesting detail is the double waistline effect. The skirt, which has the fulness drawn into stitched-down gathers, has a very high waist, but Gladys wears a belt several inches below this. The reason for this is that she thinks she appears short and this gives her an illusion of greater height. All you shorties, jot that down!

That pie-crust-brimmed straw hat is one of her madder top-piece selections, yet it's tremendously becoming.

A very close friend of both Gladys and Frank told me that Gladys balks at doing or wearing anything publicly which she feels doesn't go with her conservative private life. She mentioned an incident that occurred when she went to Hollywood. The studio thought that her hair would photograph better if she had it hennaed. She flatly refused, saying: "What would my friends say?" And, speaking of her hair, Gladys told me that Norma Shearer's

famous *Juliet* hair-comb was copied from her hair-do.

"Norma asked me if she could copy it," she laughed. "And now even Deanna Durbin has a coiffure similar to mine!" She always has worn her hair similar to its present style, except that the high curls were added after she went to Hollywood.

I asked Frank if he had any violent prejudices as to what Gladys likes to wear and he said: "Yes, pink!"

Gladys laughed and said: "I adore pink, but we really come to blows over my wearing it, so I have given up wearing it, except when it is part of a color scheme, such as the plaid dress."

However, Frank loves red and so does Gladys. "Poor Frank's present problem," she said, "is to get me out of a red sheer wool evening gown which I like to wear all the time. He is crazy about it, too, but he does get tired of seeing me turn up in it at broadcasts, parties and premières! I had it made for California evenings, because they frequently are so cold that you need something of wool to feel really comfortable. This, like my other dresses, is made simply and individually and I know that I will never see myself anywhere else!"

I asked Frank if there were any costume eccentricity of his that Gladys voiced herself about violently. He grinned and nodded his head. "It's a hat," he whispered. "I've got a felt hat that I like to wear turned up in back and down in front, but it makes Gladys wild. She insists it looks terrific unless the brim is turned down all around!"

Aside from pink and hats, they agree on nearly everything. Frank has earned his well-dressed title by the way he wears his clothes and the excellent choice of fabrics and colors. Again that color sense, which Gladys relies upon, works in his own behalf, too.

He told me that he had been quite baffled recently, when a popular magazine, devoted to men, had shown a picture of him wearing one of his pet sports jackets and had called it a "Cubbing" jacket. He said he has no idea what it meant or what the word "cubbing" means, but he decided to rename it and call it a "bowling" jacket, because the first time he ever wore it was for bowling.

He likes to wear Shetland fabrics, both for sports and business suits. He likes the feeling of them. Both Gladys and he are wearing Shetland sports clothes in the picture of them here this month. That's the famous "cubbing" jacket which Frank is wearing and Gladys' white topcoat is her favorite one, worn over all her sports clothes on cool California days.

And here's a tip for husbands—Frank has all his ties made to match the scarves or sports bandanas which Gladys wears! Since she favors stripes in either challis, silks, or woolens, Frank finds it easy to match his neckwear up with hers. His favorite tie is one given him for Christmas last—it is a brown woolen, with the part that hangs down in front made of brown leather. It's really a knockout and looks as if it would wear an eternity.

The favorite Swarthout colors are brown, gold, indigo blue, gray-blue and red. She rarely wears so-called afternoon clothes, preferring tweeds and men's suitings in tailored clothes and untrimmed



Walter Tetley, one of Fred Allen's stooges, is a 15-year-old microphone veteran.

evening gowns in beautiful materials. She wears only slightly padded shoulders on her suit jackets. Likes housecoats and only wears pajamas for beach or outdoor lounging. Those harem-like, rough cotton ones, shown here, are current pets. The jacket is a bolero, trimmed with a white cotton rope, under it is a bras and the trousers are made with harem fullness, the waistband of white cotton, laced tightly.

Frank had the necklace designed for Gladys which she wears constantly. It is in gold and spells out *Chapman*. He has a watch chain with the links spelling out his full name. Gladys told me that she only likes accessories and jewelry that are useful as well as ornamental.

Talking with Gladys and Frank, you have the feeling that here are two people who have managed to merge their personal and professional lives so perfectly that one has become utterly dependent upon the other in matters of clothes as well as the more major factors of their lives. And, too, I imagine that Gladys is greatly responsible for the legend that Frank is her fashion mentor—wives always have been good at letting husbands imagine they are doing the suggesting!

To leave the Chapmans at this point, don't forget to send in for my *JUNE SHOPPING BULLETIN*, which is chock-full of special summer style hints.

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Kindly send me, free of charge, your *JUNE SHOPPING BULLETIN*.

Name

Street

City State.....

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"



JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

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takes the odor out of perspiration



A CLEAN toilet never smells. It's never necessary to use scented disinfectants to end the annoyance of toilet odors. Just clean the bowl with Sani-Flush.

This scientific powder is made especially to do this job. Shake a little in the toilet. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush, and stains vanish. The porcelain gleams like new. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is purified and safe. Sani-Flush saves rubbing and scrubbing. Cannot injure plumbing. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

ELIMINATE LOOSE WIRES WITH

EASY TO INSTALL

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIPS

Quick—easy to install. No tools needed. Set of 8 Push-Clips to match your lamp cords or woodwork, 10c.

8 FOR 10¢

FOR SALE AT YOUR 10-CENT STORE

DON'T "PAINT"

your white shoes!

Clean them white with Shu-Milk

SEE PAGE 95

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START \$1260 TO \$2100 YEAR

Men—Women
Get ready
Immediately

Common education

Mail Coupon today sure

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. C268, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush without charge (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs (2) Tell me how to get one

Name.....
Address.....

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO-AND WHY

Stella Wilson, Denver, Colo. (Housewife.) "Our family prefers Eddie Cantor; we have never missed one of his programs since he first went on the air. We love his silly nonsense and his philosophy. He always brings a happy smile and leaves a kindly thought."

Lucille Halleran, Flushing, N. Y., and Veronica Haunfelder, College Point, N. Y. (Stenographers.) "What band, other than Fred Waring's, could stir you with a haunting tune, thrill you with the classics, enliven you with their exuberant swing and tickle your funnybone with their spontaneous comedy, all with equal skill?"

Miss M. L. Van Toor, Lansdale, Pa. "Show Boat will be my favorite program as long as Lanny Ross is at the helm. The magnificent voice of Conrad Thibault has made *The Packard Hour* worth listening to."

Lillian Stauffer, San Francisco, Cal. (Student.) "My favorite radio star is and always will be Phil Harris. Because of him and his fine music, Jack Benny, Kenny Baker and Mary Livingstone, the *Jell-O Program* is the best on the air. Phil has the finest orchestra and more talent than many great stars put together."

Robert Gutman, Long Beach, N. Y.

(Student.) "I pick Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen as my favorites. If all the feuds between radio artists ended up in as much fun as the Benny-Allen feud, they would all be okay."

Ruby V. Zenor, Los Angeles, Cal. (Housewife.) "I like Ted Malone, because he has a voice sent straight from heaven, with poems that go straight to the heart. For comedy, give me Burns and Allen, for they always keep ahead of the hounds and never grow stale."

Mary Hebert, Providence, R. I. (Organist.) "My vote is cast for the *Lux Theatre*, *Vick's Open House* (I miss it) and the *Jell-O Program*. Our whole family wouldn't think of missing these three programs. Jack Benny, especially, puts us in hysterics. Radio sure is a blessing to us."

Regina Hunt, Los Angeles, Cal. (Student.) "My favorite star is the celebrated young American tenor, Richard Crooks, whose glorious voice, superb artistry and magnetic personality are largely responsible for my interest in radio."

Mrs. Arthur Durell, Alliance, Ohio. (Housewife.) "I would be lost—and this goes for most of my neighbors and relations—without *Mary Marlin*, *The O'Neills* and *Today's Children*. We have a radio in our car, so no matter where we go I don't miss an episode of any of them."

George W. Norris, Uhrichsville, Ohio. (Gas Line Foreman.) "I enjoy meeting men who are *men* and women who are *feminine*. The genuine and not the unreal. 'Putting on the air' is especially provoking and, thanks to the dial, controllable. The *only* program to which I would turn regularly is *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour*, because it is a natural cross section of America."

Peggy Woollett, Chicago, Ill. "I think that Kathryn Witwer's voice 'washes from the soul the dust of every day life.' Every Thursday evening I listen to her sing on the *Musical Review* program, and it makes me feel better than church. She has the loveliest lyric soprano on the air."

Janice Laurence, New York, N. Y. (Home Girl.) "If I were sponsor, this would be my show of shows: Russ Morgan's music, Kay Thompson's singing, the comedy of Ken Murray and Oswald, Bing Crosby's vocalizing and Fred Uttal, the perfect mike-man, for the commercials."

"Always worth stopping for"

Jean Starkel, Webster Groves, Mo. (Student.) "I listen to Jessica Dragonette, because she sings more beautifully and expressively than anyone else on the air. In her new program she combines the beautiful songs she has made so dear to us, with a splendid acting ability that makes her program the highlight of the week."

Mary K. Blizzard, Lancaster, Ohio. (Home Girl.) "I truly believe that Al Jolson's program has 'everything.' I think there are many who will agree with me that this program is tops in good, wholesome variety, and, after all, isn't that just what we want?"

Thomas Meaney, Peabody, Mass. "My favorite program is not *Hollywood Hotel*, but Frances Langford, whose smooth, intoxicating tones and unbeatable personality are a program in themselves. Endowed with the most beautiful voice in radio, she's beyond compare. I wouldn't miss a Langford broadcast for the life of me!"

Catherine Cremins, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Doctor's Aide.) "Every once in a while heaven blesses this old earth of ours with a bit of its sunshine, a twinkle from its eye and the glory of its smile. We who have had the privilege of hearing Jessica Dragonette's glorious voice, of feeling the radiant and inspiring charm of her beautiful personality, hold within our grasp the sweetest gift of the skies."

Grace Everts, East Hartford, Conn. (Student.) "Kraft Music Hall has all one could ask for in a variety program. First, the best singer in radio and Hollywood—Bing Crosby. Then Bob Burns, a good comedian, a snappy orchestra with a first-rate leader, Jimmy Dorsey, and not too many interruptions for commercials."

Marjorie Ullman, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Student.) "Because of his sincerity and magnetic personality, Rudy Vallee is my radio favorite. As a showman he is excellent, and you can be sure to hear only the best of everything on his program. He will always have me as a steady listener."

Mrs. Ethel Marie Varenkamp, Alamo, Texas. (Housewife.) "My preferences are: *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour*, for the opportunity given to those who might otherwise remain in obscurity. *Maxwell House Show Boat*, for the excellent type of manhood displayed in the person of Lanny Ross. *Philco News Broadcast*, because Boake Carter's concise, unbiased opinion is excellent."



Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

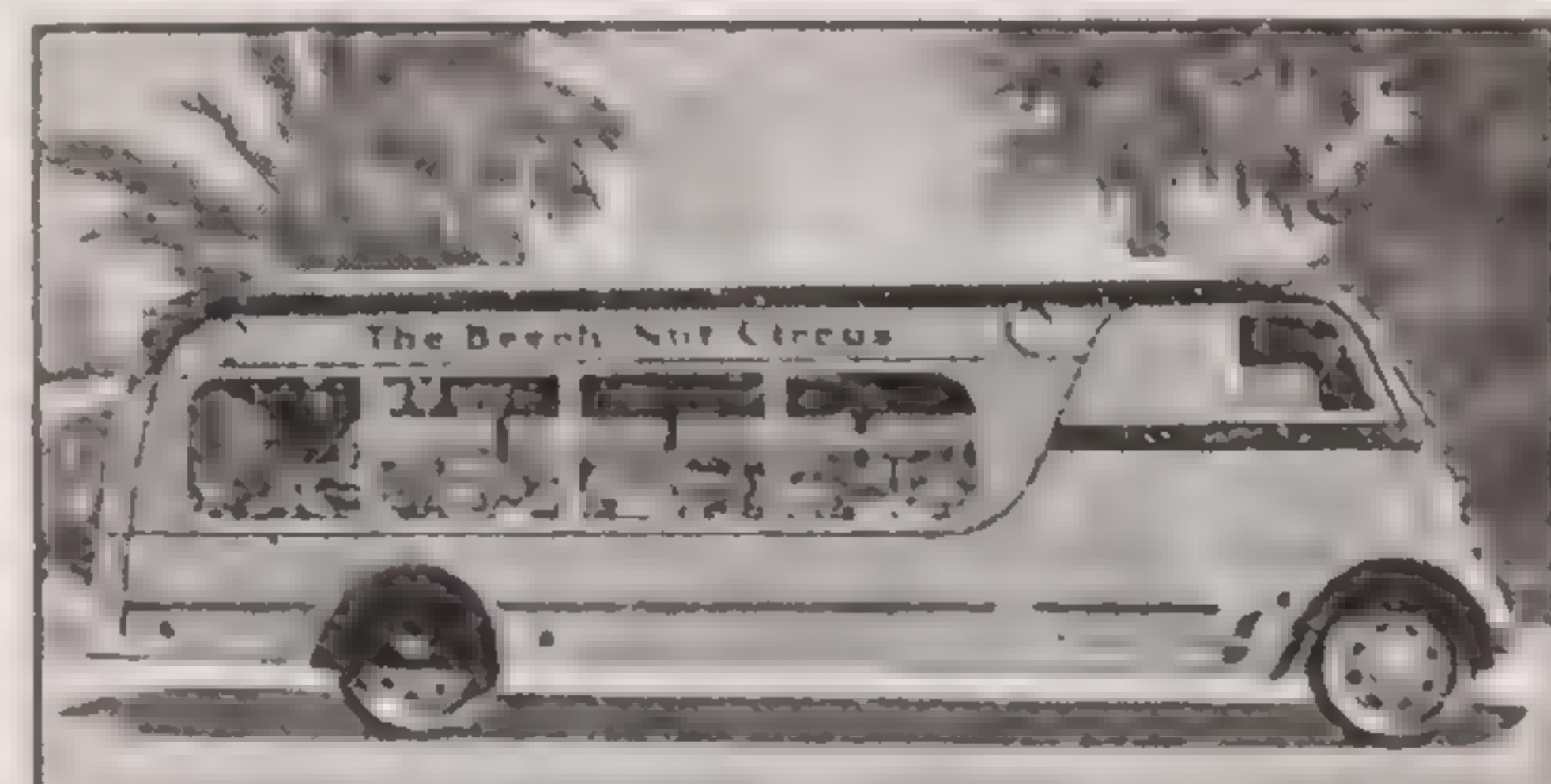
BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

*You can taste
the difference
Quality makes*



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

RADIO STARS

**THIS MUCH MORE
Exclusively
IN A
SHELVADOR**



• MORE BEAUTY
• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN

CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

Jack Bovender, Winston-Salem, N. C. (Tobacco Company Employee.) "My favorite program is, of course, *Camel's* and *Jack Oakie's College*. Deanna Durbin is my favorite singer and I like to listen to Fred Allen and Jack Benny. For sweet, soothing music, give me Wayne King, and for hot swing, Benny Goodman."

Mabel McKone, Marlton, N. J. "I just wait, day by day, for the radio skits, and really enjoy them. For the past four years I have missed few of the *Today's Children* programs. I like many others, such as *Bachelor's Children*, *Betty and Bob*, *David Harum* and *The O'Neills*."

Helen Koslofsky, Harvey's Lake, Pa. (Student.) "*Community Sing* wins my vote, since it has the best comedian on the air. Who? Milton Berle. He can tell a joke and put it over, has a nice singing voice and the best stooge. His program is very heartwarming and has the spirit of welcome in it."

J. R., Framingham, Mass. "Rudy Vallee is the ideal master of ceremonies and I believe in giving credit to the one who earns it. Every word Mr. Vallee speaks is of value to the program and his diction is perfect. His introductions are gracious and friendly, yet always dignified. His personality runs like a gleaming thread through the pattern of his program."

Carole Montal, New York, N. Y. (Student.) "Here's my recipe for a good radio program. Get these ingredients: A good comedian; a guest star or two to enliven proceedings; an excellent orchestra; a brilliant master of ceremonies; a top-notch singer. Mix them all together and the result should be the best program on the air. Which one? Why, the *Rudy Vallee Variety Hour*, of course!"

Bob Middleton, Clarion, Iowa. (Student.) "My favorite star is on Eddie Cantor's program—Deanna Durbin. The reason I like her is because I think she has the most beautiful and sweetest voice going."

Louise Anderson, Sioux City, Iowa. "I never miss listening to *Hollywood Hotel* because Frances Langford, my favorite star of screen and radio, is on it. To be able to hear her lovely voice every Friday night is indeed a pleasure."

Sue Pritchett, Albany, Ga. "My pets of radio are baritones. I'll put down anything to listen to a good baritone voice. Nelson Eddy leads

the pack. Next come Donald Dickson, Lawrence Tibbett, Reed Kennedy, Barry McKinley, Robert Gateley, Clyde Barrie and Igor Gorin. But as far as I'm concerned, Frank Chapman and Conrad Thibault can leave the air forever."

Claire Voivedich, Mobile, Ala. "I love to hear news about the movie stars, and when it comes from the lips of such a just and honest person as Jimmie Fidler, it's worth listening to. His is the best program on the air."

Frances O'Mahoney, Birmingham, Ala. (Student.) "My favorite singer is our own beloved Rosa Ponselle. Her powerful, rich voice surpasses any other in opera and she is glamorous, strikingly beautiful."

Jack Schiffer, Bridgeport, Conn. (U. S. Aluminum Co. Employee.) "I like dance music and plenty of it of the best caliber. And when all the bands are lined up side by side, my favorite four are Guy Lombardo, Horace Heidt, Russ Morgan and Jan Savitt."

Hazel A. Garver, Indianapolis, Ind. (Hosiery Mill Inspector.) "Nino Martini is my favorite singer; Andre Kostelanetz can make anything sound good, even *Turkey in the Straw*; David Ross is the best announcer. So, for a delightful half hour, the *Chesterfield Program* with these three can't be beat!"

Betty Blum, Westbury, N. Y. (Student.) "Because of the richness and sincerity of his voice, Lanny Ross is my favorite singer. For five years I have listened to him on *Show Boat*, and on every guest appearance, with great enthusiasm."

Ann Williams, Providence, R. I. (Stenographer.) "Who has sent many a young star on to success? Who is the ace showman, the man who has held popularity so long? Who is noted for his intelligence, squareness and honesty? Rudy Vallee!"

Violet Emory, Hollywood, Cal. "Louella Parsons, as a movie commentator, should be kept off the air. Jimmie Fidler is good because he is interesting and has plenty of nerve."

Have YOU registered your radio preferences? Just let your feelings be known in fifty words or less, and be sure to state your name, address and occupation. Address: QUERY EDITOR, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Many Young Folks now say



NAC
QUICKLY CLEARS
THE SKIN

No Laxatives — No Yeast
No Harmful Internal Drugs

"Pimples caused by germs in the skin require a penetrating antiseptic external treatment. It often takes NAC Prescription Cream you rub on at bedtime and NAC Powder that you use during the day to get the skin cleared up quickly."

NAC Cream 35c-\$1.00
Prescription Powder 65c-\$1.00
At All Drug and Dept. Stores
Purse Size 20c at 10c Stores

"NAC Has the Knack of Quickly Clearing the Skin." Don't Delay. Get Your NAC today. Satisfaction is Guaranteed or Money Back.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
For a free sample of NAC Prescription Powder (□) or NAC Natural (□) write—
NAC, Dept. 6, Winnetka, Ill.

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 58)

Equal parts of chopped chicken, celery and hard-cooked egg, moistened with mayonnaise and seasoned to taste.

Chopped watercress and cottage cheese with a few drops of onion juice, if desired.

Peanut butter, minced crisp bacon, moistened with chili sauce.

Cream cheese, chopped raisins and Brazil nuts.

Chopped stuffed olives and minced ham.

Preserved, skinless figs, well drained, with cream cheese or peanut butter.

Mashed, canned baked beans with minced frankfurter and chili sauce.

Canned salmon, celery, chopped green pepper, moistened with mayonnaise.

And all the cheese spreads on the grocer's list.

So much for out-of-doors picnics. Now let's consider the home picnicker, among whom I should be listed for the major part of the year. Strictly speaking, of course, I'm not a "home picnicker" but a *theatre* picnicker. Each week, on the day of my broadcast, I arrive at rehearsal early in the morning, carrying my lunch in the basket with which you see me pictured here. In this way, when I have a few minutes to spare, I can have my lunch in my dressing-room in informal picnic fashion. And say, folks, I sure do enjoy that meal! Incidentally, there's no dinner for Katherine, that day, until after the broadcast, because I don't think you can sing your best if you've just eaten. I also think that smoking and alcoholic beverages are bad for singers, so I never indulge in either of them.

The basket in which I bring my lunch is all wicker on the outside, fitted out with compartments on the inside, with two vacuum bottles, cups and plates of yellow and cutlery with matching handles. But in the various containers you would find just the sort of foods we've been talking about, with one exception. Occasionally I take along something hot, besides the two vacuum bottles of coffee.

In order to do this, I have to give up having one of my bottles of coffee, and in its place I will bring along a quantity of hot gravy. I then pour the gravy over my meat sandwiches, thus providing myself with one good hot dish in the easiest way imaginable.

Or I will have an *à la King* dish, which can be packed in a wide-mouthed vacuum bottle (or even a regular hot beverage container, if you cut up the meat small enough). Having one hot dish is a good idea, you know, even on a picnic. It's especially welcome after you've been in swimming, I know.

You'll find the *Meat à la King* recipe in

this month's leaflet gives you a grand suggestion along those lines. I say *Meat* instead of the usual *Chicken à la King*, because I've found that it's practically as good, and a whole lot cheaper, if made with veal or pork. It's the rich sauce, after all, that gives this dish its name and appeal. For the home picnicker, in particular, it's an ace.

The home picnicker also has many other advantages not enjoyed by the *al fresco* picnicker. She can toast the bread for her sandwiches, for instance—either before making them up or afterwards, in grill fashion. She can place all the sandwich makings on the table and let each person make his own. She can, as I do at the theatre, serve a real salad, made up in advance but with the salad-dressing kept separate until time to eat. My favorite salad of that kind consists of a tomato hollowed out and filled with cottage cheese and chives. A dab of mayonnaise, and there you are!

Of course the special set of containers in my picnic basket keep the salad "fixings" cold and fresh for hours, but this suggestion is not a feasible one for the train or auto traveling picnicker, whose salad would have to spend long and probably sunlit hours away from the refrigerator—which, as you know, is a fatal mistake for any self-respecting salad to make!

But, wherever you may picnic, whomever you may picnic with, whatever the good things to eat you may take along (whether they include those my coupon brings you or others that you may prefer), remember that it's having the true *picnic spirit* that will make the occasion a success.

So, as I sign off, here's wishing you, during the coming months, many a jolly outing or many an informal home picnic, with all kinds of grand Fun and good Food—both with a capital F; And just think of me on Thursdays, before my *A & P* broadcasts, enjoying my theatre picnics with the same foods, perhaps, that you will be trying soon on my recommendation. Then "tune me in" that same evening at eight so that I can say once again:

"Thanks for listenin'!"

LEMON PUFF PIE

- 1 lemon
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 medium size baked pie shell

Grate rind, combine with lemon juice and add to one half of sugar and slightly beaten yolks. Place in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick and will coat spoon. Cool and add to stiffly beaten egg whites, to which the remainder of sugar has been added gradually. Fold in carefully and turn into baked pie shell. Sprinkle top with granulated sugar and put into hot oven (450°) to brown (about 5 minutes). Chill and serve.



"WHAT D'YA MEAN, FALSE ALARM! IT'S DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES!"

Big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits, topped with red, juicy strawberries—it's the grandest flavor that ever put out a three-alarm call to appetites.



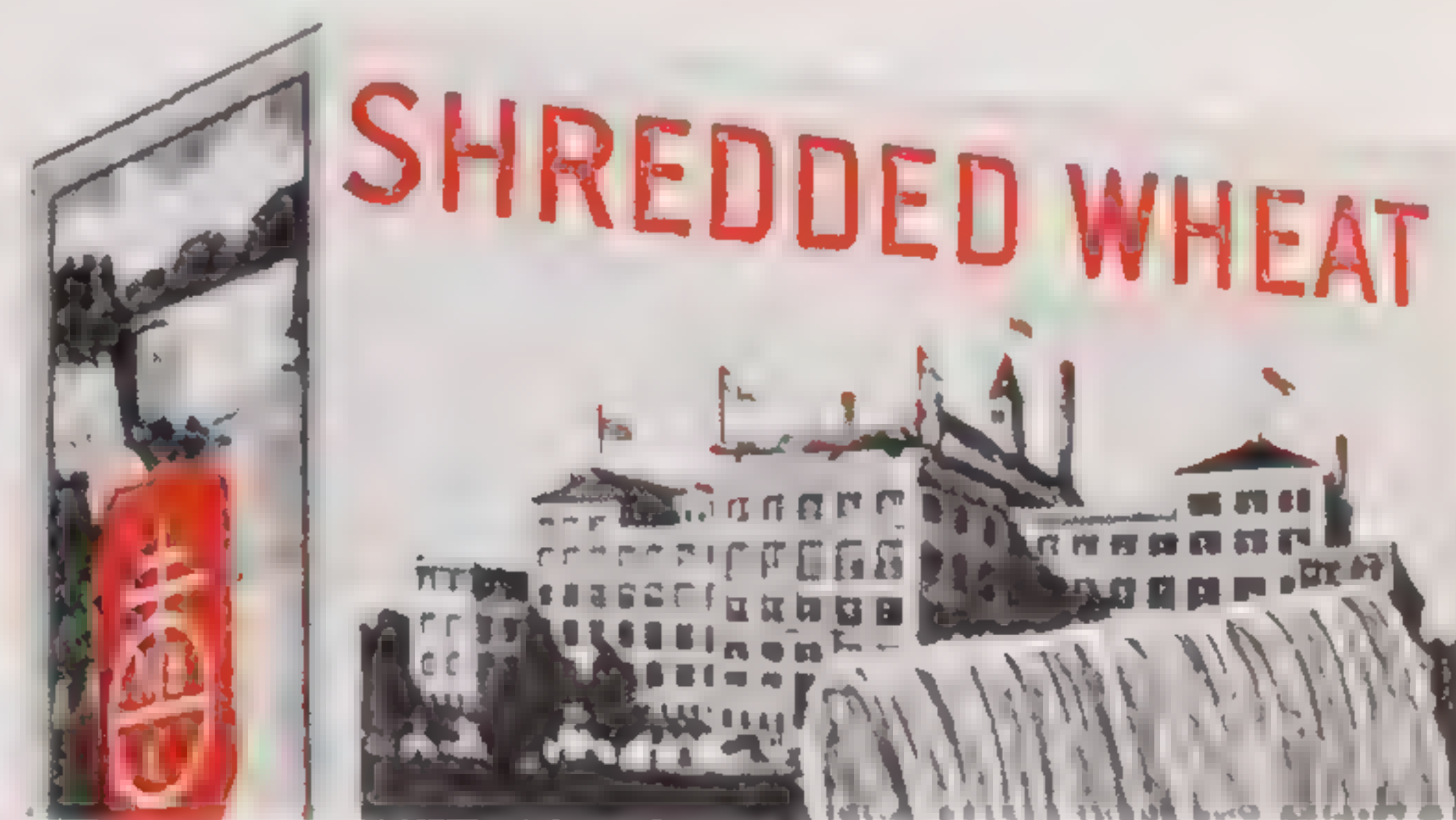
"I JUST REMEMBERED WE'RE HAVING SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES FOR LUNCH."

Dive into this delicious dish tomorrow morning—get its energy-building carbohydrates, vitamins, proteins and mineral salts!



"AN' WHY DIDN'T YE SAY IT WAS SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES YE WAS RUNNIN' AFTER?"

Calling all housewives! Go to your local grocer today! Order in a supply of this favorite breakfast of millions!



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Seal of Perfect Baking



Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 16)



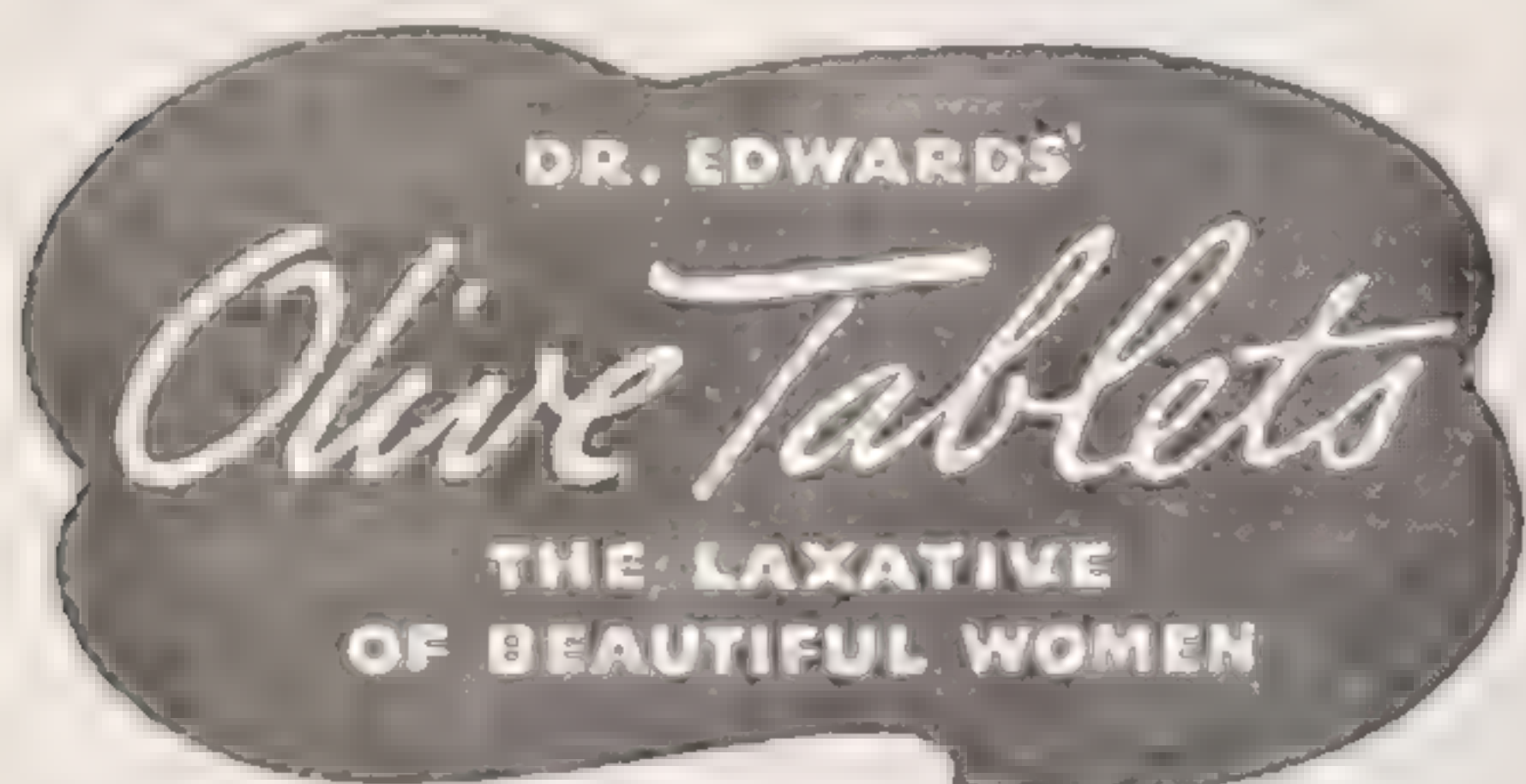
Are you keeping tabs?
*Make Olive Tablets
your favorite
Laxative*

Think! Has more than one day gone by without adequate elimination?

If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.

Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietaries—famous because they are so mild and gentle.

Keep a supply always on hand. Remind the whole family to think of them on the second day. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—at all druggists.



FREE FOR ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

IF you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and sniffling while your eyes water and nose runs continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope, but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 266-B FRONTIER BLDG.
462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.



Light Blondes! Ash Blondes!
Brown Blondes!
**AT LAST! A
NEW SHAMPOO
FOR ALL BLONDES!**

Brings Back Golden Hue to All Shades of Darkened Blonde Hair—Keeps Hair Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous!

Here is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde hair—whether it is light, ash blonde, sandy or brownish—a shampoo and rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring brightness that can make hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a 10¢ size at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE



Dorothy Duckworth, NBC actress. *True Story Court of Human Relations.*

After futilely trying to argue her right to the style of comedy Gracie Allen had been doing, Miss Deagon finally gave up, changed her name and is now getting a foothold in radio under other names and other comic styles.

Joe Cook's new Saturday night variety program has the odd distinction of being one of the season's more diverting programs—and also one of the season's major disappointments. Behind this queer combination is one of the stories that make radio exasperating as well as profitable to its artists.

Joe is the most nonsensical and elfin of comedians, and his program started off last winter as his own cock-eyed version of what a collection of radio guest stars should be. He mixed up such heroes as Admiral Hobson and the man who went over Niagara Falls in a rubber ball; such

singers as John McCormack and a woman who imitated a hen singing opera. It was wild, amusing entertainment.

There were just two weeks of that when a decision came from above that such goings-on in a program were neither dignified nor inspirational. Rules were laid down and the whole crazy spirit of the show was scrapped. Joe Cook is an ingratiating, diverting master of ceremonies and he still manages to guide his program a little off the conventional paths. It remains one of the bright spots of a Saturday night, but one can't help recalling sorrowfully how much better it was in the first place when the whole affair was a sort of jovial practical joke played on the audience.

From savants of France comes a note to undermine one of radio's firmly established institutions. The French Academy of Medical Science has issued a bulletin con-



Eve March, "Miss Perkins" in *John's Other Wife*, on NBC-Red Network.

demning early morning programs of setting-up exercises. These early bird physical culturists are declared actually injurious to the health of their listeners.

Twenty minutes is needed, the explanation runs, for restoration of normal blood circulation after a person gets out of bed. Plunging right into a regimen of exercise before breakfast imposes a strain that often is dangerous.

Goodman Ace has a formula of his own for determining when his *Easy Aces* serial is dealing too much in backstage talk that only actors will understand and relish. A favorite haunt of Goodman's is New York's Friars Club, where vaudeville and radio veterans get together and talk shop and the good old days. The moment any of these friends start showing any great interest in *Easy Aces*, Goodman is sure he is staying on a wrong track and, as quickly as possible, he switches his comical episodes to another theme.

Things were going wrong in the rehearsal of one of the big soap radio programs. For eight long hours, the musicians had been playing steadily and exhaustingly.

The session ended at last and one of the tired orchestra men remarked as he walked out: "Don't you think someone somewhere could think of an easier way to sell soap?"

Now that spring is in the air, Colonel Stoopnagle is gritting his teeth grimly and talking about the gay times he will have on his boat this summer—and cursing the day that brought boats into his life. The Colonel has a speedboat in which he careens around Long Island Sound. No matter what goes wrong (and there is always plenty to go wrong with a speedboat) the Colonel can't fix it.

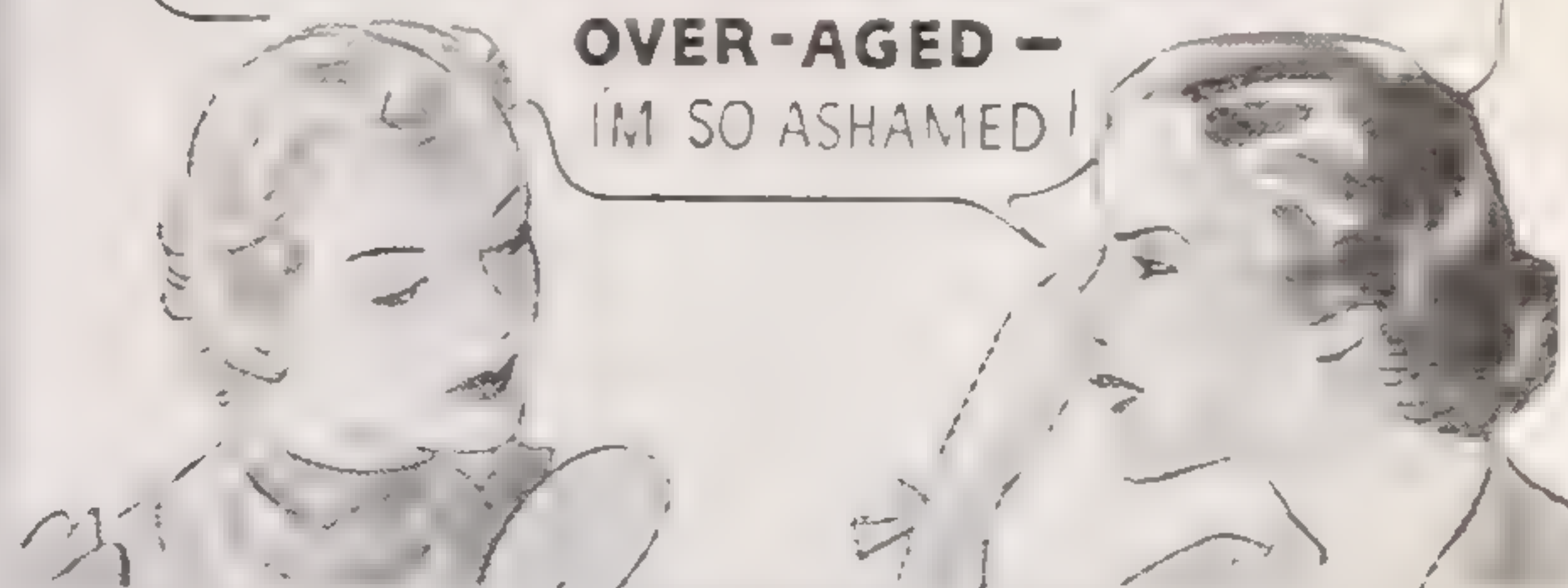
"I wish I had a nickel for every time I've had a rope tangled in my propellor," the Colonel remarked. That happens to him nearly every time he tows a surf board, but he never has gotten around to getting a knife for those emergencies. When it happens, the Colonel simply sits and drifts until some more provident boatman comes along with a knife in his kit.

The Connecticut shore of the Sound is rocky but the Colonel recklessly dashes into bays and harbors, ignoring all warnings of reefs and shallows. The Colonel never bothers with such details. Miraculously, the rocks somehow seem to dodge out of the Colonel's way. The only real

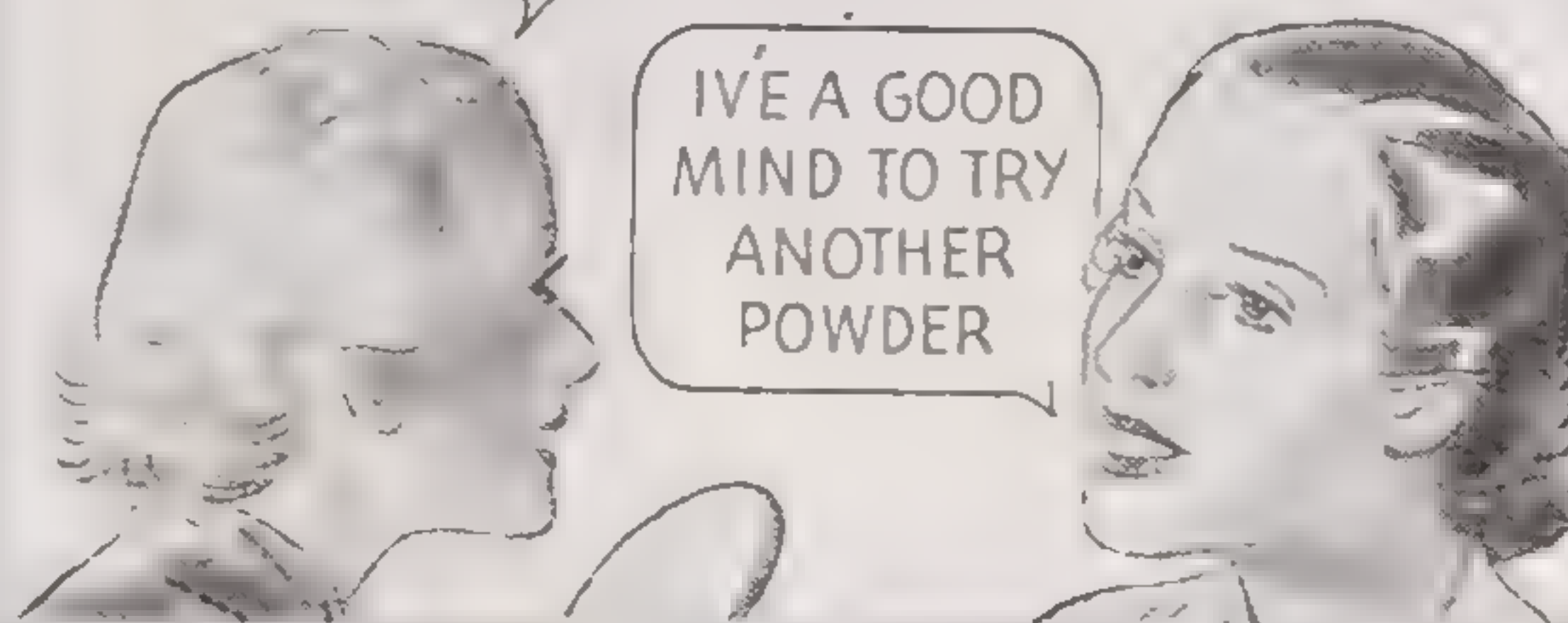


DON'T LET *Your* POWDER SCREAM OUT "FALSE FACE"!

I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY FACE POWDER. IT MAKES ME LOOK EITHER **OVER-POWDERED** OR **OVER-AGED** — I'M SO ASHAMED!

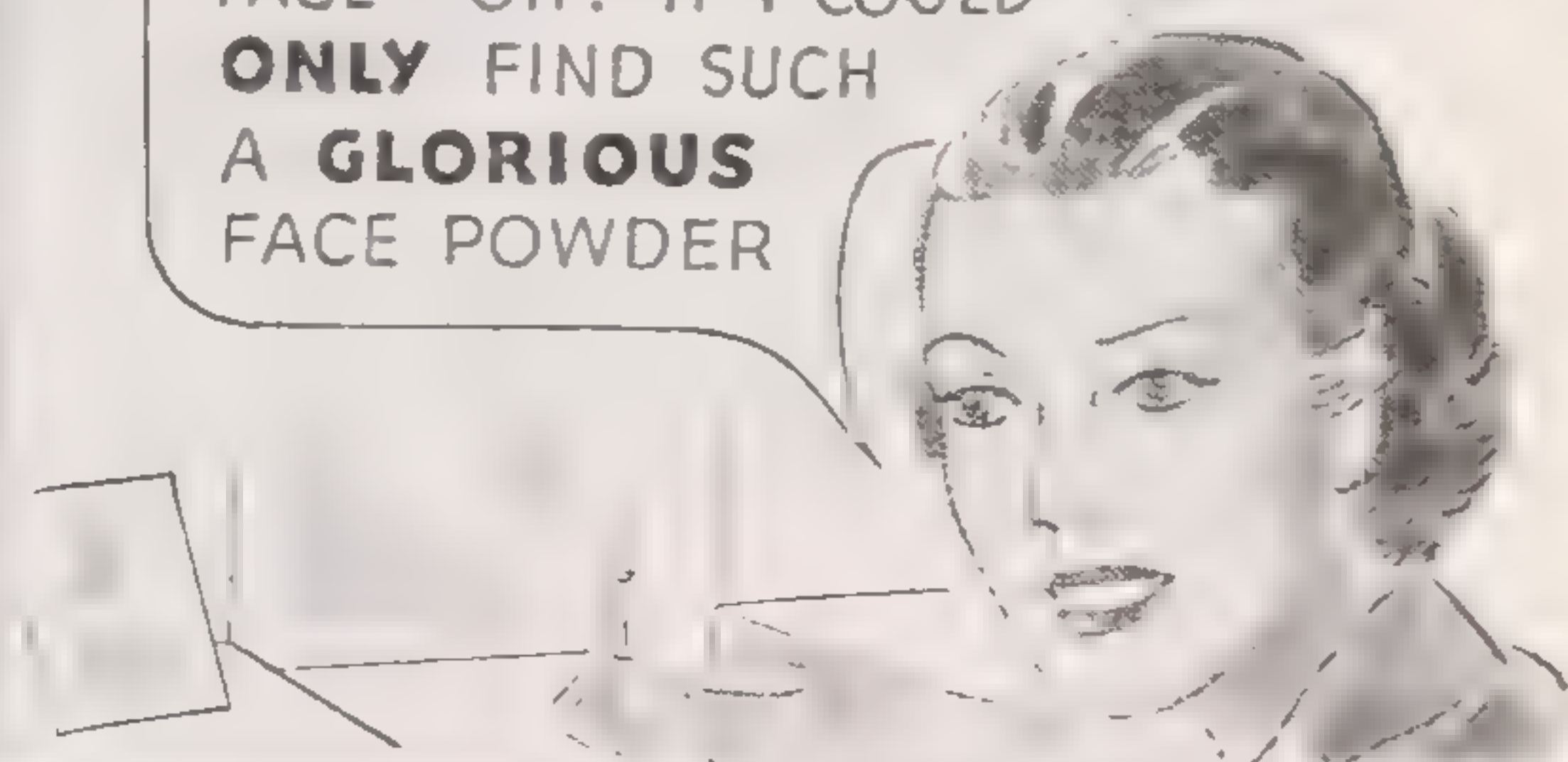


MY SKIN KEEPS **BREAKING OUT**—I KNOW IT'S MY POWDER! AND NO WONDER—THE WAY IT FLAKES OFF—THOSE **COARSE HARD FLAKES** CUT RIGHT INTO MY SKIN



I'VE A GOOD MIND TO TRY ANOTHER POWDER

THEY SAY THE RIGHT FACE POWDER WILL **SOFTEN** THE LINES IN YOUR FACE—OH! IF I COULD **ONLY** FIND SUCH A **GLORIOUS** FACE POWDER



ANOTHER TROUBLE—I'M **NOT EXACTLY 100% BLONDE** OR **100% BRUNETTE**—DEPENDS ON THE LIGHT TOO! WISH I COULD FIND A SHADE THAT COULD **TURN BACK THE YEARS** WITHOUT GIVING ME THAT CHALKY, OVER-POWDERED LOOK



WEEK LATER

LUCKY ME! I FOUND THE PERFECT POWDER WHEN I TRIED **LOVELY LADY**. WHY DON'T YOU GET ALL 5 SHADES OF THIS LOVELIER POWDER. GENEROUS VANITY SAMPLES ARE **FREE! NOW!**



Wrong Shade Powder Can Hide Half Your Beauty ... Try My Enchanting New Face Powder ... FREE

Dear Madam:

Do you look years older than you need to—just because you are using the wrong shade of face powder? Don't be fooled with the outlandish old notion that you are a "type" who is condemned to use only a certain "name-shade" of powder. This is a "skin game" where you are bound to lose. For when all "Brunette" face powders are *different* in color, how can they all possibly suit YOU if YOU are a brunette? The same is just as true of "Rachel" shade face powders—all are different in color—and so on, with other "type" shades.

You are more than a mere "type"—you are an individual. Regardless of face powder names or shades, you should rid yourself of all this confusion. Here is how: Mail this coupon to me — NOW. Get my five new shades of **LOVELY LADY** Face Powder — absolutely free. Cosmeticians agree that these five exquisite shades cover every complexion color

need — because **BALMITE**, the glorious new soft blend base, blends **LOVELY LADY'S** subtle color tones more flatteringly with the delicate, natural tones of your skin.

Send for these five shades and make the test that really **PROVES** which one face powder shade you should use, which makes you youngest, loveliest. Mail the coupon. I'll supply you with generous vanity size samplers of all five new shades, free. Just send the Coupon—NOW!

Sincerely, *Lovely Lady*

FREE

LOVELY LADY,
603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of **LOVELY LADY** Face Powder. Include a week's supply of **LOVELY LADY** All Purpose Face Cream **FREE**.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours—instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara—to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature—your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands—eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world—by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands—the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow—it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold variety—Black, Brown, Blue. 7c. Retail 15c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Paul Whiteman writes his autograph for Ralph Flanagan, World's Record swimmer at the Miami-Biltmore Pool Swim Meet.

trouble he has had with the bottom of the ocean came during a visit to the shore home of his partner, Budd. The Colonel had whizzed in at high tide, anchored close to shore and gone straight to Budd's house. When he came back, the tide was out and there was the poor boat, *Mr. Bopp*, high and dry on a couple of rocks. Even that time the Colonel's luck had held. The rocks happened to be shaped in a little cradle which kept the boat safe and sound until the tide came in and floated it again.

Walter O'Keefe brought his rowdy radio comedy from one of the rowdy joints of speakeasy days down in New York's Greenwich Village. This man of carefree, impolite jollities at the microphone is one of radio's paradoxical characters.

Offstage, he is, in his way, something of a scholar and intellectual. His reading leans toward biography and history. It is always astounding to see him gather with other radio people after a broadcast and hear him urging them to read, for instance, Henry Mencken's heavy, lengthy, critical and analytical work, *The American Language*. This is the same rascal who brought *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* into American life.

Harry Von Zell, the announcer, works on a number of comedy programs—Fred Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, Phil Baker and Ed Wynn (as director, not announcer, on the latter one). That has started his hobby of making amateur movies along strange lines.

He is collecting reels of all his friends, famous and not, making funny faces. No sense to it, completely foolish, Harry concedes, but he roars with laughter every time he talks about the stunt or shows any of the pictures. His leading attraction so far, he thinks, is Phil Baker.

Jimmy Melton is almost pathetic in his great eagerness to succeed as master of ceremonies on that Saturday night program he recently took over on an NBC network. Jim's real ambition is to sing opera but next to that, he would like to get along well in some job where he has a joke or two to tell. When he began acting as master of ceremonies on the *Sealtest Program*, he was impetuously calling all his

RADIO STARS

friends, asking what they thought of him. If they had missed the show, Jim's disappointment was very obvious. That's one thing about Jimmy—he never can conceal any disappointment, glee or annoyance. He must speak up about it.

In his anxiety, Jim's Saturday night spirit of jolliness has occasionally sounded excessive. That excess of zeal is likable, though, if you will just picture this boyish man, working his head off on a style of entertainment that he really does not need to carry on his very successful career as songster of radio and movies.

◆
Notes at Random—Lanny Ross, in a small way, collects first editions and rare books. His press agent wanted to send out a story about that but Lanny preferred to keep it as a hobby, a private one.

Jack Pearl always has a crowd of admiring relatives and friends who flock back and fill his dressing-room to overflowing after a broadcast. His is radio's most crowded dressing-room—and by far the noisiest.

Jackie Coogan likes the money he has been getting from radio lately but it is not really needed. Jackie began being thrifty at the age of four, when he burst into prominence (and wealth) as *The Kid* with Charlie Chaplin. He is now in the enviable position of having saved enough in his childhood to keep him comfortably for the rest of his life.

Since the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud over Jack's violin playing, a special edition of *The Bee* has been published with the two radio comedians' pictures on the front cover of Schubert's classic.

—ARTHUR MASON



Lucille Manners, *Cities Service* star.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS Of the Lucille Manners Fashion Contest

Ellen Collins, Cliffwood, N. J., is awarded the violet corsage print gown, from Dana de Paris, Radio City, New York.

June Dale, Pottstown, N. Y., is the winner of the black moiré gardenia gown, from Thea Sheehan, 22 West 51st St., New York.

Mrs. Joseph A. McKay, Denver, Colo., receives the pastel flower-printed chiffon gown from Tappé, 17 West 50th St., New York.

Sharon Saum, Yankton, S. D., wins the black and blue silk crêpe dinner dress, from Greer's Town and Country Shop, R.C.A. Building, New York.

A Letter From Lucille

Dear Readers of RADIO STARS:

You can't imagine how happy and thrilled I was at the tremendous number of letters you sent me in this contest, which appeared in March RADIO STARS.

Your help will be invaluable in deciding what to wear for my *Cities Service* broadcasts, and your letters will be a wonderful inspiration in making my career a success. I do thank you with all my heart.

My great regret is that, as in all contests, only a few may win. I do so wish every single one of you might have had a prize, for when I read your messages I felt that I was really getting to know you and that we were personal friends.

You may be sure that I will be thinking of you as I sing each Friday evening on the NBC network.

Most sincerely,

Lucille Manners

"I'VE BEEN
HANKERING
FOR THIS FLAVOR"



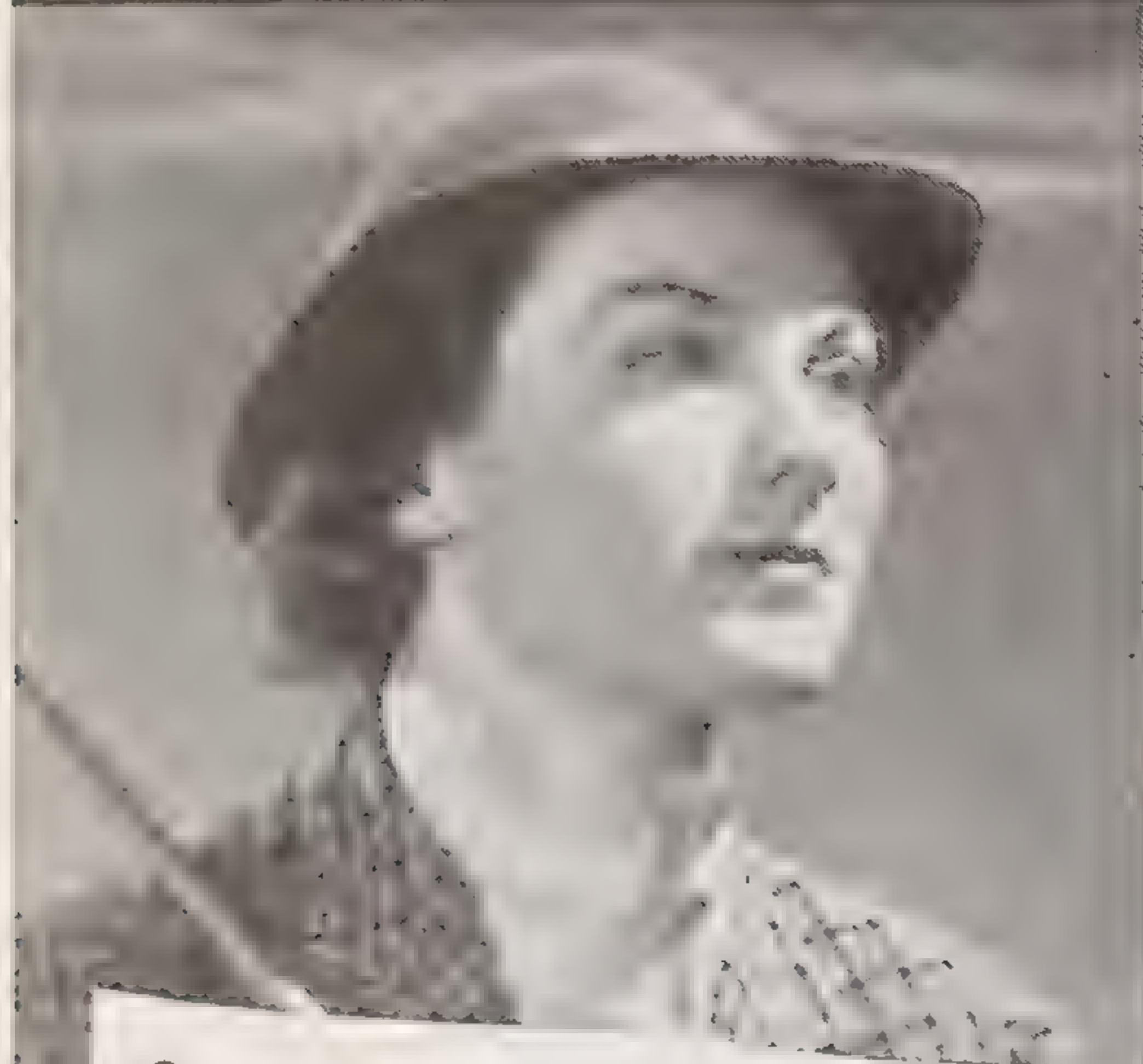
"So have I. It's a flavor that fairly melts on your tongue—a fresh pep and tang that sends a tingle right through you. That tight-sealed package keeps the gum chock-full of freshness and flavor. Your digestion is stimulated too; when busy days demand quick eating, chew Beeman's Pepsin for digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 7)

"Give found
Complete
Personal Daintiness"



QUEST... for Foot Comfort



During hot weather especially, women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the positive deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder. See how Quest makes tired, perspiring feet feel fresh and dainty.

QUEST... after the Bath

For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest for under arms. Prevents perspiration offense; keeps you dainty always; yet does not clog pores or irritate the skin. And, being unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of perfume.



QUEST... totally effective on Sanitary Napkins

This is the key test for any deodorant powder! Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins—assures complete personal daintiness. Buy the large can today—only 35c at drug counters everywhere.



Grace Albert, long a radio favorite, recently with *The Honeymooners*.

he reminds you this make-up is for a natural healthy skin. There are two natural types of skin. One type of skin is affected with oiliness, large pores or blackheads. The other type of skin is the dry or normal, these last two being in the same classification and requiring the same treatment.

The oily skin and the dry or normal skin are both to be cleansed with a special cleansing preparation—one that has long been famous for use in hospitals on babies' skins. The face and neck are very thinly covered—no massage is necessary. If you want to know the name of this gentle cleanser, and the other preparations Mr. Meadows recommends, I shall be glad to supply them. Comfortably warm water and a good soap are the next step in the evening's routine for all. Wash the face and neck thoroughly and then rinse by dipping a towel in clear warm water and thoroughly remove all traces of soap. Follow with a dash of cold water. Dry thoroughly. The dry and normal skins will then be ready for a good lubricant. 'Twenty years' experience with creams makes Mr. Meadows a good judge and he has one especially grand lubricant to recommend. A lovely luxurious cream that is amazingly moderate in price.

When you arise in the morning, you apply a protective foundation that assures your make-up the whole day. First, wash your face with tepid water and soap, rinse and dry. Then wet your face with a fragrant skin tonic and keep it wet while you are applying your special base cream. This

is done by placing a small dab of the base cream on the nose, cheeks, chin and forehead—and then apply skin tonic to the palm of your hand and work the cream in from the center of the face outwards towards the ears, from the hairline on your forehead down to just the turn of the chin.

Of course, as a make-up artist, Mr. Meadows has carefully studied the application of color to the face. He says rouge removes contour rather than accentuates it. A fat face can be made thinner by blending your rouge in an up and down direction. This will draw interest to the center of the face and make it appear longer and narrower. The thin face can be made to appear rounder by applying rouge high on the cheekbone and far out on the side. You blend the rouge inward toward the nose and out toward the ears. Be very careful that you do not apply too much rouge or leave too sharp edges. Mr. Meadows says that, when you have applied your rouge, you are not to worry if it looks too red or blotchy. You correct this and remove the harsh edges by drawing the palm of your hand from where there is no rouge into the rouge area.

Mr. Meadows says the eyes give the face ninety percent of its expression, the balance being controlled by the lips. He says that fully seventy percent of the women are too white around the eyes and, as a consequence, lose the allure and expression of the eyes.

The proper way to shade the eye is as follows: With the eye closed, apply shadow to the eyelid with the finger tip, starting

at the point nearest the nose and extending along the lid to a point just past the outside corner of the eye. Then blend this from the eyelash to the eyebrow. Apply this very lightly. Be sure it is blended evenly.

You are now ready to powder. Apply your powder heavily, patting it well into the base cream. Then use a camel's hair brush and brush off all surplus powder. After the excess powder is removed, moisten a piece of cotton with skin tonic and pat over the face, and then pat dry with more cotton. This will not remove the face powder, but will set and freshen it. You will not have to re-powder at all during the day. If your face should become soiled or a little "greasy" looking, just moisten a bit of cotton with cold water or skin tonic and pat over your face and dry again. This will remove the shine and the dust.

Be sure to remove all powder from the eyebrows. This can be done with your cleanser. Then take a well-sharpened eyebrow pencil and with short feathery strokes shape the brows into a frame for the eyes.

Cleanse your eyelashes and apply a little mascara to the upper lashes—brushing upward. Mr. Meadows cautions you not to apply too heavily.

Next you apply your lipstick. Now your lips are the other ten percent of the face's expression, so don't overdo them. Study the shape of your lips closely before you apply the color. Draw a bow on the upper and an arc on the lower lip. Take a very small amount of your special cleanser and spread over the lips, rubbing in until dry. Be careful not to smear, for here it can't be covered up with powder or base cream. If the lips are too full, apply the lipstick a little within the inner edge of the lips and do not extend to the corners. If the lips are too thin, apply a little over the outer edge of the lips and extend to the corners.

The last step in the make-up routine is one that so many women overlook—the neck! Here Mr. Meadows applies a finishing lotion—one that is waterproof and protective. It prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. No powder is necessary.

Now you are quite lovely—until you smile! Are your teeth white and glistening? Are they dull? You must brush your teeth several times a day with a clean, strong-bristled toothbrush. Mr. Meadows advocates the tooth powder—one that is soft and fine yet cleanses and puts a very high, sparkling gloss on the teeth. The stars that he makes up use this powder, for they must have bright teeth.

Mr. Meadows must leave you now—and he wishes you permanent loveliness with your permanent make-up.

Mary Biddle,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, New York

Please send me your gift sample offer
of lovely face powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

P. S. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped
envelope if you wish an answer to personal
problems.

*I was Never
So Comfortable*

... AND I'M TELLING YOU
NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THE
3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX

Morning at the Club—

① CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



② CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

③ CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

**3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE**

Regular, Junior, and Super—for
different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

—Then out for dinner



A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



LET BABY DECIDE!

11 TASTY FOODS
TO TEMPT HIS
APPETITE ★

Put Heinz Strained Food to the test of your baby's taste. He'll relish their natural color—their "garden" flavor. Heinz cooks these foods scientifically—in sealed kettles with dry steam. The valuable vitamin and mineral contents are sealed in—never cooked out. You'll pay no premium for Heinz extra quality!

★ 11 KINDS — Strained Vegetable Soup; Peas; Green Beans; Cereal; Carrots; Beets; Tomatoes; Spinach; Prunes; Mixed Greens; Apples and Apple Sauce.



ACCEPTED
AMERICAN
MEDICAL
ASSN.

Guard your
baby's health with these two
Safety Seals found only on—

57

HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS



Ken Murray and Marlyn ("Mama, that man's here again!") Stuart return to the air in a new program, originating in Hollywood and coming to you over the CBS network on Wednesdays, at 8:30 p. m. EDST.

This pack of canines, in assorted sizes, causes many a laugh in the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movie musical for RKO-Radio Pictures, *Shall We Dance?* It looks as if Fred and Ginger had their hands full!

3-HOLE
USE **"Anti-Colic"** NIPPLES
Save Baby from Colic



Scientifically designed to prevent colic. Endorsed by mothers, nurses, doctors. Davol "Anti-Colic" brand nipples are made in two shapes. For a free sample of either No. 147 or No. 151 mail this advertisement, before July 1st, stating which you prefer.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. D-11
Providence, Rhode Island

No. 147

No. 151

DAVOL

NEED
FACE TISSUES?

Ask for

SITROUX
PRONOUNCED "SIT-TRUE"



face tissues

SITROUX

SPECIAL CREAM REMOV

AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES





Floyd Buckley *Popeye, the Sailor*

THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW ABOUT BEN BERNIE

(Continued from page 21)

about everything, showed up in Rothstein's office bright and early every Monday with the dough.

That he has a large farm in Florida, where, among other things, he raises five thousand chickens. (*They get their practice in laying eggs from watching him.*)

That he has a little dog named *Killer*. The pooch got its deadly name because it once stepped on a cockroach. (*Not Bernie.*)

That his pet dislike is a woman politician.

That Bernie's big ambition is to be a writer. He wants to scribble sharp comments in the H. L. Mencken manner.

That he loves fruit salad but he doesn't like silk pajamas. (*They don't like him, either!*)

That he kept his "yes man" right in the family, by having his son, Jason, made a fourth assistant director on *Wake Up And Live*. (*One Bernie wasn't enough. They had to give me two!*)

That when the Santa Anita meeting washed up, Bernie said: "I have the horses right where they want me."

That he's supposed to be crazy about "swing," but really his favorite piece is Stokowski's arrangement of *Ave Maria*.

That the only thing he can really do well is play bridge. (*He thinks!*)

That he cribbed lines from the flicker and used them on his broadcasts. (*He gets desperate!*)

That he drove the scenarists nuts, because every time he used a gag from *Wake Up And Live* on his programs, the



Have an Alluring soft, smooth skin!

TRY THE LINIT BEAUTY BATH

America's loveliest women daily enjoy a refreshing and delightful Beauty Bath with Linit. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in the tub; bathe as usual; step out; pat yourself with a towel and—FEEL YOUR SKIN! It will be velvety soft and smooth. Why not try this marvelous beauty aid today? Your grocer sells LINIT—in the attractive blue and white package.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



RADIO STARS



WINX eyes are eyes that men adore

Are your eyes as thrilling as you would like them to be? Do they fascinate men and cast a spell of romance? You can make your eyes sparkling and alluring so easily -- so quickly -- with WINX Eye Beautifiers. A few strokes of WINX Mascara, and your lashes become long, dark, curling, silky. Your eyes look large and starry in a lovely **natural** way! Be sure it is WINX Mascara, for WINX is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof -- in solid, creamy, or liquid form.

Your WINX Eyebrow Pencil makes even the scantiest eyebrows graceful and flattering. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, applied to your eyelids, brings out the color of your eyes and makes them sparkle tantalizingly!

For eyes that men adore, start using WINX today! In economical large sizes at drug and department stores; generous purse sizes at all 10 cent stores.



WINX

Eye Beautifiers

STOP

"painting" your white shoes. Clean them white safely with Shu-Milk

SEE PAGE 95

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration



1. Cannot irritate skin. cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

writers had to dig up new material for the show.

That director Sidney Lanfield had to teach him to lead an orchestra! When the prop man said: "What sort of baton does Mr. Bernie use?" one of us flipped: "Get him an engraved Racing Form!"

That Bernie's *Yowzah* accent was filched from a Southern colonel who was full of silly-soup when he traded repartee with the Old Messtro.

That Bernie rôle in *Wake Up And Live* is that of himself. And the yap had to practice for three weeks before he got the characterization down pat! (Down, anyway!)

That the 20th Century-Fox fireman kicked Bernie off the set for smoking. You can smoke during a scene, if the script calls for it; you can't between takes. Bernie, when caught, always explained that he was rehearsing.

That he had to work sixteen hours a day, what with making the picture, playing at the Cocoanut Grove, rehearsing and

broadcasting. (Couldn't have happened to a "nicer" guy.)

That he was lucky to be working at all!

That he can't sing and he can't dance. He doesn't play his fiddle in the picture, and yet he gets co-star billing in *Wake Up And Live*. (The real star is Alice Faye!)

That the beautiful night club sets which 20th Century-Fox built for him in the picture have spoiled him so much, he thinks he's slumming when he goes to the real hot spots.

That he was in the Navy during the War. Spying on spies. (And he calls me a tattle-tale!)

That, in spite of all we have said about him in our column and over the airwaves, Bernie really is a great guy. He never forgets a pal—if he thinks that pal can do something for him.

And reports state he is quitting his orchestra.

If you ask me, it probably is vice versa!

COLLEGIANS ARE GETTING SMARTER—

(Continued on page 23)

I just said I didn't have any—and I got away with it."

There's probably more to that story, I'll venture! But that's all Held will say about it. And in the same casual fashion he mentions that he flew the air mail, after the War, between Casa Blanca and Toulouse, as a civilian pilot for the French.

"But I'm important now," he chuckles, puffing up in mock pride. "I must be—they won't let me fly any more. My contract says I have to travel by train. I must be too precious to risk losing!"

You've probably listened to his radio show, which is something of an amateur program in sheep's clothing—or should I say sheepskin clothing? Every week, broadcasting from a different college, the *Varsity Show* utilizes college bands, glee clubs and whatever individual talent is available at the school, and some of it isn't bad at all. Funny things, naturally, are always happening.

"On our first program," Held says, "we had two kids doing impersonations of Walter Winchell and Bob Burns. They were clever, too, but had never been in front of a microphone before and were naturally nervous. On the night of the broadcast I had to make many last minute cuts and changes in the show, changing their place in the routine too late for another rehearsal. Al Miller, the producer of the show, said: 'You boys ignore the cue you were using—your spot's been changed. Just watch me and I'll give you a direct cue; when I do, get right up to the mike, quickly, and go into your act.'

"That seemed simple enough and the show went on the air. A couple of numbers went on and Al turned to the glee club, sitting behind the two lads, and waved them to begin. The two boys made a wild dash for the mike and we just managed to stop them before they went into their acts. A little later, after an announcement, he gave a hand signal to the band and again the youngsters dashed into action and only the opening chords of the band stopped them. Altogether," Held chuckled, "they made three false starts on misinterpreted cues before they really got going. Then the funniest thing of all happened. The boy who was doing Bob Burns never had worked before an audience, and in rehearsals there had been, naturally, no reaction to his comedy. But there in the college auditorium we had six thousand people sitting. After one gag a tremendous laugh roared through the place, and this kid—instead of getting a kick out of it—nearly fell over backwards! The laugh nearly scared him off the air!"

Held doesn't think college youngsters are basically different from what they used to be. "The changes," he says, "are mainly in habits and in general conditions. They are no longer rebelling frantically against Mid-Victorian standards, because the necessity for such rebellion no longer exists. On the contrary—nowadays college boys and girls tend to conservatism in thought; they show a much greater interest in politics, current events and economics than they did before. Their attitude is, if anything, more intelligent than back in the

'20's. They're not necessarily brighter than collegians of a generation ago, but they seem to do more actual thinking. And they've taken on a patina of sophistication that's considerably more pronounced than that of the average alumnus of some years back.

"There will always be adolescent rebellion, I suppose. It's the very nature of adolescence to fight against something. Maybe a form of exhibitionism, that takes different forms, in different times. But they're still swell kids—and I really mean that. Naturally, I have my own difficulties with the show; the innumerable details and arrangements, with me in the middle, between faculty, student and agency. But it's really been entirely pleasant and the kids are grand."

"How did you happen to go on the radio?" I queried.

"They asked me," he grinned, and that's all there was to that. While John Held, Jr. has written humorous skits for the theatre, designed sets and costumes for such productions as *Comic Supplement*, *Americana*, *Page Miss Glory*, and the *American Ballet Alma Mater*, and has made numerous guest appearances on the air, this is his first regular program. He's trying to do something fresh, using this college talent with a new slant and avoiding standard "radio technique." And he insists that the show be in good taste. A production man goes to the college selected, several weeks ahead, to line up talent; Held arrives a couple of days before the broadcast. "And the show," he says happily, "is put together, usually, about fifteen minutes before we go on the air, or sometimes while we're on the air."

Held is practically six feet tall, with grayed sandy hair that's thinning a bit but still there. He runs to brogues and tweeds and has a ruddy complexion which, in a questionnaire, he described as beautiful. Not regarding himself as a particularly good-looking man, he delights in heaping extravagant compliments on himself, as, when answering one question about television, he said: "I look forward to it—because I'm so pretty!"

He no longer has the Connecticut farm where he used to raise horses, but he has a ranch in Utah where his parents now live and a house in New Orleans, which is home to him now, where his wife, baby daughter and three adopted children live. He admits to being a pushover for puppies, and to having written three novels and three books of short stories, and when asked whether he thought radio marriages were happier than usual professional tie-ups, he said he never had heard any married radios complain.

Though best known for his work as a cartoonist and humorist artist, he has always been interested in fine art and is a sculptor and water-colorist. And radio, which to most entertainers means settling down in one place for a spell, keeps John, Jr. hopping about over the country. He hopes to do a Louisiana college soon, so he can get home.

He's exceedingly busy most of the time, works and plays with zestful verve, never misses a chance for a laugh and seems to have a perfectly swell time doing it. And we might close with his advice to others considering a radio career. It is:

"Get a sponsor."

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!



LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By *Lady Esther*

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It

creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

You can paste this on a penny postcard (34)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont

For the **BRIDE**,
the **Bride-to-be**,
and the **Bride of**
Yesterday—

"Here comes the Bride"... and you think of Orange Blossoms—their delicate loveliness, and subtle fragrance. In perfect keeping is Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum—feather-textured, refreshing, silky-smooth—the romantic product she will want later, too, to keep that "bridal-day-freshness" always!

DOES THIS SURPRISE YOU?

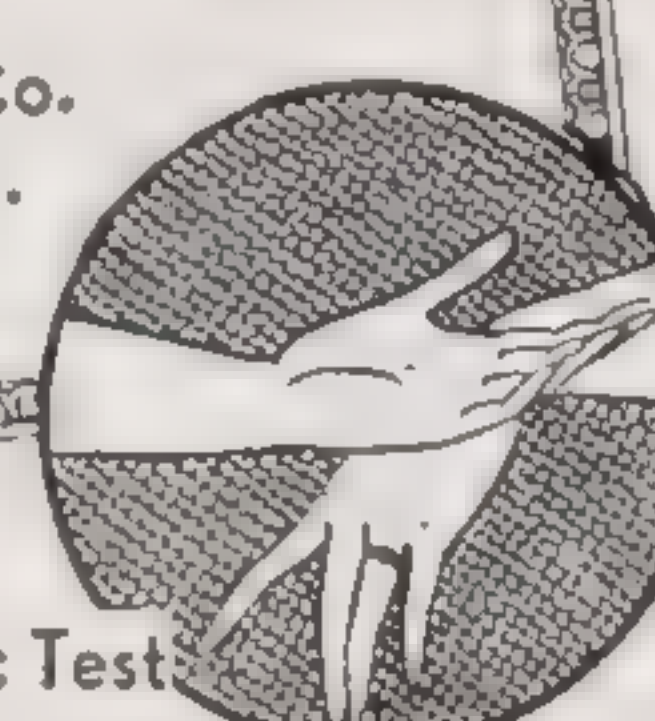
Guarantee

Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum is made from the finest and purest ingredients obtainable. Its quality compares with other brands sold at up to five times the price—for the same quantity as is contained in our ten cent package!

Bo-Kay Perfume Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.

10¢

The Superfine Talc Test

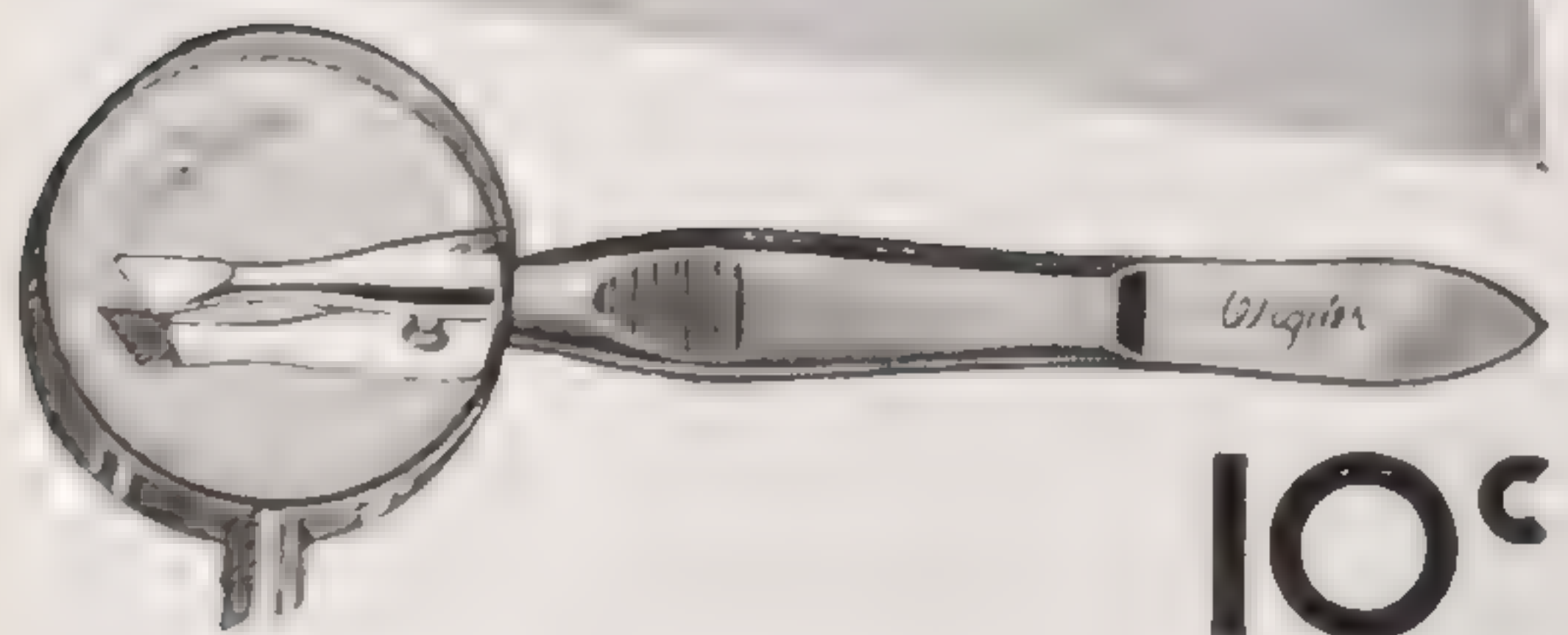


At all 10c stores, in generous sized, attractive package.

The Original
Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum

MADE IN FLORIDA

ATTENTION!
for your eyebrows



For that smart and well-groomed look... look to your eyebrows! Are your brows too heavy? "Tweeze" out the extra hairs with WIGDER Tweezers. Are they uneven? WIGDER Tweezers quickly bring them into line. These tweezers work like a charm because they're as carefully made as a fine watch. Their special Finger-Rest Grip with light, firm spring tension makes "tweezing" quick and agreeable. The jaws are "criss-crossed" to give a firm grip—hence hairs come out easily.

Wigder quality costs no more

NEW JERSEY
MAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 15)

and exhausting performance, a mob of people surge upon them and ask for autographs: When the function is well-attended, there are thousands of people present and it is unwise to do one autograph unless you are resigned to giving many of them. People are sometimes very heedless. I've been approached for an autograph while a show was in progress and the person desiring the autograph has, in full view of the audience, asked me for it. I've had to point out, as I would to a child, that to give it then would be to start a stampede by other autograph seekers and thus ruin the performance of the appearing artist. Stupid, isn't it? Yet it happens time and time again.

If I am approached by one person in the direct view of others, I usually say, quietly but firmly: "Please excuse me now from autographing; if I do one I'll have to do them all, and if I do them, I'll be here until tomorrow morning." That generally appeals to the common-sense and fair play of even the most peremptory autograph seeker and I rarely have any more trouble in that respect. When someone from the crowd around the platform requests it early in the evening, I point out quietly to that individual and those around her or him (and there are plenty of "hims" who are autograph-minded) that I am there to work and to direct and that it would be unfair to those who expect me to perform, to neglect the band and the microphone by autographing. I ask that one to wait until the evening is over and I promise them that after all the rest who have not thought about an autograph have gone from the hall, I will take on all comers.

It has happened that hundreds of people who are absent-mindedly wandering home, notice that I am giving out autographs, and, having nothing better to do, rush over and ask for it. Thus I have been kept on the stand for an hour after a hard dance job, with my feet aching from standing for hours and my eyes in need of rest and perhaps a drive of several hundreds of miles back to New York or my next destination staring me in the face. But people rarely, if ever, give thought to the feelings of artists who entertain them.

Sorry, Mr. Winchell, I've become introspective again. I didn't mean to talk about myself this way...

A short time ago, in *Readers Digest*, there appeared an article on autographs in which the price of those of departed or still-living people were listed. These autographs are for sale by firms who make it their business to sell autographs. It must be quite obvious to any student of economics that the price of any commodity, or even signature, is regulated by the law of supply and demand. That is, the fewer the specimens of that particular autograph, the higher the price. Of course, supply and demand do not regulate it alone, for

public esteem, notoriety and achievement as well as that vague something called personality, affect the price of an autograph. Here are a few quoted:

Shakespeare—\$1,000,000 and up
Mussolini—\$30
Lindbergh—\$10
Joe Louis (prize fighter)—\$2
Most U. S. Vice Presidents—\$2
U. S. Cabinet Members—\$1
Gracie Allen—\$1
Shirley Temple—20c.

As I read this article I was traveling through Texas on a summer tour. A smile came over my face as I wondered if I were listed. I turned the page and there, on the last line, it informed me that: "Rudy Vallee's autograph is only worth a dime." I was not only the lowest, but the last on the list. Therefore—Don't ask me for my autograph!

Reading Mr. Paderewski's life story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, I was struck by his account of trouble with the critics, when his fingers were infected, making it difficult for him to play. Taking to task a man suffering from an infected finger was bad enough, but one critic, a Mr. Philip Hale of Boston, objected to Mr. Paderewski's hair! Since when has it been within the province of a critic to object to one's hair? And the other critic who liked his playing, but when the policy of the paper for which he was writing changed, found it necessary to be unkind to Mr. Paderewski, what of him? I am not "hepped" on the subject of critics, because I am progressing nicely in my career, and my company and I are doing nicely despite brickbats I have received at the hands of unfriendly critics. Since the beginning of my success in 1929 I have struggled on, convinced, for the most part, that that species of man known as a CRITIC (criticus inflatorious), is not only unnecessary, but that people rarely pay attention to their opinions. And I'm not thinking of Abie's Irish Rose which ran for five years when all the critics panned it.

Let me reiterate—I'm not soured on them. I'm amused at their delusions of grandeur and the inborn sense of superiority of some of them. And the poor press agents, who hang on their every move and word, are killink me to piece-ess!

In a *Variety* column of fifteen years ago, the following item anent Jack Benny (then appearing at the Riverside Theatre) appeared: "The act went over nicely, but Benny is advised to dress better." This is amazing to me because I recall Jack's appearance in *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Hollywood Revue of 1929* (one of the first talkies made by M-G-M), in which, I thought, he was one of the best-dressed men in pictures. At least today Jack is listed as one of the five best-dressed men in America, by vote of the Tailors' Guild.

And to those people who say the public is fickle, it must come as a surprise to learn that Jack Benny has been one of the

RADIO STARS

most successful men in the entertainment world during the past ten years!

Here's a radio station in a large city, playing phonograph records, saying that all of them are "played by John MacDoe and his scintillating music," when, as a matter of fact, John MacDoe is any set of discs which the program director decides to select from the transcription service. Not content with barely mentioning the name of the real recording artist, here is a case of pure humbug!

It seems almost incredible that the California Fruit Growers' Exchange has circulated an ad in which they state that their oranges are superior to Florida oranges. There have been, especially in motor car advertisements, insinuations that the advertised car was superior to, let's say, three other more expensive makes, etc. But this is the first ad I've read where the people of one section of the country publicly and with brazen effrontery make, in advertisements, derogatory statements concerning the products of another locality. This calls for a cry of "Shame!"

We have enough state jealousy without the jealousy of whole sections of the country. It was just such a rivalry that prolonged the Civil War.

Would you like to read some of the brilliant definitions of "jazz" that have come in? Most say jazz is peppy music created for dancing, and must be "loud."

"Jazz is the negro way of playing"

"Jazz is Hell"

"Jazz is classical music gone on a spree"

"Jazz is a form of music played in in-harmonious tones"

"Jazz is popular music played in ragtime with lack of harmony"

"Jazz is music played to the unwritten note and to each individual player's interpretation of the time"

We will discuss some of these in detail in future issues of RADIO STARS.

But from the paucity of letters on the subject of jazz and its definition. I can only surmise the following:

1. That my column in this widely-read magazine is read by only a few of its readers—in other words—as a columnist, I'm a good bandleader! (Better give me the air, Mr. Editor!)
2. That the subject proved too tough, once you started to think about a word you had been using with so much assurance.
3. That you don't like to write letters unless you can criticise something one way or the other—or unless you receive something.

Here's another thought on *Fun In The Studio*: I hear broadcasts that sound as though it had been grimly agreed to put on a great big smile, to *pep it up* and to make *enthusiasm* and *good cheer*. Now, I have no quarrel with the attempts of people to carry on when they feel blue or ill or unhappy. That's the old *The Show Must Go On* tradition. But these jingoists who go off into peals of demoniacal laughter at something mildly funny or who take simple titles and thoughts to make them so important that one feels like say-

ing, in the Martha Raye tradition, "Oh Boy!"

Infectious pep and that certain magnetic something that make a dull party or show different from a lively, happy one are compounded of many factors, chief of which is the quality of the material. All the jingo selling in the world will not make a bad piece of material sound good. Then, too, the artists themselves must be people who have that certain something that distinguishes the clod from the genius.

Now even when these two ingredients are well observed there may still be lacking a certain esprit de corps. Sometimes it's the weather, other times it may be an accident in the studio that just does something to everybody, making the show a success.

But to resolve grimly to be funny or gay reminds me of people I've seen at parties, who put paper hats on their heads, blow horns and when the music becomes lively jump up, and, holding hands, sing *Ring Around The Rosy*. Meanwhile telling themselves by this ritual that they MUST have a good time. When they leave they tell their host and one another that they had a SIMPLY SWELL time, when down inside they know they didn't enjoy it at all. Getting drunk won't do it, either. I've held the heads of too many unhappy drunks who thought that they could forget by just getting tight. Troubles somehow have a way of pervading even the deepest alcoholic daze and reminding the victim that they are still with him.

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*Then Powder's Swell
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Try softening that dry, "tight" skin with a *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). Then see how beautifully your skin takes powder!

A distinguished dermatologist explains this instant softening: "A *keratolytic* cream has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells. Then the smooth, underlying

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Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for more than just holding your powder. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear.

Lady Smiley

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For protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

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8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. 9RS-VF, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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Buy a large 10¢ bottle in the green and black carton at cosmetic counters everywhere... in Drug or 5 and 10¢ stores. Get a bottle today—see how easy it is to use—how beautiful it leaves your hair!

Wave your own! Look like the stars! You can do it better, quicker and cheaper with Dr. Ellis Wave Set.

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10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

... NO RAINBOW CHASING FOR FRANK

(Continued from page 39)

and said: "We may as well go around, for laughs, and see what happens."

Though it was obviously a case of mistaken identity, the two boys walked around to the theatre. It was summer, and the huge baggage doors on the stage were open to the street. Hesitantly, they stood looking in, Frank with a youth's natural curiosity about the backstage world. He hadn't the faintest notion of seeing the stage manager for the proffered job—when the agent who had greeted him happened by, saw him there, gave him another effusive "hello" and took him to the dance director.

Before you could say "J. J. Shubert," he was hired as a chorus boy for *Little Nellie Kelly*. "It was all for laughs," Frank says. "Just a big picnic for me. I wasn't a dancer, but I managed to get by, because most of us youngsters had learned a little waltz clog—it was during the Pat Rooney imitation period—and a little rough buck. So I danced and had a lot of fun doing it."

"I worked in several shows: *No Other Girl*, *Marjorie* and *No, No Nanette*. I wasn't a very smart picker though. When *No Other Girl* came along, I was also offered a job in *Rose Marie*. It didn't sound so good to me, and I turned it down in favor of the other show. So *Rose Marie* ran five years, and my show closed in nine weeks!

"I got minor parts, after awhile, and one day a director heard me singing and offered me a small singing part. That was with the late Evelyn Hoey in the *Greenwich Village Follies*."

"You mean," I asked, "you didn't particularly strive for a singing part?"

"No—I liked to sing. It's always been natural with me. But until then I figured my being in show business was a big picnic, and I'd stay in until they got wise to me."

"I wanted to travel, too. But practically every show I got into stayed in New York." This, when thousands of actors, spending years on the road or in the sticks, long for a chance at a Broadway show. But Frank Parker wasn't a spoiled youngster—it was more the normal impulse of a young fellow to get around and see the world. It didn't seem possible to him that anyone took his work in the theatre seriously; more of a lark than anything else. And some very fine work in many fields has been done that way. Frank did all right.

He got into radio the same sort of way. A friend was taken suddenly ill and asked Frank to substitute for him. Blithely, as a friendly gesture, Frank did, and his first radio appearance was singing opposite Hope Hampton. He's never been off the air since for more than three weeks, never on a sustaining program, and—this alone should make his claim to fame secure—never had a theme song!

The *La Palina* program was his first big commercial and his five years with the *A & P Gypsies* won him a legion of radio admirers. Two years on the Jack Benny program left him firmly cemented as a radio personality as well as a singer with a remarkably attractive voice.

He's a quiet, amiable young man, un-

deniably good-looking and with no signs of that inflated ego that feminine adulation so frequently brings. Women like Frank Parker's voice, and I am reliably informed that women like Frank Parker. He's boyish enough to appeal to the maternal type; handsome enough to palpitate the hearts of the youngsters and his voice carries a romantic appeal to most other feminine classifications I may have missed. You might expect such a young man to be a bit bored with women, but Parker's attitude is remarkably normal. He likes girls; goes around with them, but hasn't any particular plans about getting married.

"Nobody," he says, "wants to marry me." Which is to be taken with a small barrel of salt, in case it gives any feminine reader ideas. What he really means is that he's young, working hard, making money and having fun and sees no reason for attempting to alter such a satisfactory status, for which no one can reasonably blame him. He's been in love—innumerable times, by his own admission. But apparently never drastically enough to "take." So, as in his work, he takes what life sends him and manages to be well content. And incidentally, if I've given the impression that Frank Parker doesn't take his work seriously, let me hasten to correct it.

Metaphysicians have said that there is such a thing as striving *too* hard for something; that a too tight "mental grip" on an idea or ambition sometimes makes it more difficult of achievement than merely trusting to fate and a reasonable application to the desire; putting it roughly. And there's the other angle, too, without bringing in metaphysics: Many persons strive fiercely for something, only to find, too late, that they are better equipped for a different line of endeavor. Well—Frank Parker had his first experiences with the entertainment world when he was still young enough to have no well-formed ideas about his future. He was fortunate in that there was no economic necessity behind his career—he had a home with his folks, and was able to pick and choose a bit when jobs were offered. And being relieved of the necessity for taking any sort of job to keep alive,



A comedian takes his ease! Jack Oakie, of Oakie's College, at home.



(Left to right) Parkyakarkus, Betty Grable and Joe Penner, in RKO-Radio's *New Faces of 1937*.

means a great deal in show business. Frank, himself, admits that that helped his career, enabling him to avoid the wrong sort of engagements that might have got him nowhere, or definitely injured his chances.

But when he saw that singing was to be his life work, he made the most of it. After his first engagement as a dancer, he spent his spare time picking up tap routines to make himself competent. And when he had been singing on the air awhile, he studied voice—again to make the most of it—to the extent of a few months in Italy and many lessons with American teachers. It hasn't been just a question of lying back, waiting for success to drop in his lap.

There's another story current about Frank Parker that illustrates his philosophy of "be ready"—as well as a sidelight on his character. He received, at one time, many letters from a young man who insisted that he could sing better than Parker—if he only had a chance. Finally he became abusive, and wrote that Parker *owed* him a chance. Nothing daunted, Frank wrote back that he would absent himself from the following Tuesday's show and allow the unknown prodigy to take his place, telling him to report to rehearsal at ten o'clock. And nonchalantly, Parker didn't go to the rehearsal.

At ten, frantic calls brought Frank to the studio. The Unknown Tenor hadn't shown up. An hour and a half later, while the rehearsal was on, the door slowly opened and a very scared, slim young man appeared, on shaking legs, and asked for Frank Parker.

"Oh—there you are," Frank greeted him. "We were waiting for you."

"I j-j-just came to apologize, Mr. Parker," the chap said. "I—I couldn't do it." And he scuttled out.

"If that fellow had been ready," Frank says, "he would have had his chance. But he wasn't."

Frank is five-feet-ten inches tall; his hair is dark, his eyes gray and his slow smile shows very nice teeth. He's fond of spaghetti, swimming, dancing, polo and singing. He sings as he likes, with no conscious effort for any special effect; it's a natural form of expression with him, which may be one reason why listeners find his voice so attractive.

"It's the only thing I can do," he said. "My chances in the theatre and in radio just happened to me. But if I hadn't had them, I don't know what else I might have done. Singing is the only thing I know."

I should say he's doing all right.

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Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

★ Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a \$1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found

that CLOPAY 15c shades *wear* as well as cloth shades. Now they *look* as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice. See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1234 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O.

New Process ***Lintone* CLOPAY 15¢**
WINDOW SHADE

CONFIDENTIAL FACTS OF THE RUBINOFF CASE!

(Continued from page 25)

For the first few days of the trial, Dave stayed away. He had a cold. When he did show up he was jittery and most unhappy.

In court for the first time, a reporter offered him a cigarette. Rubinoff fumbled, dropped it, and gave up in despair, saying: "I can't smoke. I can't do anything. I just keep wondering if the people who listen to me over the radio actually believe all those things I'm being accused of at this trial."

At about this point Peggy's lawyer pulled a real tear-jerker. He told about Peggy's marriage of a short time before. After her sad experience with Rubinoff, it seems, she met a fine young man who loved her and begged for her hand in marriage. She married him. For five months they lived in bliss in their little Manhattan love nest. Then, one day, he found out about Rubinoff! His Peggy had known another man! Peggy tried to explain. But her young husband—so ardent, so loving, just a few hours before—was mad with jealousy and shame. He would not even listen to her. He beat her up, leaving her with a broken nose and a broken heart.

Peggy wept softly while her lawyer told this story. She wouldn't reveal the name of the disillusioned young husband, however. Hadn't she caused him enough sorrow already? He must be left out of it.

Peggy's lawyer turned to the jury and

cried: "Gentlemen, she *deserves* half a million dollars!"

It looked bad for Rubinoff!

But even at that moment, aid was coming to the violinist. Aid from old Virginny.

For Peggy's case to stand up at all, of course, she had to swear that Rubinoff was the first man she had known intimately.

Now, up from Virginia, came word that Peggy had run off from home, when she was nothing but a kid, and married a boy named Tom Guinan.

At first Peggy contended it was her cousin—a girl also named Pauline Taylor—who had married Tom. But, under the pressure of cross examination, faced with witnesses, she finally broke down and admitted the early marriage was a fact.

According to Peggy, it was one of those child marriages you've been reading so much about lately. Her mother-in-law had rescued her from the bridegroom immediately after the ceremony. Peggy had been sent back home, her marriage never consummated. And somewhere along the line there must be a record of an annulment.

Peggy and her lawyer were given time off to run down to Virginia and look for the record. They couldn't find it. Their Virginia trip ended in a fiasco and they were obliged to return to New York without the proof of annulment.

Back in New York, Peggy was without the important annulment document. But

she had her father. A man of the hills, tall, lank and bewildered, he had left his job as a water carrier on a WPA project, and come up to help his little girl.

Pappy wasn't much help, actually. But he lent a lot of color and interest to the trial. He did swear to his daughter's innocence, and to the unfulfillment of her child-marriage. But he couldn't remember dates very well. After all, Peggy was his eighth child, and it was a little hard to keep them straight. At one point, according to reporters, Pappy unwound his long, lean frame, shifted to his feet, and said in disgust: "I shoulda brought my shotgun!"

As a matter of fact, it began to seem that Pappy's presence, along with the touching story of the child-marriage, might heighten sympathy and strengthen Peggy's cause.

Just then, however, another surprise was sprung! Peggy's second husband—the disillusioned young man whose name she wouldn't divulge—was brought into court.

He was Michael LaRocco. He was a tombstone salesman.

Michael was highly indignant about Peggy's story that he had beat her up over the Rubinoff affair. Said he: "It's a lie. The only time I ever socked her was when she took my car, when I was out of town, and got a couple of tickets."

LaRocco then went on to say that Peggy had been a big disappointment to him, anyhow. In the first place, Peggy kept

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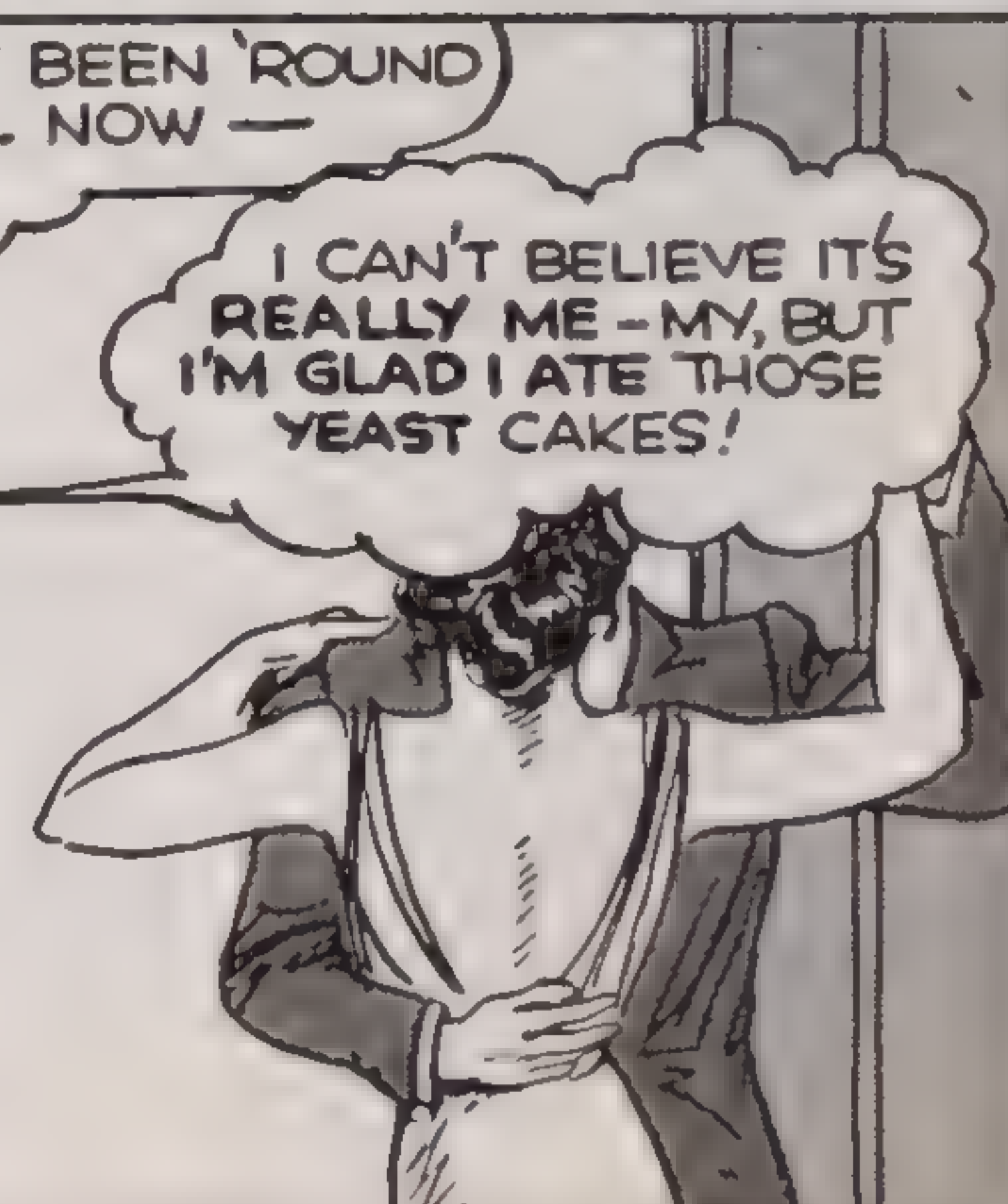


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**4
WEEKS
LATER**

LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK



begging him to buy her a piano. Which he finally did. "Then," says he "I find out she can't even play!"

Right on top of that disappointment, said LaRocco: "I want da beautiful blue-eyed baby, but I find out she couldn't have any children."

Listeners were particularly interested in this comment, because Peggy had blushinglly contended earlier that Rubinoff's love for her cooled rapidly when she told him that she was going to become a mother.

The case was getting pretty complicated—now, what with Pappy, the tombstone salesman, and the child-marriage—and the judge had to rap more often for order.

It was because Peggy's first marriage—down in Virginia—was established as a fact and no annulment was ever found, that the judge finally directed the discontinuance of the case. New York tabloids carried headlines in tall letters: "*RUBIN-OFF WINS!*"

It was all over for Dave.

But not for Peggy.

A worried little woman, with three small children, came into the courtroom to say that Michael LaRocco was her husband, and had been for several years. Then came the arrest of Mike and Peggy on a bigamy charge. Both were tossed into jail.

In jail, Peggy wept because they wouldn't let her pretty herself up, and because the food was so terrible, and wondered why her friends didn't bail her out. With plenty of time on her hands, she thought over the whole case and was quoted as having made this comment on it:

"We done it the wrong way. A lot of heels gave me some wrong advice." It



Joe Penner as a hot dog vender!

seems she decided she shouldn't have sued for breach of promise. She should have charged that Rubinoff attacked her under promise of a career.

Friends say Rubinoff isn't worried.

As a matter of fact, Dave Rubinoff would have preferred that the case hadn't ended so—that instead of being allowed to be discontinued by the judge, it had actually gone to the jury, and twelve of his peers had pronounced him: "*Not guilty.*"

There is no man on Broadway who would have hated a case like this more than Rubinoff did. Sensitive, highly-strung, passionately fond of music and all beauty, the sordidness of the case was unbearable to him. He's never denied that he likes lovely girls. Around Broadway they tease him because he wants to be seen with gorgeous beauties. Friends say he has a whole desk full of girls' pictures.

Naturally, there are occasional rumors of

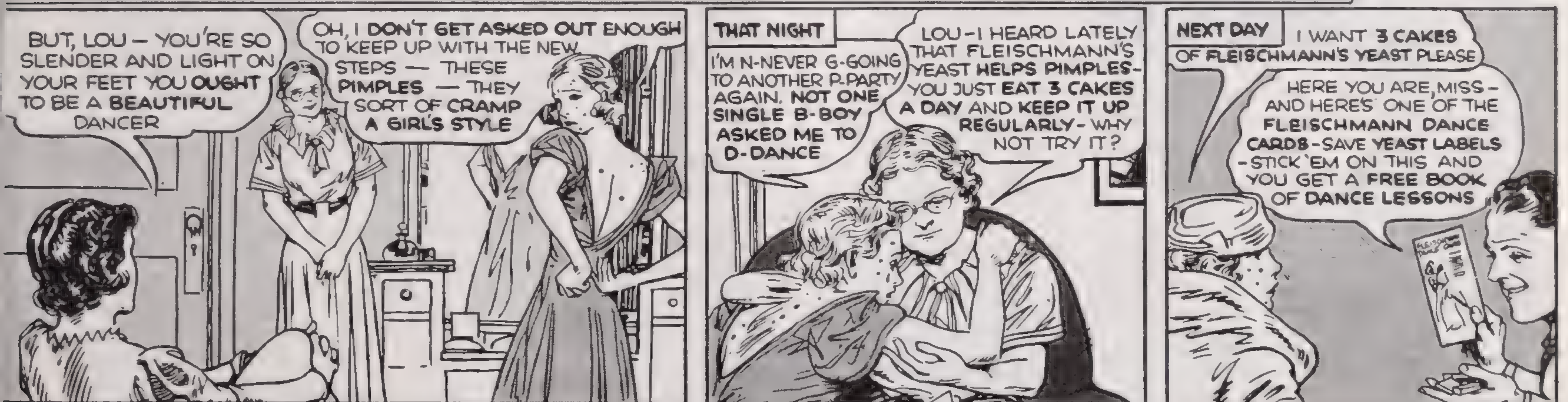
his being engaged or married—unfounded rumors which always distress him. He has been married twice. His first wife, whom he adored and with whom he was very happy, died. His second wife left him when they decided that they were temperamentally unsuited. When it is recalled that he was sued by her for not keeping an agreement to give her a quarter of his income, it must be remembered that in the two years after it is claimed that he made that promise, Dave's income leaped from a modest sum to something like a hundred and thirty thousand a year. He reached an agreement with her, quietly, out of court. It is an ironic note that while he was in the courtroom on Peggy's charges, his ex-wife, Blanche Moreland, was tossed into jail in Chicago on a careless driving charge.

Those who know Rubinoff well say that if he ever felt a girl had an honest claim on him or needed his help, he would be prompt in aiding her. Certainly he has the reputation for being one of the most generous men on Broadway. It's a well known fact that during the depression Dave came home nearly every night with three or four unemployed musicians he had picked up and brought home for dinner. His cook was exasperated, until she got the idea of just regularly preparing a meal for four extra people.

And a few years ago, when Dave sent his family back to Russia on a visit, the only request he made was: "Be sure and look up my old music teacher. If he is in need, let me know." The old musician is now fixed for life, thanks to Rubinoff.

It's rather hard to imagine a man with a heart like that letting a pretty girl suffer!

to Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! *WIN POPULARITY!*



GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

Don't wait another day! Start right now to save yeast labels for the wonderful book of 20 dance lessons by Arthur Murray!

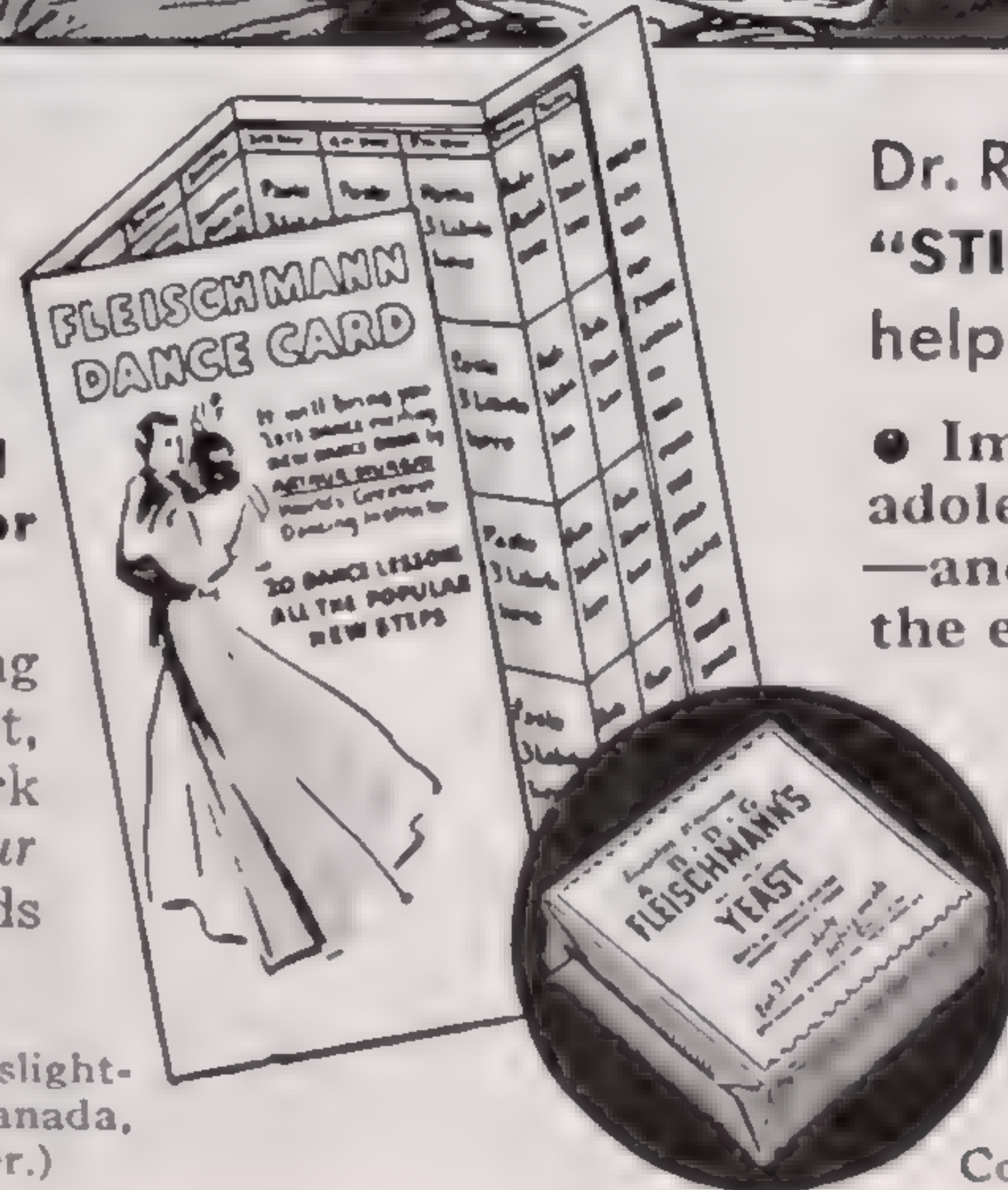
This book is *not* for sale. The only way to get a copy is with Fleischmann Yeast labels.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily* for 27 days. Save the label from each cake. Paste these on the *free* Fleischmann Dance Card you can get from your grocer. Send it in.

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Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)



Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: "**STICK TO IT, and Fleischmann's Yeast will help to correct ADOLESCENT PIMPLES.**"

● Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.

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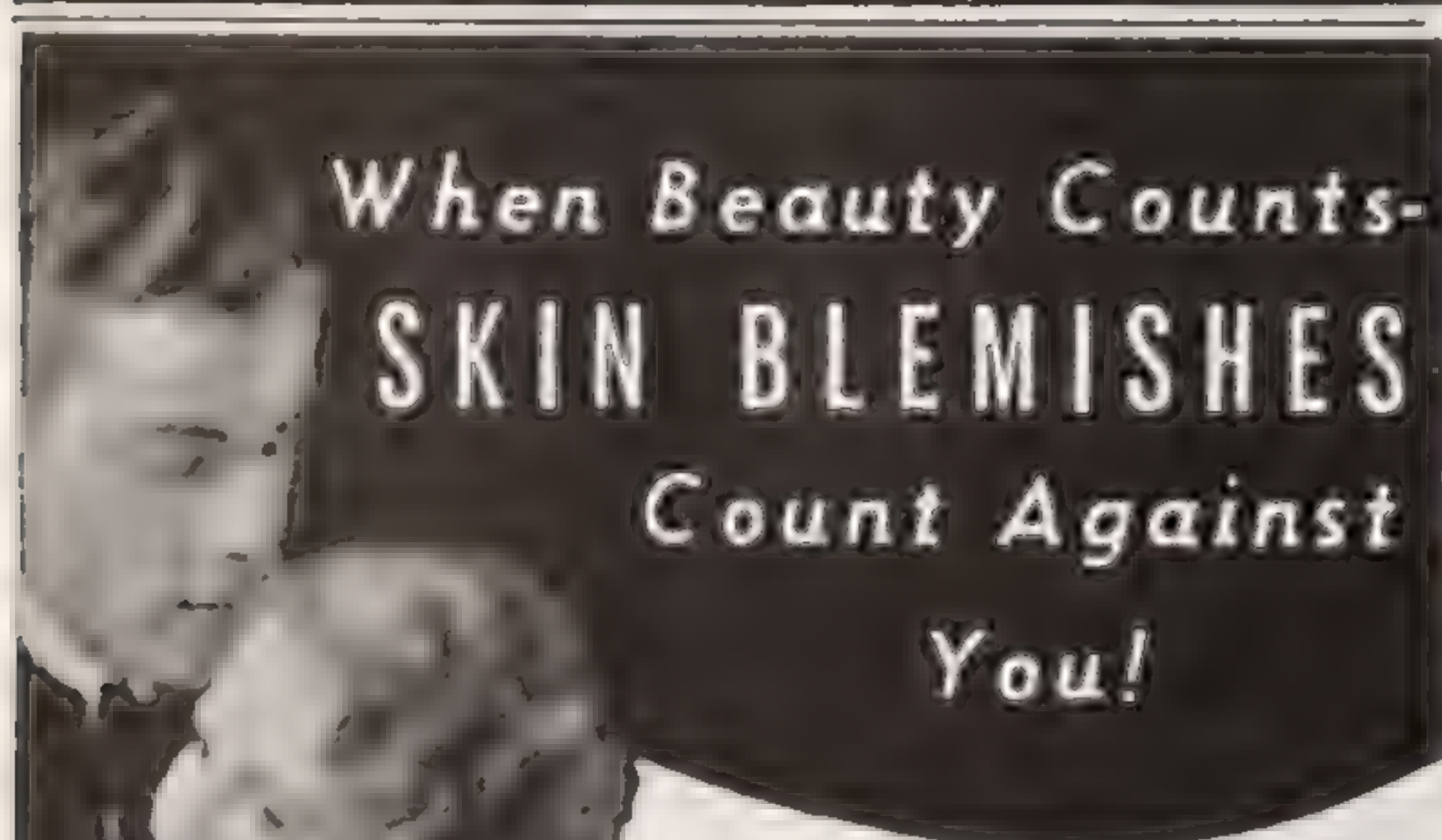
(Continued from page 11)



Unwanted Hairs Wash Off with simple application

Nothing kills romance so quickly as hair on a woman's arms or legs. Now there is an easy way to remove this hair—without shaving. Simply use NEET, an exquisite toilet accessory that leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a petal.

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The lift given Kemp's band by Waring didn't last for long. When their Strand post expired, the orchestra took to the road again, making another series of one-night stands. "And starved, too!" Kemp grins.

It was during this period that Kemp's Orchestra made its first recording, and the royalties which dribbled in were a lifesaver during the dark days of those discouraging barnstorming jaunts. The title of the record was *Little Girl, Little Boy, Little Moon*. Neither Hal nor those members of the band who are still with him ever will forget that record!

Kemp's Orchestra put in three winters at the Hotel Manger, now the Taft, and then tried the Greenwich Village section, opening at the Daffydill Club in the fall of 1930. Don Dickerman and Rudy Vallee also were interested in this venture with Kemp, but the fall of '30 was a tough time to start anything in the entertainment field, for the crash of the preceding year was just beginning to be felt. A total loss of \$45,000 was incurred before the project folded.

Kemp's perigrinations now carried him to the Coral Gables Country Club, on the outskirts of Miami. It was here that the band developed the definite style which still distinguishes its playing. The musical tricks developed by the band helped identify it among the hundreds of other orchestras which were patrolling the same beat.

A glissando saxophone was the start. Kemp then made some close four-part harmony arrangements, plus a fast moving, staccato brass, eight measures of one-sixteenth notes. The trumpet was introduced for "sweet" choruses. A piano solo, two octaves apart, was another feature. In the course of experimenting, a new effect was introduced by cutting holes in the sides of a large megaphone and playing the clarinet through it.

Last, but not least, there was the singing of Skinny Ennis. His singing was definitely "different" and that, plus the fact that Kemp interpolated each new twist into his arrangements, gave the orchestra a trademark that couldn't be copied.

From Florida, Kemp's trail again twisted west. Finally the Music Corporation of America sent him into the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago, after a series of travels which had carried him through the metropolis of the South and Middle West, and even through Europe—Paris, London and Ostend.

It was now the summer of 1932 and Hal and the boys were still waiting for the big break. The Trianon was the first step in that direction, although they didn't know it at the time. Otto Roth, manager of the Blackhawk Café, booked them in there. The Blackhawk engagement also gave Kemp a shot at radio broadcasting and they played on Station WGN four or five times a night, every night in the week.

"That was our 'break' right there," declared Kemp. "WGN was the big station

of that territory. By now we had perfected our little musical tricks so that we made our type of playing familiar through that section. And every time those who had heard us on the air popped into Chicago for a visit, they headed right to the Blackhawk.

"The next summer, *A Century of Progress* opened in Chicago and we were made. The Blackhawk drew more than its share of the visitors and we set a record there that still stands.

"By now, too, our popularity with collegians was beginning to pay definite dividends. A poll of the Big Ten colleges was won by our band. We landed first place in the voting in nine of the ten schools. Being selected as the favorite band of the Big Ten led directly to several commercial programs. We were on *Lucky Strike's 'Magic Carpet'*, the *Pennsoil Parade*, *Quaker Oats'* mid-Western program and had a shot at the *Lady Esther* program when Wayne King went on vacation.

"Encouraged by this success, we took to the road in the fall of 1934, after the Fair closed in Chicago. And what a different story it was this time! We broke records in several places, and every record we broke had been established either by Wayne King or Guy Lombardo!"

Kemp's orchestra finally came home to roost at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York and the Penn promptly became a gathering place for Eastern collegians on their New York holidays. Because of their popularity with the undergraduates, Kemp's band broke all records—nightly, weekly and monthly—at the Pennsylvania.

The *Gulf Gas* program, which featured Phil Baker, finally landed Kemp's Orchestra to provide a musical background for the comedian. The fact that his band didn't get enough opportunities to strut its stuff on this program finally led to a switch, and Hal and the boys now are on the *Chesterfield Hour* on the CBS system, along with Kay Thompson and *The Rhythm Singers*.

At present, Kemp is playing at no hotel grill or night club, because he finds it far more profitable to play at college proms. Few colleges in the East, West or South have missed Hal at their proms. One of the notable exceptions is Dartmouth, tucked away in the hills of New Hampshire, which repeatedly has tried to get Kemp's Orchestra for its famed winter carnival, but conflicting engagements have prevented him from getting there.

Kemp listed from memory over three dozen colleges at which he has played. If you're interested, here they are: East—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Colgate, Syracuse, Lehigh, Penn State, Rutgers, Navy, Georgetown, Johns Hopkins and also Vassar and Lawrenceville Prep. West—Notre Dame, Ohio State, Ohio University, Michigan, Purdue, Wisconsin, Iowa, Iowa State, Indiana, St. Louis University. South—University of North Carolina, North Carolina State,

Washington and Lee, Virginia Military, Duke, Wake Forest, Georgia Tech, Clemson and Sweetbriar, the latter a girls' school. In the Southwest, he played at Texas and Southern Methodist.

Although Hal sometimes sighs over the ill-fated barnstorming trips he made, he never regrets his venture into the Southwest, for, at the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, he received \$5,000 for playing at the debut of a Miss Betsy Slaughter. The point of the story is that just two months later Miss Betsy Slaughter became Mrs. Hal Kemp.

Hal was born in Marion, Alabama, on March 27th, 1905. His family moved later to Charlotte, North Carolina, and it was there he went to high school and finally to the university at Chapel Hill. Young Master Kemp was performing acrobatic didoes on the piano before he was six years old. At that age he started violin lessons.

His Charlotte playmates didn't think much of a kid who tucked a violin under his chin, and rather than be called a sissy, Hal switched to a cornet. The present of a trumpet from his father furthered his musical bent and he was taking clarinet lessons at twelve. From there, Hal went right on down the line, with horns, reeds and drums. Of them all, he confesses, he liked the clarinet best.

Hal formed his first band while at Charlotte High School. It was known as *The Merry-makers*. He entered the University in 1922 and had a band known as the *Carolina Club Orchestra*. In the summer of his sophomore year, he won a contest for college bands and his team won a trip to England, to play at the Piccadilly, in London. He played a while under the guidance of Paul Specht, who had booked the band into London, but soon returned to school.

The restless Kemp couldn't keep away from music, however, and while still in school organized a band which he called *Hal Kemp's Orchestra*. That was in 1925 and the band still retains that name and furthermore, five of the original members are still with it. In addition to the redoubtable Skinny Ennis, the others are Ben Williams, Saxie Dowell and Bob Allen. The fifth survivor, of course, is Hal himself.

Originally, Kemp wanted to study concert music but he was sidetracked into jazz while in high school. Hal is studying symphony music conducting now and is crazy over it, never missing a philharmonic concert when his schedule permits. He has a library of concert records and musical scores for them.

It is doubtful, however, if symphony conducting will ever be more than a hobby to the unpretentious, gangling Kemp. After all, his orchestra is still the *No. 1* band, according to *Variety's* most recent poll of the colleges, and Hal hardly will forget his collegiate following, the thrill of that tremendous ovation at Penn State, the way the Big Ten flocked to his bandwagon during his stay at the Blackhawk, the Pennsylvania grill in New York packed nightly with Eastern collegians, or the personal kick he gets out of playing at various college proms. He's king of *rah-rah* rhythm and the concert music will have to remain merely a diversion, instead of a profession.



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FIFTEEN WASN'T TOO EARLY FOR LOUISE—

(Continued from page 33)

and that was loads of fun.

"So you see, those first few years, when bad things might have happened, I never had a chance to get bored—"

You see another reason for the success of the marriage when you meet Milt Mabie. He is one of those men who, you feel, must have been just as kind, and funny, and good-humored and easy-going as he is now, from the time he was out of knickerbockers. And big! He's even a little taller and broader than the Massey men, and they begin at six feet.

That's just a sample of the way he fits into the family—and it's a very close-knit and affectionate family.

At home on the Massey ranch in Roswell, New Mexico, in Lincoln County, everybody sang and played some one or two instruments, and they did it together.

Naturally, the older ones of the seven brothers had married and moved away from home on to neighboring Massey ranches to set up for themselves, so it was the three youngest of the tribe who played and sang most together. Allen, long and lean and a little quiet, plays the guitar and banjo. Louise plays the piano and sings. Dott, the moustached, six-foot baby of the family, plays the violin, trumpet, piano and guitar. Their father, Henry Massey, taught them a lot of their songs and sang with them. So when Milt Mabie came back from school, with a bass viol and a nice tenor voice—and then married Louise—he was an easy addition to the ensemble.

It was an old friend of Henry Massey's who started the youngsters off on a professional career. Charles Horner was the head of a Conservatory of Music in Kansas City. When he came to visit the Massey ranch near Roswell, of course, he heard the youngsters sing and play. To say he was pleased is to put it mildly. And he also saw the entertainment possibilities in the group. Chautauqua was still strong in that part of the country, as well as in the Middle West and Canada. Charles Horner booked the singing Masseys for a season of Chautauqua.

And being the sort of Americans who move about freely and as the spirit moves them, they went in great glee—father Henry going along as basso and chaperon.

They were so successful with their fellow-Americans, including Canadians, that they continued to appear in Chautauqua and on vaudeville circuits until 1928. In between times they went home to the ranch, or to Kansas City to study in Mr. Horner's Conservatory.

Then they began to appear on the air, over a local Kansas City station. Meantime, Henry Massey got homesick for the ranch, and decided they'd have to get along without him, now that they were all old enough to know what they were doing.

Just in the nick of time, they met Larry Wellington, a Californian, who sings bass, plays the accordion and fits

into the group almost like one of the family. He was free at the time, and they signed him on.

Presently they went to Chicago, as a feature of the *National Barn Dance* program, and were there until 1934, when Ed Wolfe, their present manager, heard them and persuaded them to come to New York. Almost immediately they went on the *Show Boat* program, and stayed there until October, 1935, when they joined the *Log Cabin Dude Ranch*.

It's purely a coincidence—and one to which nobody, not even the script writer, seems to pay any attention—that the scene of the sketch for which *The Westerners* furnish theme song, incidental music and final songs, is laid in the county in New Mexico in which they all grew up. If the writer is as Easterner, it probably seems to him that Billy The Kid must be a purely mythical character out of the far-distant past. Yet *The Westerners*, since they were children, have listened to stories of Billy The Kid from men who knew him. They have ridden their ponies up into the hills where The Kid hid out; they know his country.

"That cave they were talkin' about tonight, Dott," Milt Mabie will say, "that's right up behind old man So-an-so's place. No, that one you're thinkin' of is the one where he went when he broke out of jail."

And Dott Massey's pretty, fragile-looking little wife will tell you a story about a maid of theirs who, as a little girl, carried coffee and doughnuts to The Kid every day he was in jail, and was proud and embarrassed when the outlaw, later, asked her for a dance. (She was embarrassed, Dott will explain, because The Kid swung her so wide and handsomely that her full skirts billowed up about her knees while the admiring crowd laughed and applauded.)

They're all full of stories about New Mexico, because that's home, and they love it. Louise Massey and *The Westerners* sing real cowboy songs—sing them as if they loved them. And they do love them, too.

Every year their vacation is spent on the ranch down in New Mexico, getting back the feel of the desert sun and stars and the way voices sound in the prairie night.

Here in New York, they live a pretty free-and-easy, countrified life.

"We're all married, you know," Louise Massey tells you, "and we all live in and around Great Neck, Long Island. Larry Wellington, too. We're pretty clannish, I guess, and we do everything together. Of course, with that many of us right there, if anybody wants to go swimming, or riding, or on a week-end up to Connecticut or the beach, it only takes a few minutes to get a party together."

"We have a good time. We all love to ride, and we're crazy about music, so that, even beside the three hours or so a day we practice, we play music just for fun."



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"But by the time vacation time comes, we're all ready to get back home!

"Then, some night, they'll get up a big barbecue, and everybody'll come, from all around. All the family and neighbors. And new cowboys will have ridden in, during the year, from Utah and Arizona and Texas, so we'll learn new songs, and new verses to old ones, according to the way the story was supposed to have happened in their part of the country. They're not shy at all, but eager to sing us the songs, and have us sing them with them, because we belong, and always have, and they know us all and all our family."

Listening to them sing over the radio, people all over the land get that deep, quiet feeling of ballad songs sung in fire-light and starlight, with drowsy cattle and grazing horses moving softly in the darkness. The bulk of their considerable mail comes from people who say: "Your songs remind me—" of places they have been, and of things that have happened, or of places they have wanted all their lives to go to. The biggest proportion of it comes from the Middle West: Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa, states where the old pioneer restlessness still lies close to the surface, and where there is a sort of dim race memory of songs sung around frontier campfires. Pennsylvania and the states farther east follow; then the West Coast. They get very little mail from New Mexico and Texas, because, for one reason, as Louise Massey says:

"There are an awful lot of Masseys down there, and pretty nearly everybody knows us and has heard us, so they just never think to write us fan letters—just like you wouldn't write a fan letter to one of the family who had done some everyday thing."

There's another kind of letter that sometimes creeps into the mail of *The Westerners*, and, looking at Louise Massey, you can't wonder, for she's not only good looking, but magnetically attractive. Of course, everybody in the radio and entertainment business knows she's married, but sometimes in her audiences there are people who don't know, or are too smitten to care.

"To those," she says, "we always answer as kindly as we can, but we don't leave 'em in any doubt about how I feel. I just say that my husband and I are glad they enjoyed our songs, and hope they'll continue to listen, and so on, and pay no attention to whatever love-making they may have tried to do."

"It's the same way when we're out on the road. We almost always have our dressing-rooms on the same floor. It used to be that I'd see anybody who wanted to come in and talk to me, but I got stuck for hours, sometimes, so now the boys answer all my calls, even on the telephone."

One can imagine that it's a little discouraging to a chap who comes calling at the stage door, with love in his eyes for Louise Massey, to be met by a large, pleasant gentleman who says: "Why, how do you do. I'm Miss Massey's husband. Do come in and visit with us."

"Once, this telephone protection was bad. Some man called up, and one of the boys whispered his name to me. I couldn't remember ever having heard it before, so Allen, or Larry, or whoever it was, said



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The popular Canova trio, Judy, Annie and Zeke. Judy (right) has just signed a contract with Paramount Pictures, and is now in Hollywood, where she will make a picture with Jack Benny.

Miss Massey wasn't in. When the man finally got to see me, he was wild. He was my insurance man, and I'd known him for years! I had a policy that was about to lapse, and he couldn't get near me to tell me about it, just because, for some reason, I couldn't remember his name!"

In answer to a question about why the songs of *The Westerners*, as they come over the air, sound so different from the somewhat strident, nasal rendition of cowboy songs one sometimes hears, Miss Massey said thoughtfully:

"A lot of it does sound harsh, that way you say, because it's not real. The *Ranch Boys* don't sound that way, though—I listen to them whenever I can. And real cowboys don't holler when they sing. The music is soft-like—a kind of wail, that's what it is. Of course, once in a while, a cowboy will have a voice that isn't very good, or there'll be one that likes to sing loud. But they don't have to make a lot of noise, because it's so still—and there's something about the stillness that makes you want to sing soft . . ."

You, and thousands of other people who are fans of *The Westerners*, can feel that very well as you listen to them sing—the wailing voices blended, softened by an immense silence that reaches to the stars and is stirred only by the whisper of the campfire and the guitar-accompanied song.

And it's that immense, still, historic country that Louise Massey plans to go back to, when she and *The Westerners* have had enough of the East and of radio.

Right now, they're having a grand time. Louise has a marvelous good time with her tall, fourteen-year old daughter, who, she says, rides like a little Indian, and who will sing and play the piano as well as her handsome young mother. But in a very few years, Jo, the girl, will be away at school, and after that, her mother realizes—as only she could—that her daughter's life will be her own to live.

Right now, too, they're all excited about the prospect of making a movie, possibly in color, on the West Coast. They've made

two shorts, here in the East, and had such fun doing it that they're eager to try again.

There are lots of things to do, lots of new things to be tried, but in the end:

"I want to build me a house down there—my father has given us some land—one of those *adobe* houses, you know, like they make down there out of big blocks of baked clay, all whitewashed. I'll have me a lot of rooms, and a lot of little porches, all sprangling out. In a house like that, the things the Mexicans make, and the Muscolari Indians, look so pretty—the bright colored rugs and hangings and pottery, and heavy wooden furniture.

"I'll have us a piano, and a few horses—just enough for the family—and I want to have a cactus garden. There are more kinds of cactuses . . .

"I'll grow me a patch of alfalfa to make a little money—one section of my land is under irrigation, and grows alfalfa fine." (There spoke the practical woman of ranch affairs, to whom a section of land is a "patch.")

"And when you're in New Mexico, you know, you're not very far from California—only about a day and a half. I know right well that after I'd been down there for about six months, I'd start getting my old itching feet again, and have to go off somewhere. But I could go to California, or Honolulu. And after I'd been traveling around for about a month, I'd be ready to go back and stay for another good while."

And there you have a picture of the future—a rambling *adobe* heaven in the sun. But somehow it's impossible to have any feeling of grudging it to Louise Massey, because she's one of those people who know the proper use to make of heaven. And you feel, too, that whatever success and happiness come to her will be taken in her stride, because no matter how much people spoil her, she never will be spoiled. It would be impossible to spoil the straightforwardness of the sun, the impulsiveness of the wind, the solid worth of the earth itself.

WHO STARTED THE FEUD?

(Continued from page 21)

booking in Chicago, at \$5,000 a week with Winchell, \$6,000 without him."

"It went over big. And that was the beginning, the inception, the birth of the feud. I blessed-vented it. I am its papa!"

Five minutes later the Old Maestro joined me. He said, after Walter had departed to write his lead for his column: "I started the feud—yowsah. I was playing, back in 1931, at the College Inn in Chicago. I heard Walter's broadcast. Thought I'd have some fun with him. So I sent him a wire, saying: 'You were marvelous on the air. Can offer you \$5,000 a week with Duchin's orchestra, \$6,000 for orchestra alone.' That was the first crack. I made it. Yowsah."

I said "Yowsah," too. I would have given a great deal to have tipped Walter off to the scoop I had just got. Exclusive! Each boy, unbeknown to the other, claiming credit for the birth of the feud!

It is mystifying, this feud. Even after talking, for several hours, to both feudists I still am not sure. Can such feuds, of such long standing, so studded with sarcasm and drenched in gall, be just fun, publicity, gags? Or is there an underlying motivation of animosity, perhaps in the subconscious of the feudists? All I can do is to present you with the evidence, as presented by the chief contenders, and let you draw your own conclusions. For certainly the tangled threads of animosity, cracks, kidding, socks, ironies, sarcasms as brutal as mud in your eye, cloud the issue, shroud what may be in the hearts of the two men, so like in origin, so unlike in person.

Both were poor boys. Neither had much schooling. Each—and here they are, for the first and only time, in agreement—each claims to have learned most of all he knows from *FPA's* column in the early days.

Bernie, oddly enough, started out in life as a wisecracker, a potential columnist. He was a toy salesman in the basement of a big department store. And his selling "line," his sales talk, was so packed with merry quips and apt verbiage that he attracted the attention of a vaudeville scout who got him a tryout on an amateur night.

Walter, on the other hand, grew up with the ambition to be a song-and-dance man and might, logically enough, have become an orchestra leader, if not a Fred Astaire. He left school when he was in the 6B grade, headed straight for the theatre and got a job singing in a run-down neighborhood "palace." He joined a trio known as the *Three Little Boys With the Big Voices*. Other members of the trio were George Jessel and Eddie Cantor. And never let it be said that the boy is not father to the man. For they are still "Three Little Boys With Big Voices." Very big!

Both Bernie and Walter are family men, devoted husbands and fathers, home-loving. Bernie's only child, only son, Jason, now a young man, is always with him. Walter said: "I never go anywhere without my family." (His wife and young son and daughter.) Bernie has two homes, both

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The shoe on the left was cleaned with a "cover-over" type of cleaner—literally "painting" over dirt and stains instead of removing them. Note the cracked surface, the dingy, unsightly appearance. This shoe is unattractive and undesirable to wear.

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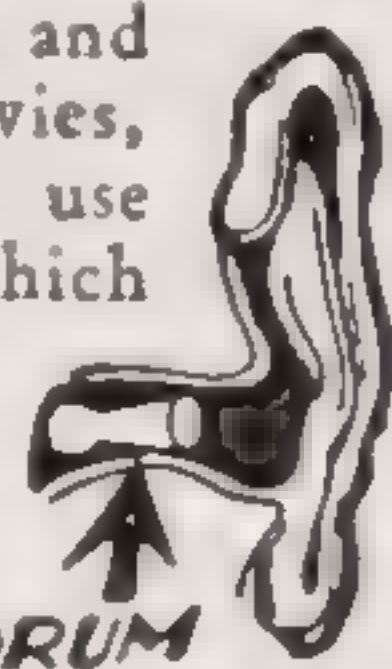
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sumptuous, in Florida. Walter tells me that he is, so to speak, house-hunting. He wants to buy a place in the East, one in Florida and one here in Hollywood. Neither of them cares for working in pictures. Walter hands himself no orchids as an actor. He said: "I made myself sick when I saw myself on the screen."

They are physical opposites. Walter, prematurely white, blue-eyed, is slender, taut, swift in speech, swift in action, electric. Bernie is olive-skinned, brown-eyed, dark-haired, growing bald, rather heavy-set, speaks slowly, moves slowly, smiles often, seldom laughs.

They are not, as has been rumored, in any way related. They are not cousins. Walter did not marry Bernie's sister. There is no relationship between them save the bond, the tie, sometimes as strong as blood, of show business, of remembered days on the Rialto when both were beginning, when Ben was playing at the Palace and Walter was doing his first interviews and thought of Bernie ("The louse," commented Walter now, without affection) as a Famous Person. They have contributed, the one to the other, to the swelling of their coffers. The feud has been the major contributor.

So—do they really mean it or do they not? That is the question.

I asked one of the men on the set, a man who worked closely with them during the making of the picture, what he thought.

He said: "My guess is that, underneath all the banter, in spite of the fact that they lunch together now and then, there is an underlying animosity. After all, when they started the feud, out of all the men in the country, they picked each other. I honestly don't think they like each other, really. Even during the making of the picture, they were feuding furiously. They'd trip each other up on their lines. Bernie would, deliberately, change his tag line so that Walter couldn't pick up his cue and Walter would do likewise. Result being that several scenes had to be shot several times and one day, when it got too thick, Sidney Lanfield, the director, fainted. Went out cold. An innocent victim of the feud, I'd call him. Yet the very next day Bernie and Walter and Lanfield were all lunching together at the Derby, clubby as crickets. So, I dunno!"

I dunno, either. I was more confused than ever when Walter told me that Bernie is retiring from all activities, save his Tuesday broadcasts. Is disbanding his loyal old band (the boys are staying on in Hollywood, I believe) and is going to Florida to take a much needed rest.

Said Walter: "The Old Maestro isn't as fit as he might be. He's worked too hard. He's got to take care of himself." And if there wasn't genuine concern in Winchell's gimlet eyes, then Government bonds are paper dolls!

And later, when Walter was talking, heatedly, compassionately, about the raw deal recently handed an ace New York columnist from the paper he has served for over twenty years and said: "The same will happen to all of us in time, to me as well as the others," Bernie took instant exception. He said: "It will *never* happen to you, Walter. Why, it *couldn't*!"

Walter and I sat on the sidelines while the Old Maestro, exhausted and with good reason, went up on his lines some seventy mortal "takes." Walter like to have died.

He said: "I've finished the picture. But Bernie hasn't, you see! They kept him after school. He didn't know his lines!"

And when Bernie, in exasperation, exclaimed: "I'll get it this time, if I have to pay a forfeit!" Walter carolled: "Lanfield doesn't want a forfeit, Ben, he wants the scene!"

On the sixtieth (mis)take, Bernie groaned: "I'll cut my throat if I go up this time! Why, I know these lines backwards!" And Walter slammed back with: "We don't want 'em backwards, Ben!"

"Okay," grinned Bernie, after one such crack, "Winchell's smarter than I am. But every time he takes a crack at me, my salary goes up!"

"We have some swell cracks in the picture," Walter told me. "Of course, Bernie has stolen most of them, the rat, and used them on his broadcasts! But one or two may have escaped him. He couldn't remember them all, as you may observe. I say to Ben, in one scene: 'Ben, I've said a few things about you on the air and in my column that perhaps I shouldn't have said.' And Ben comes back with: 'I've always tried to say nice things about you, Walter, but I couldn't think of any.' And I retort: 'That's all right, Ben, I know how hard it is for you to think.'"

"Seriously," said Walter, after the moment's silence dedicated to the Old Maestro's next (mis) take, "seriously, I'd give away Bernie's million to put an end to this feud. He's made his million, by the way, *since the feud started*. He'll tell you (he did) that he's made a lot of it on the market. But the fact remains that he was pretty broke before the feud and—he's got his million now. And I'd give it all away to charity to end the feud. I'm tired of it. He's tired of it. We're both tired of it. Bored with it. But it's out of our hands now. It's in the hands of the public.

"And here's something you may not know—many of the cracks we use are sent us by the fans. Someone will send me a crack to use on Ben and if I don't use it the same person will send Ben the same crack to use on me!"

"We don't know what to do about it! That's the lowdown. And it's an angle I wish you'd use in your story. Ask the public what they really want us to do. It's got us stopped! We have different ideas. One day we think we may let it peter out, die a gradual, natural death. Next day we think we may kill it quickly and entirely. We don't know what to do!"

"I believe that the majority of people take it seriously, believe that we really mean it. And I'm not sure that's so good, despite the fact that it has gone on for six years and is kept alive by oxygen tanks supplied by the public. There are a few people, of course, mostly around New York and Hollywood, who know it is all in fun. If not good, clean fun, at least fun. For we can't pull our punches, you know. I can't say: 'I don't really mean this, but Bernie smells!' I've just got to come out and say: 'Bernie smells!'"

"My guess would be that they don't really like it, the public. They tell me that I have the advantage of the poor Old Maestro, with my column, when he has none. They send me, they send both of us, Biblical admonitions about loving our neighbor as ourselves. One lady wrote so violent a letter of protest that Bernie's sponsor was

alarmed and he had to make a special trip to Florida to soothe said sponsor's honest alarm. I am frequently advised that unless I lay off Bernie not another drop of lotion will be used.

"On the other hand, if they don't like it, why do they keep on sending us cracks, thus feeding fuel to the feud?"

"It's a problem. We wish the public would roll up its sleeves, wipe the grin from its face and tell us, seriously, what they really want us to do, bury the hatchet or keep on slinging it?"

So, here is your chance, fans, your chance to tell *Winchell* something!

To tell *Winchell* something he wants to know—Walter, who has told you so much, opened so many doors, given you a peek through so many keyholes, pulled up so many Venetian blinds, revealed so many hearts to you and, possibly, to themselves. *Winchell*, who has championed so many causes, not only "celebs" but lost and humble causes, too. *Winchell*, who certainly can give it but can take it, too. He said to me: "Go ahead and write anything you want to write about me. I give you *carte blanche*. What else could I do, even if I wanted to? Can you imagine me protesting anything written about me? The roar that would go up—'*Ha, Winchell can't take it!*'" He added: "I just hope you get the gags right!"

I hope I have. I never thought to have a *Winchell-at-my-mercy* feeling. But, when you come to think of it, no one stands with chest so defenselessly bared to the stabbing pen as the man who signs off on the air: "*with lotions of love!*" And—I believe—*really means it!*

Take your chance, fans. Tell Walter and the Old Maestro what they want to know.

Later Bernie said to me: "The thing is out of our hands, as Walter says. I wish it were out of our lives. Why, when I play at the Coconut Grove nowadays, or wherever I happen to be, people pass by and call out: 'Hey, *Winchell*, play this, will you?' or 'How's *Winchell*?' It's never 'Hulloa Maestro,' any more."

I said: "But seriously, Maestro, you do like Walter, don't you?"

"If he needed bed and board," said Ben, "I'd ask him to share my apartment, but I'd lock up my money!"

I persisted: "Be serious. I've got to be."

"All right, then," said Bernie affably, chewing the end of his perpetual and unlighted cigar, "seriously, I do like Walter, but I'd still tighten up my wallet, if I saw him coming."

And Walter said, when I asked him the same question: "Sure, I like him. Ben's all right, the rat. We've known each other for twenty years. We've been in the same racket, swimming in the same pond. It breeds likenesses. I've often thought that this rumor about Bernie and me being related may come from the fact that there is a certain resemblance, not only between Bernie and me but between Bernie, Jack Benny, Jessel, all of us. But—a *Winchell* kin to a Bernie—a liege lord to a louse! . . . Yeah, sure, I like him all right. But Ben doesn't change. I still think the manager of the Palace Theatre in New York was right. Ben was playing the Palace, in the old days. He was second on the bill. He followed a monkey act. He went to the manager and complained. He said he would

walk out if he had to follow the monkeys. The manager sympathized with him. He said: 'Even I don't want you to follow the monkeys—it would look like an encore!'"

The seventieth take did it. Director Lanfield, limp and all but licked, called an agent and booked passage for Honolulu then and there. Walter asked me if I would like to remain for the "unveiling."

I remained. The unveiling turned out to be, first two secretaries, Bernie's and Walter's, staggering in, laden down with packages. Then "the boys" made the presentations. Bernie said to me, aside: "The cutest thing—I had all I could do to get Walter to take part in the presentations. He went bashful on me—after the places he's been! He stood first on one foot, then the other, looking like a sick stork, and said: '*Aw, you do it!*'"

Eventually, they collaborated. They bestowed handsome, monogrammed pajamas on the cameraman, assistant director, others. Cases of Scotch were distributed among the members of the crew. To Sidney Lanfield they gave the most costly and exquisite watch I have ever seen. Crystal, paper-thin, set in diamonds.

And when the presentations were all made, Walter whipped out the gat he always carries and yelled: "Hands up, everybody and—*give 'em back!*"

And then, using separate exits, Bernie and Walter vanished into the night.

You must draw your own conclusions: Do they mean it or do they not? That still is the question. My guess, for what it is worth, is this: That their biting tongues and stabbing pens belie their hearts, which are warm and kind.

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THAT GIRL THEY CALL HILDEGARDE

(Continued from page 29)

It's the story of an American girl who went on the stage and discovered it was pretty tough sledding, even though she was doing pretty well for herself. But she never reached the top until Europe went mad about her.

Today, even old vaudeville enthusiasts, who like to reminisce about the old days, do not associate a plump little girl in pig-tails, who sang comedy songs with a German accent in Gus Edwards' revue and was billed as *Hildegard*, with the tall, slim radio and supper club singer of today, who sets hearts racing with her exquisite ballads. You see, Hildegard wasn't creating a stir in those days.

She had to win London and Paris and Brussels and Vienna before she could win her own country. That's the reason her contract with NBC stipulates that they must let her go to Europe every year to sing. That's her way of showing her gratitude to Europe.

In a few weeks Hildegard will be going to London for a special Coronation engagement at the Ritz. Strange, isn't it, that it's an American girl who's known as the royal singer at that ultra-smart London hotel, but the fact remains that it's Hildegard the management sends for when any royal event is to be celebrated.

She sang there when London was enthusing over King George the Fifth and Queen Mary's jubilee, and she's sung there whenever there was a royal wedding or royal birth or royal anything to make merry over. And she will sing there when the most important royal event of all is taking place—the Coronation.

People talk of Hildegard's showmanship, but that very showmanship is born of her simplicity. She is a girl who is essentially herself, who says what she thinks and what she feels. When she wants to cry, she cries, and when she wants to laugh, she laughs, and others who have spent a lifetime in curbing their instincts and emotions, to acquire the poise they feel so essential to modern living, look at her with envy.

And because they can't understand that a different kind of poise, an unstudied, artless kind, can be had by simply being themselves, they put Hildegard's down to showmanship and let it go at that.

Well, if it's showmanship, Hildegard had it when she was a little girl, back in Milwaukee. She had it when she went tearing around corners on her skates and cried, sometimes, when she fell down, and laughed, just as often, if the situation happened to be funnier than her hurt.

She had it when she tended store for her father, having to stand on a cracker barrel so that her curly head came higher than the counter, and when she swiped chewing gum from the candy counter to give in exchange for the pictures a school chum drew and which Hildegard thought were the most beautiful in the whole wide world.

She had it when she sat on the stoop summer afternoons, sewing dolls' dresses out of the bright scraps of silk she begged

from the family dressmaker, and she had it the times she decided being a tomboy was more fun than being a perfect little mother and went tearing around playing kick-the-can and leapfrog and tag and all the other games boys play.

Just as she had it that night in Brussels, when she was singing in a smart supper club and fell as she came back to take an encore. And of course it would happen that she fell on that particular spot of her anatomy which means a laugh in any language.

Many a girl would have been so chagrined by that fall, she would have been helpless to meet the situation. But Hildegard was the same Hildegard who had fallen on her roller skates back in Milwaukee and she rose, frowning just a little, as she rubbed the place she had fallen on, and said in a plaintive, little girl voice: "Oh my! That hurt!" And won her audience completely.

Back in those days when she was growing from a plump little girl with pig-tails to a plump little girl in her 'teens she never had given a thought to her voice. Neither did her family. They were a musical lot, those people of hers. Her mother has played the organ in church for twenty-five years, and Sunday afternoons her father used to take down his violin and there was one sister who could play any musical instrument at all, and who today is managing and playing in a girls' orchestra, and there was another who, everybody knew, had a fine voice, and who now is studying for grand opera.

Maybe it was because Hildegard's songs always came so effortlessly and she had such fun singing, that no one took her voice seriously, herself least of all. But she did dream, sometimes, of doing something with her piano.

So she always accompanied someone else when she went to parties, boys and girls who had grown up with her and who have gone along in their own way and probably are singing at parties and hearing their friends tell them how marvelous they are. But it was Hildegard, the girl nobody thought had a voice, who carved herself a career with it.

The piano made it possible.

A vaudeville act came to town that took complete hold of her imagination. It was called *Jerry and Her Baby Grands*, and it consisted of eight girls in Colonial costumes, playing on white baby grand pianos.

"It was the most wonderful thing I ever had seen!" Hildegard laughs at herself now, remembering. "All I could think of was myself in one of those satin costumes and powdered wigs, and, afterwards, I picked up enough nerve to go backstage and ask for a job. Jerry was simply grand to me and asked me to play and I thought that was the end of it, but a few weeks later I got a wire asking me to join the act in Springfield, Massachusetts.

"The wire, in itself, would have been enough to get me jittery. In those days even a letter addressed to me was an event.

But actually to be going on the stage! My mother and father were terribly upset at the thought of it, but I finally convinced them that when opportunity comes you must take advantage of it. So there I was, a funny little girl in her 'teens, going off by herself.

"I wasn't even afraid of what might be before me and that shows what a complete little ninny I was! Why, that first night in Springfield, I sat down at my piano and there I was, as completely at home as if I were playing for the family, and twisting my head around to grin at the audience.

"It was all a game in the beginning. But afterwards I found out what being on my own really meant. It was a crazy, topsyturvy world for a kid who was still to wear her first pair of silk stockings. I found out what it meant to be in and out of engagements and to live without eating and all the other things girls discover when they set out to find a stage career for themselves.

"My mother and father worried about me terribly and when I visited them, they used to beg me to give up this uncertain existence and come home. But I begged them to be patient and understanding.

"Just wait and see," I told them. "You'll be proud of me some day!"

It was while Hildegard was in a Western act, strutting around the stage in chaps and sombrero and playing the accompaniment for the cowboy tenor, that she met Anna Sosenko, the girl who is her manager today. Anna's mother owned a boarding-house in Camden, where Hildegard stayed during a week's engagement, and one of those rare friendships sprang up between the girls.

Hildegard counts it one of the luckiest things that ever happened to her. In the beginning, neither girl thought that those long talks of theirs would mean anything more than a tightening of the bond between them. They dreamed and planned, as girls will, and when Hildegard gave up the precarious existence of vaudeville for a small, steady income as song plugger with the Irving Berlin Music Publishing Company, Anna might have been disappointed but she never let Hildegard know it.

So there she was, just as she had been on those parties back in Milwaukee, playing accompaniments for singers, trying out the new songs, and never dreaming she would go farther than any of them. But one day, when she was alone in her little cubbyhole, she found herself singing softly to herself as she played a song over for the first time—and it happened that someone else heard it.

That was the reason for her engagement accompanying the De Marcos, where she was given the chance to sing the choruses of popular songs while they changed their costumes.

It was when she was with the famous ballroom dancers that Gus Edwards saw her and headlined her in his revue for two seasons. And then, just when Hildegard was really beginning to go places, vaudeville was stricken with its last, lingering illness.

Hildegard might not have listened to the offer made her by the man who is known in Europe as the King of the Night Clubs, if it weren't for the chaotic state

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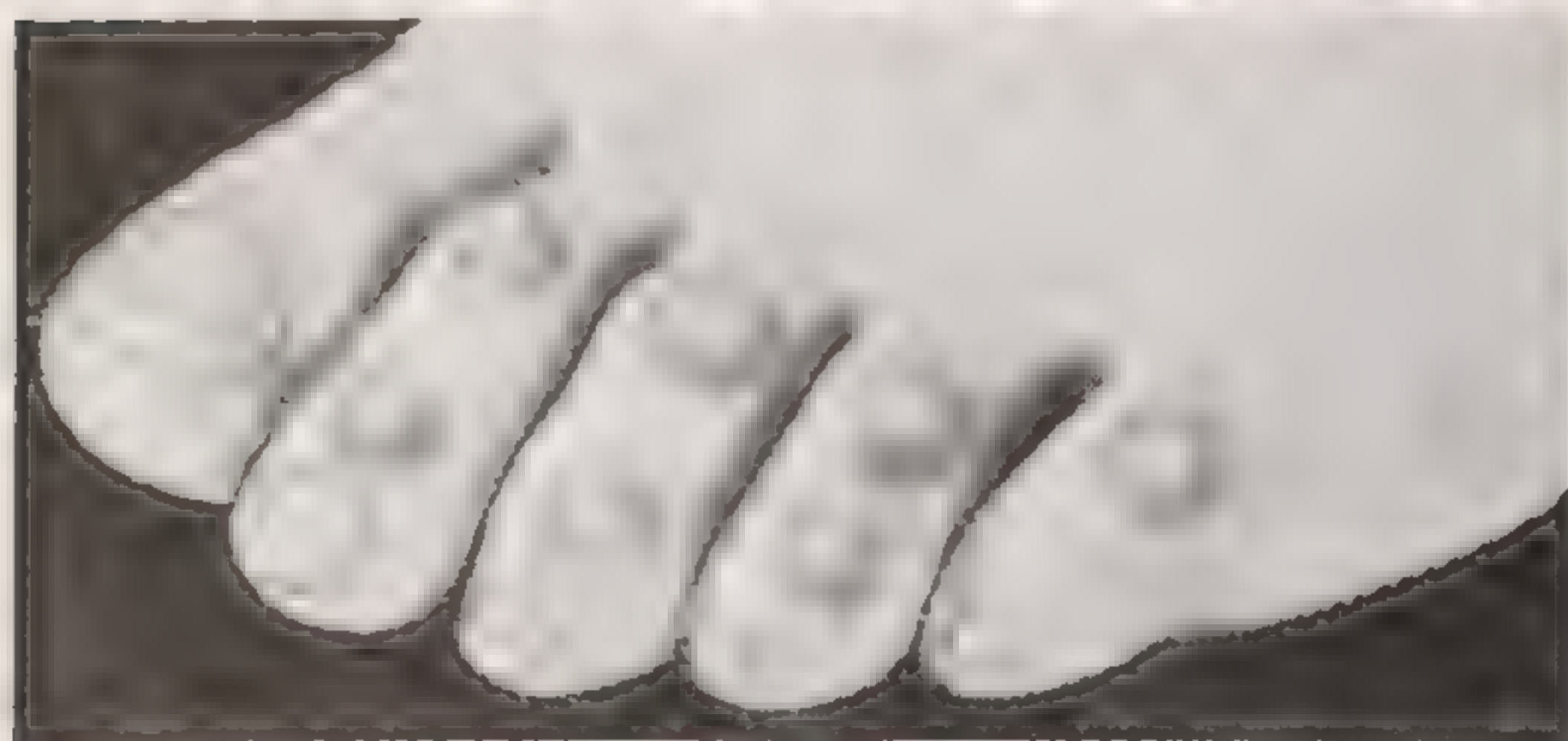
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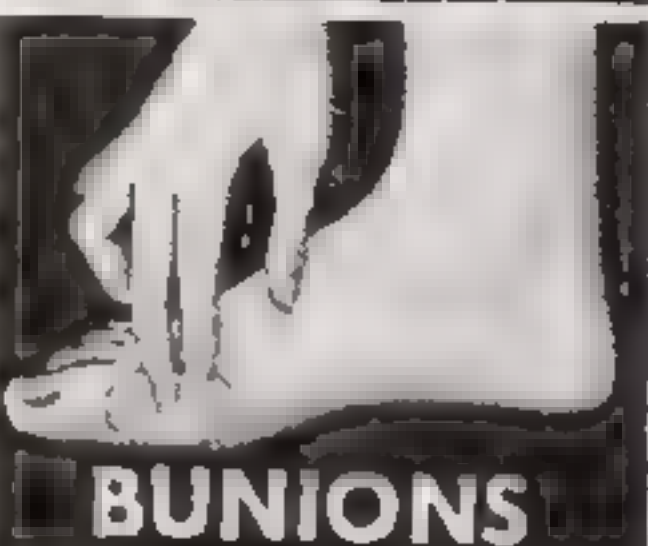
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Ted Malone of *Between the Bookends*, with Mrs. Malone and their daughter.

of the profession she had chosen for herself. She talked it over with Anna, as she always talked everything over with her, and as she listened to her friend's advice, she suddenly realized how important Anna's advice always had been to her.

"I'll go, if you'll go along as my manager," Hildegard said breathlessly. And so the two friends ventured out on a business partnership.

They must have been frightened, those two girls, setting off for Europe together, seeing the New York skyline and their own vast country fading into a thin line on the horizon.

When her engagement in London was finished, Hildegard got a dazzling offer from Paris and the two girls were so excited they forgot to be seasick on the rough passage across the channel. But in two weeks the café went bankrupt, owing Hildegard ten thousand francs and leaving her completely stranded.

For she had bought clothes with the money from her London engagement, dazzling, sophisticated clothes to set off the new Hildegard. Funny, how fast she had started to grow up! In those months in London she had shot up into a tall, reed-like girl who had left plumpness behind her and there was the soft, long bob to accentuate her new slimmness and chic.

For a while they lived on credit, and Anna knew, even better than Hildegard, the importance of keeping up appearances. They had to live in the best hotels and wear the most expensive of clothes and so they watched their bills mounting with alternate despair and hope. And there were times when they forgot the high dreams they had held in their hearts.

There was the night they came back to the hotel and found their door locked against them, with an adamant management holding their trunks. It was Anna who went to the cashier and pleaded with

him, and so strong were her convictions that Hildegard would make good that she was able to convince him, too, and he personally guaranteed their credit.

When the breaks finally came and Hildegard was riding the crest of the wave, she had all those past bills to pay back. That's why they had to economize so in every way, except as to the place they lived in.

"I'm glad now it was like that," Hildegard says. "It made those three years in Europe so colorful. We always were poor, in spite of the salary I was making, but through being poor we came to know Europe as only Europeans can. When we traveled we took third class, and our amusements always were such simple ones. Long walks in the Bois on Sunday mornings and bicycle trips into the country and, after my work at the club was finished, I used to walk back to the hotel to save taxi fare.

"If I hadn't had all those bills to pay I wouldn't have seen the Seine as I saw it then, all misty and gray in the early morning, and I wouldn't have seen the market women coming in from the country in their carts, and bought chestnuts from them and crunched them as I walked.

"And you know those are the things I'm looking forward most of all to doing again, when we go back. Only now I'll be able to buy their flowers, too, that I could only look at wistfully before. And they're so lovely, those country flowers, with their gaudy colors."

Fame was overtaking Hildegard and she learned that being successful meant twice as much work as being unknown. The Ritz Hotel sent for her to open their new supper room and later, when London was all agog over the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, it was Hildegard who sang for the smart Mayfair socialites celebrating the event, as usual, at the Ritz.

Then the British Broadcasting Company engaged her and she made the long trip from Paris to London twice a month to sing ten minutes on the air.

"It was all so exciting," Hildegarde says now. "But sometimes Anna and I were so homesick, we could hardly stand it and we used to wonder if we'd ever get back to America again. We didn't see how we could go back to the uncertainty over here, where I was unknown, when in Europe I had reached the happy position of being able to choose among all the engagements offered me.

"But it's funny how things work themselves out. John Royal, of NBC, heard my records while he was on one of his trips to Europe and then came over to Paris to hear me sing.

"He offered me a contract, and Anna and I were so excited on the trip home we couldn't stop talking about all the things we were going to do and see and hear. For the first time we realized how much we had changed in those three years abroad, that we weren't kids any longer but grown-up women who had their full share of adversity and success.

"On my first broadcast I sang the song Anna had written while we were away. It's called, *Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*, and I've used it as my signature ever since.

"We had ridden out into the country on our bicycles and stopped to rest in front of the little British cemetery near Le Touquet, when Anna had a sudden inspiration and wrote the song on the paper our lunch had been wrapped in. I sang it as soon she finished it and now, when I sing it, it's almost as if we were back there, and wondering if we'd ever get back to our own country and our own people again.

"So that's the way things always have gone with me—with work and fun and sadness and hope and uncertainty, all jumbled together in this thing that has become my career. Sometimes romance comes along, too, gay and exciting, and I've welcomed it—for no woman's life is complete without a man's interest in it, somewhere. But, as gay as they've been, these little romances, and as exciting, too, there never has been one strong enough to make me consider marriage.

"For, if I find myself becoming too interested in a romance, I run away from it before it absorbs me too deeply. Because I'm going to postpone love, the real enduring kind, until I've got to the place in my career where I want to be.

"I've worked too hard for it to give it up until I have convinced myself that I've got as far in it as I can. And if I marry, I will give it up, for I am convinced that a career and marriage do not go together."

She'll do what she says, too, this girl, as she always has done the things she has wanted to do. And she'll be as happy, giving up all the fame and adulation, as she was in working to attain them.

For, essentially, the Hildegarde of today is the same small Hildegarde who used to wait on customers back in her father's grocery store in Milwaukee, the little girl who laughed when she wanted to laugh and cried when she wanted to cry.

A girl who is so grand because she never has wanted to be anybody else in the world except herself.

GOODBYE

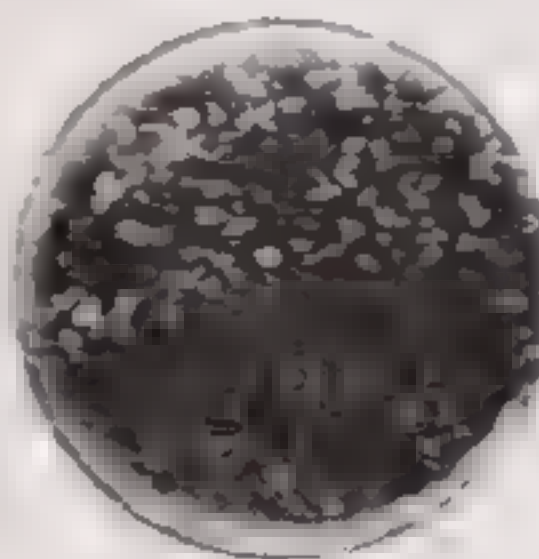
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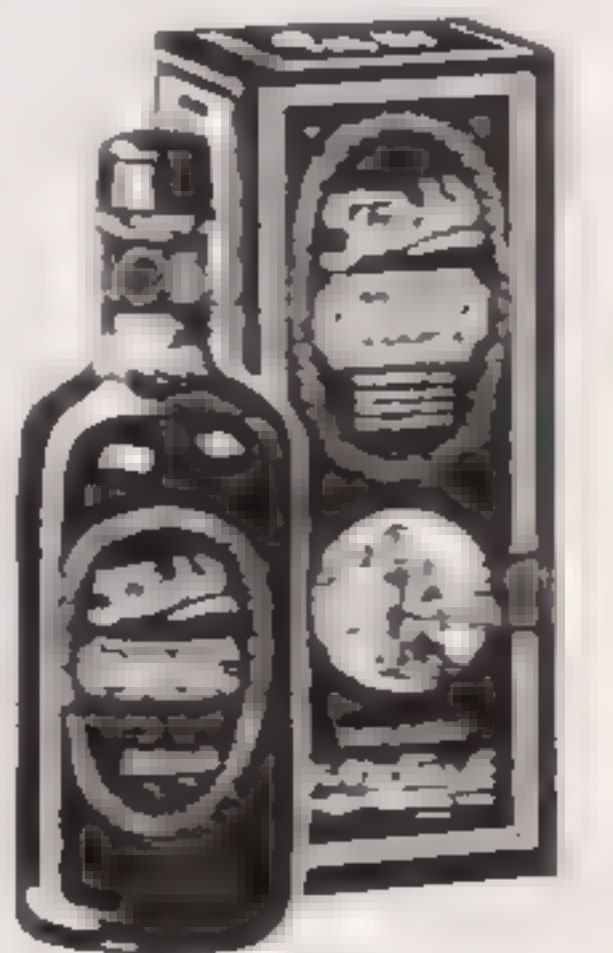
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(Continued from page 41)

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necessary for him to travel, to be now in the East, now on the West Coast as opportunity offered, Marcia willingly kept herself free to go with him, to make a home for them wherever they might have to be.

"She always knows what to do at the right time," Phil declared earnestly. "She is not only beautiful, she's smart—too smart for me! She gives up everything."

And so, because Phil insists on it, credit goes to Marcia for their ten years of happy married life—happy in spite of much junketing around, of never having a real home, of the inevitable slighting of Marcia's own career. Occasionally she has had a chance to work in pictures, once for six months she worked with Phil as a featured dancer. But all that is secondary, it is being together that counts.

"You must have a lot in common," I suggested, "to be so happy."

He grinned. "We get along swell, but we haven't anything in common! We don't like the same things at all, don't even have the same tastes in food. She is English, I am American. I love horses, she is scared to death of them. She loves to read, I never open a book except when she hands me some special book—like *Gone with the Wind*—and insists on my reading it. She likes bridge—I like ping pong! I attend to my business, she attends to hers—I think it is much better this way," he concluded simply.

And how could he help thinking so, since, for these two, it has worked out so perfectly? For, in spite of diverging interests and opposing characteristics, they have built a deeply satisfying life together. The only lack they admit is the lack of children. They've always wanted them, they still hope to have them. Not adopted, but their very own.

Meanwhile, they work and play with a full measure of enjoyment. They have many friends, mainly among musicians, music publishers and the movie and radio people. But they do little entertaining. Their tastes are simple, they work hard and have little time for recreation.

As far as Phil is concerned, he does not mind traveling, although he likes to think of California as home and dreams of settling down there some day. But traveling is as much in his blood as jazz itself, for his father was connected with tent shows, and his boyhood, except for school days, was spent touring the country.

Inevitably the smell of sawdust, the lure of the big top, was felt by the growing boy—so much so that, after a disagreement with his dad, he wrote to one of the bigger circuses asking for a job. But the card turning him down reached his father first and, alarmed at the possibilities, Mr. Harris tried to impress his young son with the hardships, the misery attendant upon a career beneath canvas. And wisely, he sought to divert Phil's interest to something else. Because he himself was a musician, music offered itself as a solution to the problem and Phil was put to mastering the fundamentals.

His first professional engagement was

as a drummer, and for several years Phil drummed his way around the country with dance orchestras. It was his drumming, in fact, which led to his eventual engagement to play in Australia and thus indirectly led to his marriage.

It was at the height of the jazz craze and American bands were being taken on tour to the various parts of the globe. Because it was expensive to engage a full band, a leader who was intent on taking a band "down under" picked up representative musicians here and there, a saxophone player, a trumpeter and, of course, a drummer.

"For no particular reason he picked me," Phil explained modestly. He was glad enough to go—why not? He was young and fancy-free. He did not dream that when they returned, a year later, Mrs. Phil Harris would be traveling with them! But from the time he first saw Marcia Ralston, he knew there never would be anyone else for him.

That was ten years ago, and in spite of his varied and colorful career, his popularity in the gayest night spots in Hollywood and New York, his association with movie stars and socialites, the main theme of his life has been unbroken. It is the same Mrs. Harris who recently has been poring over blueprints, excitedly planning their new, and first, home.

They have bought seven and a half acres and set out avocado, lime and lemon trees—and when a bit of unusual weather hit southern California this winter, dumping into its sunny lap a most unexpected freeze, Phil hovered over his little trees, phoned wildly to everyone he could think of to ask for advice and help, bemoaning the fact that he had not been prepared with smudge pots. Some damage was done, but not a great deal. The temperature rose and Phil could breathe easily again!

The house is to be a rambling ranch house of brick and wood, built around a patio. From Phil's point of view, the main feature is the bachelor apartment which he decided upon in place of the more traditional and often unused den.

"It will be finished in knotty pine, with a big fire-place—there will be twin beds and a bath, so that it will serve as a guest room when needed—and it will have gun racks. . ."

There was a faraway look in Phil's eyes. "I am crazy about guns," he admitted. "I've got every kind you can think of—I've carried them all over the country, at great expense, but I never get a chance to use them!" He chuckled. "I am going to have bird dogs, too—they are my favorites. And some day I may actually go hunting again—it's been over two years since I've hunted anything. I've been planning for at least two years to go into Mexico—maybe I'll get there yet!"

"Musicians can't plan vacations like other people," he explained, "can't say: 'I'll take a couple of weeks off next month,' for instance. For one thing, they are always afraid they might have to take a vacation!" He grinned. "And a long one, at that!"



Pa Baxter and Horace Newcomb of CBS' *Ma and Pa* series are Parker Fennelly and Harry Humphrey.

He likes fishing, too, and riding—he used to play a little polo when he had the time. "I wasn't very good at it," he confessed, "but it's great sport. I don't have time now, of course . . .

"I don't suppose we'll even have a chance to live in our house," he sighed, "but we're having the time of our lives building it. And my mother and father will enjoy it—it will be fun when we can come back to it!"

With the ending of the Palomar engagement in January, the pressure was somewhat relieved. Phil felt the boys needed a rest and planned only occasional one-night stands in nearby towns. In June, when the Benny program closes for the summer, he expects to take his band to New York, to play in theatres in the East, opening up with Jack again in September and returning to the Coast when he does. To the Coast and to the ranch house!

There is nothing swanky about the place, it isn't being built for show, but for a home for two people who have almost, if not quite, had enough of touring, of topsyturvy living, sleeping by day, working by night.

But if it is arduous, Phil thrives on it. And if you doubt his devotion, if you think a musician, a bandleader would make a poor husband, you may change your mind when you learn that, after playing six nights a week until the wee small hours at a night club, rehearsing Saturday and appearing Sunday on the radio program, Phil Harris makes a practice of taking his wife, not to the theatre or to the movies or to spend a quiet hour with some friends, but to some bright spot for music and dancing, every Sunday night after the program.

"It is our weekly date," he smiled.

"You must like dancing," I commented.

"Like it? How could I like it? I get fed up just watching it!" But he grinned again, a shy, shamefaced grin, almost as if he were embarrassed. "It's the only chance Marcia has to get out, as a rule, the only time we can go together—and after sitting around the house or working in the studio, she needs a change."

So, after all, the giving isn't all on one side. However different they are in non-essentials, they are alike in this, that nothing is more important to either than the other's happiness, than their mutual understanding and the permanence of their marriage.

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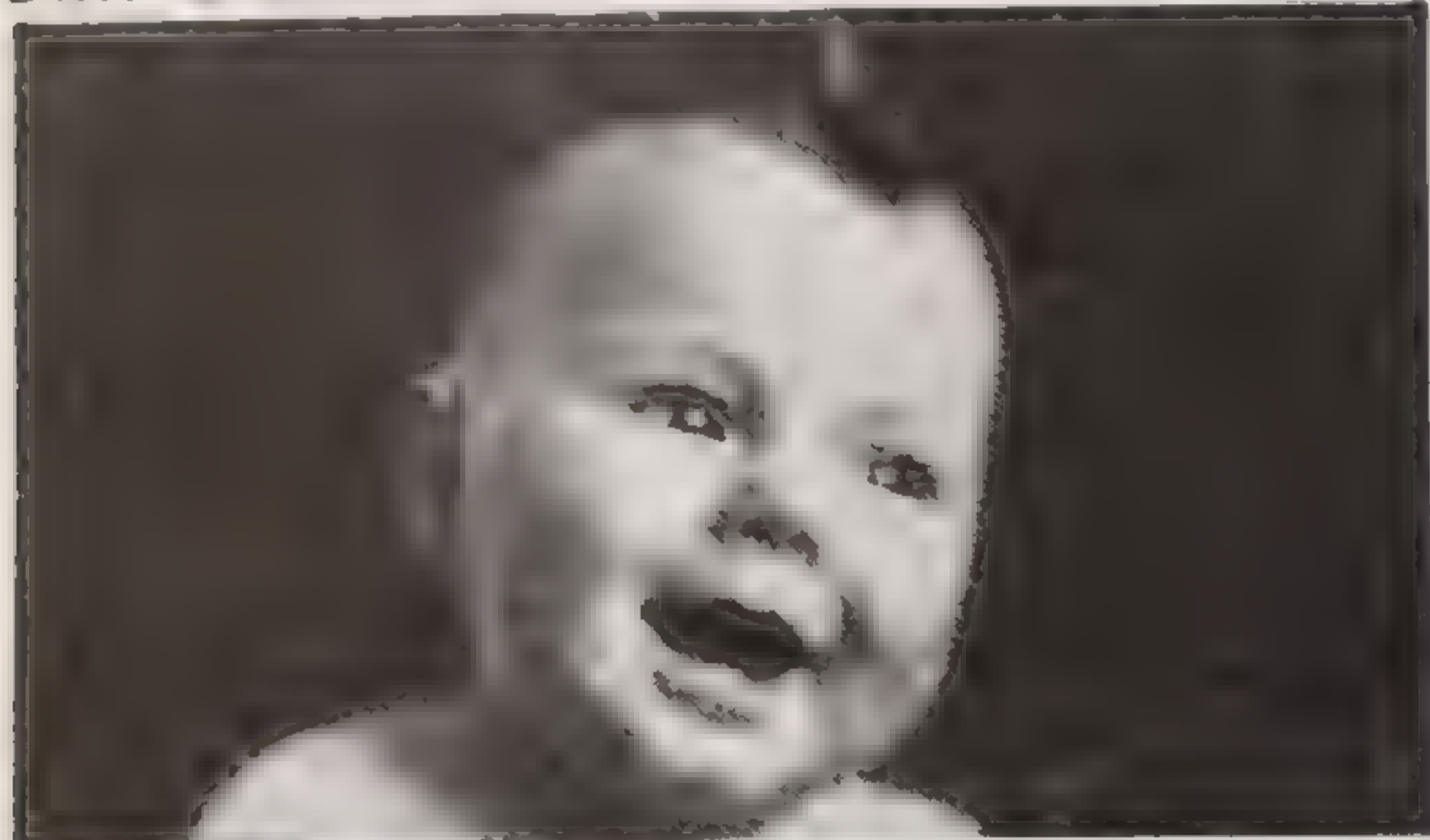
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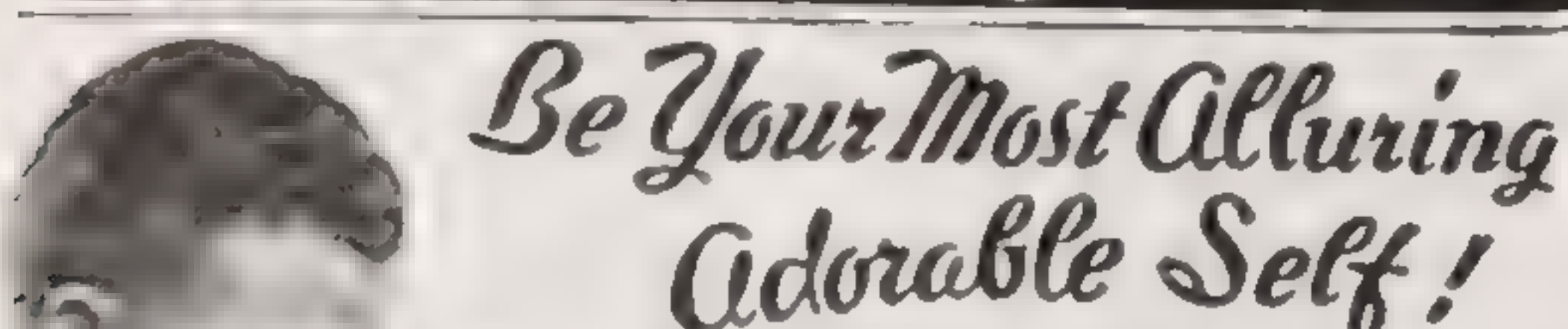
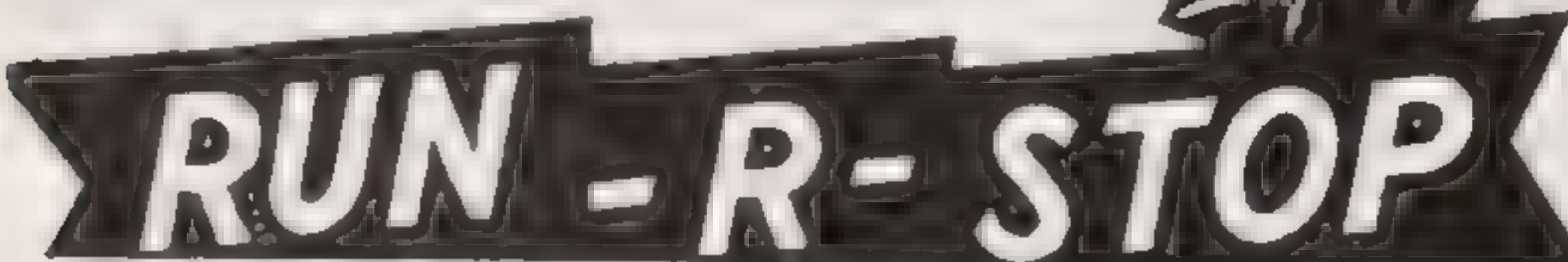
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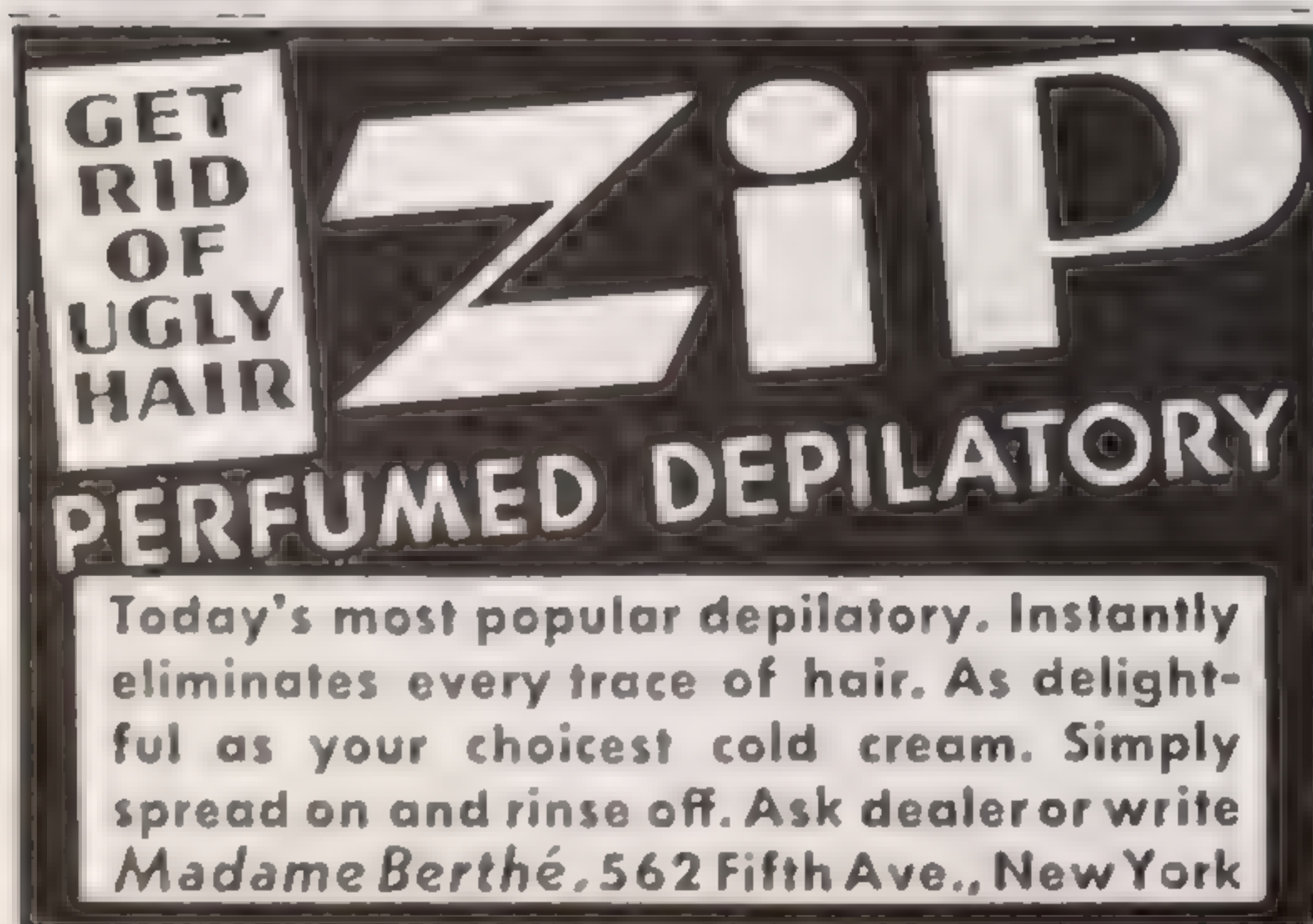


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DON'T SAY I SAID SO, BUT—

(Continued from page 31)

when the occasion or the script calls for comedy, but not all of the time. He would like an occasional breakdown into seriousness. To sustain comedy throughout an hour's program, he says, is a burden not to be borne perpetually. Half an hour is enough for any program, to Charlie's way of thinking.

And the chances are about 100 to 1 that you will be hearing Charlie being a master of ceremonies, come a few more moons. For all the sponsors are a-bidding, I am told.

"It's been great for me," Charlie was saying. "It's got me up on my toes again, the timing, the pacing, the audience. Now I have everything a showman wants. I have the immediate audience, such as I used to have on the stage and have always missed, and I have the unseen audience, such as we have in pictures. It's really snapping me up, making a man of me. It's all very gratifying. The reactions have been great. Great!"

And I thought of one reaction which I know gratified him. For W. C. Fields wrote from his sanatorium, where he has been so ill, that Butterworth has saved his life. He listens to him avidly. He chuckles and gets the only real heartening "belly-laugh" he has had. He can't, he says, leave the sanatorium, because he owns the only radio there and he couldn't take it with him and thus deprive the other patients of Butterworth!

When I reminded Charlie of this, he said: "That is the most supreme of all compliments. For Fields is the greatest comedian of his time, the very greatest. Ted Healy is another great comedian. Neither of them may ever attain the proportions of Chaplin, who now is a legend, but that is because Chaplin began in the beginning."

The radio work, Charlie resumed, spares him much. Because, despite his tempestuous nature, he really is very timid. He says so. He dislikes public recognition. He hides behind napkins and menus and things, when people point him out in cafés and restaurants. He resents and shrinks from being asked what brand of toothpaste he uses, how many blankets he sleeps under, the color of his — ah — shorts. These seem to him to be private and rather sacred matters and he does not see how anyone has a right to know about them, much less to ask. He never reads fan stories about himself, columns or reviews of his own pictures. It gives him the jitters, he declared without a jitter, to see his personality thus denuded, his personal life so brashly disclosed.

It was at this inopportune moment that I asked my next impertinent question. In the very bared teeth of his resentfully guarded private life did I hurl my query presumptuous. The answer explains the question. For he said: "I cannot discuss our separation, my wife's and mine. It seems to me that it is our business and ours alone. I can only say that the separation is an experiment. Mrs. Butterworth has gone to New York. I am here in

Hollywood. We shall see how we feel, after an interval apart. It is mostly, I think, that one loses a sense of proportion, a sense of values here in Hollywood. There is too much of everything. Too much money, too much luxury, too much leisure, too much doing what one wants to do and not enough doing what one has to do. There is too little need to 'put up with things.' Perhaps if we had had children, as we hoped . . . But we didn't. And without necessities, roots do not grow."

And I remembered, as he talked, how tempestuous, indeed, this romance-leading-to-marriage had been. I recalled Charlie's face when he first told me about it, the bright, bold gleam in his pale blue eyes when he said: "I fell in love with my wife at first sight. I fell in love with her instantaneously, as my eyes met hers. It appeared to be mutual." It was mutual, present events notwithstanding.

They were introduced at the Colony Club in New York, Charlie and his Ethel, who previously had been married to Eddie Sutherland. Charlie made a date with her then and there, for later in the evening. He pushed the intervening hours ahead, he did protest, with impatient hands. He thought they never would get out of the way, the hours between. And then they met at last. And drove, in a hansom cab, until the dawn. It was magnificent and mad. Three days later Charlie asked her to be his wife. Within three months they were married.

During that brief engagement Charlie was, in fact, the Great Lover. He wrote her poetry as impassioned as Swinburne's. He said: "I am not too bad a poet, by the way. When Hollywood closes its gilded doors upon my reluctant back, I know what I shall do, or try to do. I shall retreat to my house in the desert, in Palm Springs. It is bought and paid for. The taxes are moderate. It would cost very little to live there. I would not need to shop at the more de luxe bazaars. I could find dates and figs on the desert itself. And I would write. There is something about the desert that gives me peace. Even now, in the thick of the battle, I go down every week. The tall mountains, the golden, still sands, the quietness which never is loneliness because it is alive with a life more everlasting than yours or mine — yes, I go down every week," said Charlie, "after my broadcast, and stay until it is time to come back for the next rehearsals. I play tennis with Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli and the boys at Charlie's de luxe Racket Club. I drowse and dream and read. I relax."

Well, then, Charlie wrote his lady sonnets. He avalanched her with flowers and books and candies and theatre tickets. He even had a private telephone installed in his dressing-room, at the theatre where he was playing, so that he could talk to her for long hours, confidentially, uninterrupted.

Oh, he's one with the ladies, is Charlie! Love, when it hits him, hits him hard.

He is the type. Straight for that stormy petrel, the Butterworth heart, wing Cupid's sharpest arrows. And this was his first love. His first Great Love. He never had been really in love before. Not matrimonially. He had had sort of crushes, come every spring when the air is balmy and then, come autumn, he always got over them again.

"I like the ladies," admitted Charlie, making another telephone call. He has a telephone complex.

He added: "And when love really smites the Butterworth breast, it is as sudden and as sharp as a knife thrust. I looked at my wife and I said: 'This is *She*. This is the girl I must marry.'

"I know," said Charlie, with his funny, deprecatory little laugh, "that this must sound funny, coming from me. You're probably dying of suppressed laughter right now. But the funny part really is that I am not inside what I appear to be outside. In other words, *my face and my heart don't match.*"

He needn't have told me that. I was not laughing nor was I tempted to laugh. I was more touched than I had been since Chaplin first told me, so wistfully, that he would like to play *Hamlet*; since Sterling Holloway told me that girls always laugh at him when he makes love to them; since El Brendel told me that he would count the world well lost for one touch of Gable's sex appeal.

I knew something of the seriousness of Charlie. I knew about his brother's wife and five children, for whom Charlie cares since his brother's death. I know that there are eleven persons totally dependent on Charlie, obligations he might legitimately evade—and doesn't.

I know that he still models men by his father, a country doctor who gave his life to broken bones and mumps and eruptions of measles and all the pains and much of the poverty to which the flesh is heir. "I first saw life through my father's clever, patient, far-seeing eyes," Charlie told me. "The vision still is the truest one I know."

Charlie reads omniverously. He seldom goes to movies, to parties, to premières. He said: "I never go to big Hollywood openings. I've started to go, once or twice, but I've always turned back at the door. I can't stand the sight of so many rented Rolls Royces and hired ermine coats!"

No, no, I wasn't laughing! You don't laugh at Charlie off screen and air. Unless he wants you to. And then you do laugh, helplessly.

I have interviewed so-called "comics" too many times before, and there is always one of two things to expect: Either the funster will tell you that he is "the clown with the breaking heart," or he will have you know that he is completely different from what he appears to be professionally—as in the case of the two Charlies, Chaplin and Butterworth.

And so I wasn't terrifically surprised when, over the Scotch and soda, Charlie revealed himself to me as a man of strong passions and violent extremes.

I was even less surprised than I might have been. First, because I knew what a Great Lover he had been during his courtship of the lady who became his wife. And secondly because I have been the re-

"There's the girl I left behind me"

"*There she is*, sitting at home alone—the girl I left behind me forever when I discovered Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says lovely Louise A.* "I used to be a Cinderella, but now my friends say Marchand's brought out my true personality—I'm fascinating."

Let Marchand's bring *you* fresh popularity and a new, youthful beauty to *your* hair. If you are **BLONDE**, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny freshness everyone admires. If you are **BRUNETTE**, you can rinse lovely, glowing highlights in your hair. With Marchand's you can lighten *any* color hair to any flattering shade you desire. *Both Blondes and Brunettes use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it cannot leave unpleasant stubble.*

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick and easy to use. Colorless. Stainless. Odorless. Effective. Perfect results.

FREE

—Discover your *true* self—and how to bring out and accent your appearance and personality. ROBERT of Fifth Avenue, famous as the man who "makes you beautiful" has written an amazing brochure for Marchand's, which tells you what type you are, what to wear, how to makeup, new hair styles and other valuable advice. It's FREE to you—just send your name and a three-cent stamp to cover postage. Use coupon below.

*Name on request



"Night after night I used to sit home alone—worried about my lack of popularity—



"then one night mother brought home a bottle of Marchand's and insisted that I try it—



"now I'm the happiest girl in the world since Marchand's restored the natural beauty of my hair."



(complete simple directions for use with every bottle)

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me A FREE copy of ROBERT'S BEAUTY BROCHURE. I enclose a three-cent stamp to cover postage costs.

MG637

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Address _____

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State _____



● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear. Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects. Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion. USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and agelines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. At drug and department stores everywhere.

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AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

Set of 10
20¢
At all
5 and 10c
Stores

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NEW REMARKABLE POCKET RADIO
BEAUTIFUL CLEAR TONE
DIRECT FROM POCKET RADIO

All one unit—just like the big sets, but weighs only 6 oz. Fits pocket easily. Take it with you. Nothing to adjust. No batteries, tubes, or electric socket connections required. Tuning knob is the only moving part. **Costs Nothing to Operate! Guaranteed!** Brings in stations with fine tone quality. Times broadcast band. Accurately made, precisely assembled, rigidly tested, assures excellent performance. Should last for years. Comes complete with built-in phone, with easy instructions for use in camps, office, picnics, home, bed, etc. Listen to music, sports, radio entertainment, etc. The "Little Giant" is **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED**. Thousands in use. An ideal gift.

SEND NO MONEY! Its enjoyable radio entertainment should delight you! Combines performance and economy. Get yours today. Pay postman on arrival only \$2.99 and postage or send \$2.99 (we pay postage). Order now.
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I received radio and it works fine. . . . A m. well pleased with it in every respect. I recommend the Little Giant to any prospective purchaser who wishes just such a little radio for personal use. It costs nothing to operate. . . . Have tried it and it works splendid. Received Midget Radio and I am pleased. Kindly mail two more. . . . (Letters on File).

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

In 5 to 10 Days... FRECKLES DISAPPEAR like magic!

● Here's a wonderful new formula cream that removes freckles quickly but gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Day by day skin becomes fresher, clearer, better. Soon freckles, along with other facial blemishes—usually in 5 to 10 days. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 37 years experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. ● Or send a dime for trial package.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream



An All-American quartette of noted Metropolitan Opera artists. (Front row) Katherine Meisle (left) contralto, and Susanne Fischer, soprano. (Rear row) Richard Crooks (left) tenor, and Richard Bonelli, baritone.

ipient of certain amorous confidences made me by certain glamorous ladies who have revealed to me that "Charlie has a way with women . . ."

I mentioned the amorous ladies and their warmish confidences. Mr. Butterworth bridled ever so slightly. He straightened his shoulders (which do slope a little) and said, twirling his cigarette with narrowed George-Raftish eyes: "Oh, I've been around a bit . . ."

But, Charlie explained, he is selfish. Always has been. Always thought of himself as a confirmed bachelor, a sort of casual Casanova. He always wanted to go where he wanted to go and when, and no questions asked. He liked all the ladies too well to suppose that he could ever be content with one. He didn't like children. He said once: "I like the kiddies well enough if they—if they don't come too near me." His technique with the ladies? Well, I should call it a combination of a certain surface futility and the tempestuousness he can show—upon occasion.

The ladies like Charlie. I pressed the palatable point. He said: "Well, well, it's funny about all comedians. I've always noticed it. We do seem to get along with the fair sex. With both sexes, for the matter of that. Which is fine. My men friends are very important to me. The men like us because we have a sense of humor. And they are not afraid of us, because they are not jealous of us. With our pans, you know. The women like us because, at first, I think, we appear to be futile and frustrated and they want to mother us. Then, they don't seem to find us futile and frustrated and

they do find that we have something to say. They discover that we have more to offer than the handsome leading-man type who flexes his muscles, turns his profile to advantage and smiles like a toothpaste ad—" and Mr. Butterworth illustrated by turning his profile to advantage and smiling like a toothpaste ad. I was devastated!

"You ladies want more," Charlie pronounced modestly, "than a muscle, a profile and a toothsome smile. We comedians, if I may say so, as perhaps I shouldn't, have more to offer."

And so, Charlie didn't want to marry. He didn't figure that he belonged in Hymen's harness. He is an extremist and extremists are uncomfortable, cactusy people to live with. When he is up he wants to rip the stars from the sky and dance on the Milky Way, or something mad. When he is down he wants to end it all.

And oddly, he always feels most suicidal when he is having his greatest successes on stage or screen or air. He seems to feel, keenly, the futility of it all. Perhaps it is because he feels that there is nothing left to struggle for. And he simply must struggle. It is a law of his being.

He has known struggle. Days in New York when he lived on two malted milk tablets a day, for days on end. Days when he was jobless, with nothing in view or in pocket. And was happy in a roseate world.

Not, explained Charlie, that he wants to go back to malted milk tablets again. He doesn't want to starve. He is afraid of being poor now, not for himself but for

HOLLYWOOD IN THE CANDID SPOTLIGHT

Gable, Harlow, Robert Taylor—Hollywood's Headliners—you will see in FOTO, America's smartest and biggest new picture magazine which contains a special section of "off-guard" Hollywood candid snaps. In FOTO you will see your favorite stars as you have never seen them before!

But FOTO is not exclusively a movie magazine—far from it. In this first great June issue you will find exciting celluloid shots from all over the world—over 300 pictures; more than any other picture magazine! Sixty-four thrilling pages for a dime!

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those dependent upon him. He knows, he says, that the day will come when he will get the gong. But if he can save enough to meet that day with sufficient to care for those who need him, he won't be afraid of that. It's a racket, he says, movie fame, radio fame. It's all a trick of personality, a telling laugh, slick line, that's all. "Why," he said to me, bitterly, "my brother, who died and whose children I inherited, was twice the man I am. In every way. And he made thirty-five dollars a week and would never have made much more!

"I can't lose much," said Charlie, "for what have I got to lose?"

And then he told me what he meant. He told me about how he went out the other night and looked at the new house he is building, the house he was building for himself and his wife. He looked at the large, expensive lots, at the sizeable, substantial house rising two stories from the ground and he thought: "Mine—all mine. I earned and bought and paid for all of this." He thought of the two swell cars in the garage at home (they were living in a rented house in Beverly Hills, with their own furniture, Charlie and his wife, until their new home should be finished). He thought of the servants and the stocks of rich food and wines and the wardrobes full of clothes and shelves crammed with books and every comfort and every luxury. And he said to himself: "What of it—now? It's empty, isn't it? I'm alone with things, things that have no hands, no hearts, no voices to speak to me." The one bright warmth, he thought, came from his dogs. He has three of them. And they make him happy. They give him something. He'd like to have kennels and raise them, have lots of warm little puppies tumbling about. But it might, he fears, seem too much like copying Charlie Ruggles. "A man's never too lonely," said Charlie, "when he has a dog. A dog never fails you, never leaves you, never seems to think you fail him..."

Not that he hasn't plenty to be thankful for, Charlie. And knows it. He is completely glad that he is a comedian. He has no *Hamlet* aspirations. He hasn't, he says, any talents, any other talents. He doesn't know what he could be, save an actor (unless, it might be, a poet?), and so he'll stick to acting, on screen or air, time and the public will decide which.

A comedian, he says, has all of the advantages and few of the disadvantages. "Even old age," said Charlie, "can't keep me from looking like a coddled egg. And so, I hope to develop my personality, screen or radio, to the point I have set for myself. And when the gong sounds, there will be the desert and a date palm and a book of verse and me... Why should I worry?"

Why, indeed, I thought, as I walked out of Lucy's with Charlie—Charlie tipping his nifty fedora to Carole Lombard, to Simone Simon, to this lovely lady and that—shouting masculine greetings to this man and that. He is immensely popular among men. He has a "way" with the ladies. He is aces on the air. He is tempestuous. He is a poet. He is athletic, swinging a mean racquet—and he bears, among other gifts, the gift of laughter.

NEW!
vanishing cream
stops perspiration



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- a quick-drying cream—applied while dressing.
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- Get Fresh No. 2 today. Travel-size jar, 10c, at variety stores. Large tube, 50c, at toiletries counters.

The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Inc.,
Louisville, Kentucky

FRESH NO. 2
Stops perspiration
Stops odor



THE NICK DAWSON I KNOW

(Continued from page 42)



Everywhere..

the smartest girls with the loveliest curls...use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. You can enhance your beauty, too, in this easy way. Whatever style of curl you like...whether a few large ones or many little close ones...make them simply, quickly, right at home, with "the Curlers used by the Stars"...Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

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BLONDES



HAVE IT IN ONE WEEK! Blondes... brunettes... don't let dull, blemished, freckled skin ruin charm! Gentle Golden Peacock Bleach Creme... removes dull film, surface freckles and pimples, blackheads almost overnight! Gives you clear, flawless, younger looking, alluring skin. At any drug or department store... or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. H-205, Paris, Tenn.



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

the edge of a building, but he'd go on fighting if he had to. So you see he knows how to make it sound "true to life" in the scripts.

As for being afraid of a microphone, he hasn't the least conception of what that means. Not that he doesn't understand it in me and other people, but he never has experienced mike-fear himself. His understanding, incidentally, is another nice thing about him and he looks so much like a business man, you'd never guess how really sensitive he is. But he says injured feelings are worse than broken bones and he never does or says anything to hurt anyone. He avoids arguments like the plague and nothing on earth could make him worry.

He knows the value of money, but if I said: "We're going off the air tomorrow," he'd answer calmly: "That's too bad." And if I said: "Nick, our salary has been doubled," he would answer: "Swell," in the same tone of voice. He says he's too dumb to be emotional. He likes to let people think he's "dumb," but I wouldn't advise anyone to try it—for he gets a kick out of calmly turning the tables to his own satisfaction!

Nick's self-control in any situation is marvelous. Last year he had an operation, during which he nearly died, but as soon as he was well, he never said another word about it. No stories of "my operation" or "hard luck" or anything like that. He was deep in work—the unpleasantness behind him.

Nick has a way with children. He never

talks down to them and consequently, no matter what age they are, he makes them his "buddies." They tell him their secrets and ask his advice. He says it's a shame children have to grow up—"except little girls, who grow up to be beautiful ladies," he adds.

I'm sure I don't know how to classify Nick's friends, nor do I know by what process he selects them. I only know that he has them in every walk of life. They range from ex-burglars (I think "ex" is right!) and hoboes, to bank presidents and foreign diplomats. I've tried, on several occasions, to get him to take me visiting in what he calls "the best sub-cellar circles," but he says I might not appreciate them and he'd be embarrassed.

In the three years we've been working together he took me to dinner alone only once. It was the night I developed scarlet fever! Since then, he says he doesn't dare take me out for fear I'll do a "repeat."

Nick is an all-around boxer, swimmer and anything you can name in the way of sports. Whatever he decides to do, he does well, because of his infinite patience and will-power. I've mentioned his many "professions," but of course he likes acting best. Working with him is lots of fun. In spite of our three years' association, we've never come to blows or had any serious disagreements.

He says that's because of my managerial talent. Well, I found out long ago that the best way to make Nick do something he might otherwise not want to do, is to say he can't! I guess Nick is like all men in that respect and "all men are like children!" It's the appeal to their pride and prowess that gets them!

But don't think I've not had to "take it." Right here is my chance to air my pet peeve—it's the awful nicknames Nick thinks up for me! (No pun intended but they are strictly Nick-names!)

He began with "the boss," but since he said he had three—his wife, his secretary and me—I didn't mind that so much.

The one that he teases me most with is "hellpot." He knows I detest it and he uses it whenever he wants to get me angry. He used it first, two summers ago, when we were at the beach with our families. The water was cold and I always go in by inches—which, of course, you know, a swimmer detests. Nick got the bright idea of "dunking" me suddenly, so I fought him tooth and nail and that's how it all started.

Although I enjoy working with him, especially in our new script, *Follow the Moon*, I'm publicly warning him right now that if he doesn't think up something nice to nickname me soon, I'm going to live up to "hellpot." I'm going to stock up on Woodbury facial cream and let him have it—jar and all!

Alas, since nothing frightens him, he'll probably have a worse name waiting for me tomorrow—but at least a girl can try!

In spite of all this, I hope you've gathered that the Nick Dawson I know can be summed up in two slangy but very effective and appropriate words: "Great Guy!"



Willie Morris is well known to radio listeners as the "1847 Girl." She also is heard on the *Musical Camera* program, which is broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 4:30 p.m., EDST, over the NBC-Red network.

THE ELSIE HITZ I KNOW

(Continued from page 42)

telephone. Elsie's voice could make a mere man do anything and the best proof of this is that her fan mail from men has included everything from proposals to the offer of a fifty-foot yacht.

Saying she is sixty-eight different women, I suppose, is just another way of saying she is utterly feminine. At her home, you'd never guess you were talking to an actress. She's just a girl whose chief interest in life seems to be fixing up a pleasant place to live in and planning nice meals. She's in her glory on Sunday nights, when the maid is off and she can mix a salad herself. That she is a perfect hostess goes without saying. As for interior decorating, she's a whiz at it. Her home is charmingly furnished with antiques she has collected and with sculpture that she's done herself. Elsie is nothing if not versatile.

She's a mass of contradictions, and changes moods so often I can't keep up with her. One minute she's utterly independent and so "new-womanish," she won't even let me open a door for her—but suddenly, in the midst of this, she'll do an about-face to helpless womanhood and has me fetching and carrying, picking up handkerchiefs and finding chairs. Just as I'm being so chivalrous, she'll switch around to mothering me—telling me to be sure to take something for my cold, and why haven't I got enough sense to wear my rubbers?

Elsie changes signals so often, I think everyone but her husband and I misunderstand her. Under the impression that she's just being nice, she's an outrageous flirt. Why, when she took a trip to Nova Scotia, she had some poor chap following her all the way back to New York, only to be sweetly introduced to her husband! She's got all the men around the studio so gaga, they trip over themselves for a smile. One can't blame them, for Elsie's smile is something, furnished as it is with dimples and the merest suggestion of a cleft chin.

She sings beautifully, but is frightened to death to do it on the air. When the script calls for it, she sings, but she has fits of nervousness first. I've got to hand it to her, though—never does an audience know she has mike-fright. I think it's much harder to have it and control it than just to be dumb enough not to have it, as I am.

Elsie has two passions—taxi and the telephone. To cross a street, she'll take a taxi. As for the phone, if I want to speak to her at three in the afternoon, I have my secretary start ringing her at ten-thirty in the morning—which gives you an idea!

She has excellent taste in clothes, but it's a wonder to me that she gets it carried out, for the way she shops for other things is a riot. She bought a car last year because it was light green and had two windshield wipers on it. I'm positive that if it had had only one windshield wiper, the man would have lost that sale.

Like all women, she gets terribly excited over new clothes. When we thought we were going to have audiences for our evening broadcasts last year, Elsie planned

to have a different evening dress for each one. When you realize this meant thirty-nine evening dresses, you know what she had on her mind. Planning them assumed the proportions of a major project. We would be deep in rehearsal and I'd imagine she had forgotten all about clothes, but if we'd stop to rest for a minute, Elsie would plunge into a veritable orgy of verbal evening dresses. As soon as we learned we weren't going to have audiences, she promptly forgot the whole thirty-nine at once.

She's enthusiastic about everything and is a swell sport. Before our *Follow the Moon* broadcasts started, she went on a trip to Bermuda and came back laden with expensive perfumes for her friends. She bought only one bottle for herself and kept it on her dressing-table for days, gazing at it in admiration, before she realized that the bottle had cracked and that the precious contents had evaporated. She philosophically told me that she is keeping the bottle, anyway, as a reminder of her trip and her extravagance.

She's just as good a sport about big things as she was about this minor tragedy. When she had scarlet fever, she did her broadcasts from her hospital room and gave some of the best performances of the whole series. Unless you read the papers, you probably wouldn't have known she was sick—if the announcer hadn't told you.

She's a great trouper and a fine worker. When things don't go right, I might grouse a bit. But Elsie always pours oil on troubled waters and it's often her managerial talent that makes me do things that are good for me. I've had wild adventures in my life and so Elsie gets more of a kick out of the ones in our scripts than I do, but she has the happy faculty of making an adventure out of the business of everyday living. That, too, goes along with being a womanly woman, I guess.

That's Elsie—a charming bundle of femininity, a fine actress and a swell person!



Baritone Donald Dickson rehearses for a *Saturday Night Party* show. NBC-Red network, 8:00 p.m., EDST.

TIME IS SHORT, BUT FOOD IS TASTY . . .
YOU EAT A LOT AND EAT IT HASTY . . .
IN CASE A CASE OF HEARTBURN COMES,
WE HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLL OF TUMS!



"Carry TUMS"
FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GAS

SO many causes for acid indigestion! Hasty eating . . . smoking . . . beverages . . . rich foods . . . no wonder we have sudden, unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas! But millions have learned the smart thing to do is carry Tums! These tasty mints give scientific, thorough relief so quickly! Contain no harsh alkali . . . cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Release just enough antacid compound to correct stomach acidity . . . remainder passes un-released from your system. And they're so pleasant . . . just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. 10c a roll at any drugstore—or 3 rolls for 25c in the ECONOMY PACK.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS ARE ANTACID . . .
NOT A LAXATIVE
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTURBANCE
10c
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 25H-74, St. Louis, Mo.

Just isn't sticky

Chatterbox LOTION

For Your Hands, Face, Arms and Shoulders

Ideal Powder Base. Its Pure, Soothing ingredients penetrate in a second. Leaves your skin satin-smooth. Use freely before and after outdoor exposure. First trial will convince you.

AT ALL 5c & 10c STORES

10c

HOW OLD IS YOUR MOUTH?



5 YEARS YOUNGER



A special oil in Cutex Lipstick helps make your lips look smoother, more alluring—5 years younger! Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try it! **ONLY 50¢**

CUTEX Lipstick

RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

GEORGE: Go ahead, Gracie . . . Say "hello" to everybody.

GRACIE: Say "hello" to who?

GEORGE: To the audience . . . See them all sitting out there.

GRACIE: Oh—strickers, huh?
(BURNS & ALLEN Program.)

Duffy: Miss Lillie, where were you last night?

Bea: Was last night Saturday?

Duffy: No!

Bea: Then I was downstairs in the bar, behaving myself like a perfect lady.
(BEATRICE LILLIE Program.)

CHARLIE: We had a swell trip. Gee, Rudy was nice to me! I told him about how I fall out of bed at night, so he got me an upper berth.

BERGEN: Why an upper berth?

CHARLIE: So if I fell out he could hear me!

(EDGAR BERGEN and his DUMMY, CHARLIE MCCARTHY, Vallee Varieties.)

TOM: How are you George?

GEORGE: Oh, I can't kick.

TOM: Oh, you can't? Must be lumbago . . . or maybe you just got a cold.

(TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELTON, Sealtest Program.)

FRED: The last time I saw Papa he was working on some new kind of sugar.

PORTLAND: Yes—it was a lump of sugar that floated.

FRED: That's right. It was for people that can't remember whether they've put sugar in their coffee or not. The lumps bob up and remind them.

(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

STOOP: I'm going to explain about my new kind of calendar. It's a peacheroo!

BUDD: A peacheroo, huh? How's it different from an ordinary calendar?

STOOP: This calendar of mine has a railing around it so people can't slip off week-ends!

(STOOPNAGLE and BUDD, Minute Tapioca Program.)

PHIL: Go away, my universal pest. I'll have you know I'm already a success in pictures. In fact I was in The Good Earth.

BEETLE: What was that?

PHIL: You heard me—I was in The Good Earth.

BEETLE: Oh—a worm!

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

DON: Yes, sir, the Waldorf-Astoria is a pretty high-class place isn't it?

JACK: Swanky! Why, I had to shave before they'd let me in the barber shop . . . but you know, Don, I think their prices here are quite well balanced. I didn't pay a cent more for having my suit pressed than I did for the suit!

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

MAC: Did you hear of the opera Martha?

ED: Oh, I wrote that . . .

MAC: Well, let's hear what you wrote.

ED: As the opera opens we see the heroine . . . she's only a miner's daughter, but, oh, what natural resources! She's in a swimming-pool and she is swimming with the cashier of a bank. Two days later she floats alone!

(ED WYNN and GRAHAM McNAMEE, Spud Program.)

CHARLIE: I'm a he-man from the wide open spaces, Fred. A rootin', tootin' he-man rancher.

FRED: But Charlie, ranchers don't wear spats.

CHARLIE: I'm a dude rancher, Fred. Wahoo!

(FRED ASTAIRE and CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH, Packard Program.)

PIC: All right . . . first I try you in spellin'. Dis is an easy word . . . spell de word bum.

PAT: Bum? Dat's easy . . . B-M.

PIC: B-M? Dat's only two letters.

PAT: Oh—I left you out.

(PIC and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

HENNY: I like to help out once in a while, so I walked over to the beggar and asked: "Can I help you, buddy?" He said: "Sure you can. Let me have fifty-five cents, I want to see my family." That struck me funny. Usually a beggar comes up and asks for a nickel or a dime! I said: "What do you need fifty-five cents for?" He said: "I want to see my family—they're sitting in the balcony of the State Theatre."

(HENNY YOUNGMAN, A & P Band Wagon.)

HENRY: Gracie, help me decide on a present. If you were my wife, what would you like around your neck?

GRACIE: Tony Martin!

(GRACIE ALLEN and HENRY KING, Campbell Program.)

BEA: I'll never forget the time I was out rowing by myself on Lake Erie, and came on a man who couldn't swim. Poor fellow—he was clinging desperately to a beer barrel.

DUFFY: Mercy! Did you make the rescue?

BEA: Oh yes—but I had an awful struggle. Why, I had to hit him over the head three times with an oar before I could get the barrel of beer aboard!

(BEATRICE LILLIE Program.)

WALTER: By the way—you people in the studio—I hope you noticed my rosy cheeks. It's the weather. The first good snowfall finally came and *was I glad!* Because Daddy bought me a flexible flyer for Christmas and I was able to go out belly-whopping in the park with the other kids. I had oodles of fun with my chum. He stayed out a little too long—by five o'clock he was so frozen he looked like the Blue Network!

(WALTER O'KEEFE, Vallee Varieties.)

FRED: I've never heard of UNmailing a letter, Portland. Is that some new service Mr. Farley's installed?

PORTLAND: No, Papa mailed a letter to our Congressman and he has to get it back.

FRED: Did he forget the Congressman's address?

PORTLAND: No—Papa just thought of something else he could call him without spending three more cents.

(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

STOOP: Thanks, Sir Whiggby. I want you to make the acquaintance of my partner, Budd.

VON ZELL: Budd, huh? Did I represent you chaps on an arson charge over at the Assizes?

BUDD: No—must have been two other felons.

(STOOPNAGLE & BUDD, Minute Tapioca Program.)

MARY: I've seen all the good shows. And, oh, Jack, there's one show that you ought not to miss. It's called—gee, I can't think of the name of it. I saw the name stamped on the towel in my hotel.

JACK: The towel in your hotel?

MARY: I got it—*You Can't Take It with You.*

JACK: Oh, sure. Nothing like drying yourself with a good show.

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

ACTOR: Uncle Charlie, have you really got a skillet at your house that died?

CHARLIE: A skillet that died? I don't get it.

ACTOR: All I know is that Daddy told me you had a dead pan.

(CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH, Packard Program.)

PHIL: Oh, it's all my fault. That's what I get for owning two cars.

BOTTLE: What do you mean, sir?

PHIL: Every time you drive the Buick I get the Willys.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

ED: It must be wonderful to be a singer like you, Mr. Jaegel.

JAEGEL: Well, most families have a singer. Are there any singers in your family?

ED: My aunt. My aunt is known as a "waterproof" singer. Nobody can drown her out. In fact, whenever she sings my uncle calls her Doormat, because everybody walks out on her.

(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

ACTOR: Mr. Allen, have you got a case? I will open with a writ of *replevin*.

VOICE: Then I come in with a writ of *habeas corpus*.

ACTOR: Before Jack Benny can move, I am on him with a writ of *tempus fugit*.

PORTLAND: You're certainly putting on the writs, Mr. Fink!

(FRED ALLEN, PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

Dearest...
you're exquisite
on a June Day!"



HOLLYWOOD! Garden of glamorous girls! Each star, a flower of rare beauty and coloring. Cameras constantly click their loveliness... they are the darlings of the world!

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ROUGE ☐ Orange ☐ Poppy ☐ Raspberry ☐ Peachbloom

POWDER ☐ Rachele-Brunette ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachele
☐ Natural ☐ Creole ☐ Blanche ☐ Suntan

Janet Gaynor says:
"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"



"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH